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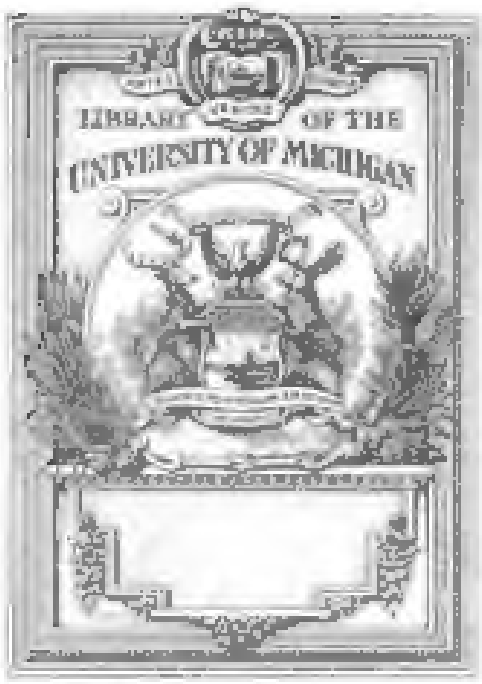

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XX.

JULY—SEPTEMBER 1905

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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SCANDINAVIA IN THE SCALES OF FUTURE

IT were well for the shallow statesmen who regard the crises of current history as if they were shadows in the sun of a passing day—without the guiding force of consequence far into the future of a nation's life—to consider that the Scandinavian crisis of to-day is, in truth, an echo of the distant thunder of Napoleonic wars. For the union of Sweden and Norway may be said to have been born upon the battlefields of Europe. The personal hatred of Buonaparte which animated Gustavus IV. led him, reckless of consequence, to embroil Sweden with the great dominant power of the day. She paid the price in the loss of Finland, revenged herself by dethroning her king, and ultimately elected to her vacant monarchy that son of a French lawyer of Béarn who, in his youth, enlisted as a private in a regiment of marines, rose in time to the command of the armies as Marshal Bernadotte of France, and lived to rule a nation as King Charles XIV. of Sweden. In the great coalition campaigns of 1813 and 1814 Bernadotte, as King of Sweden, fought against Napoleon, and is said, with his Swedish contingent, to have decided the decrees of fate at the Battle of Leipzig. In the latter year he added Norway to his realm, thus compensating Sweden for the loss of Finland, of which Russia had despoiled her, and also for the subsequent cession of her Pomeranian territories to Prussia. This marriage of the Scandinavian States was

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registered at the Congress of Vienna, when Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia were parties to the contract—a fact which it is of interest to recollect at this moment. And now after ninety years this Union, cemented by unrest and war, was peacefully dissolved on June 8, 1905, by the Norwegian Storthing, and a new factor, pregnant with possibilities of deep consequence, passed quietly into the future of European peoples.

It is said in Stockholm that the ambiguity regarding the basis of the Scandinavian Constitution which has led to such mischievous results was due to the lawyer blood of Bernadotte, which caused him naturally to cloud phraseology. It is also said that he took warning from the dethronement of his predecessor, and, in accepting kingship from a people capable of unmaking kings, secured for himself an alternative throne through the Constitution of an "independent" Norway. Whether it be deliberate or fortuitous, this ambiguity has given rise to a crisis, which, in the field of practical politics, is confined to Scandinavia. But the true significance and importance of this crisis lies in its relation to international polity. It is as the primary cause of a possible world-conflict consequent upon a future disturbance of the balance of international power that the Scandinavian quarrel assumes permanent importance and universal interest. For, if the forces of discord and disintegration finally undermine the constitution and sap the strength of the Scandinavian race, another nation will be added to those weak peoples of the world whose possession of natural wealth or positions of commercial advantage and strategic value excites the dominant nations to desire, and leads to that mutual jealousy and distrust among them which constantly imperils peace. Then, to those other dangerous zones of earth —Morocco, Turkey, Persia, and Manchuria, there may—at some future time—be added the Norwegian littoral.

The purely domestic issues of the Scandinavian crisis have been fully dealt with by the respective champions of Norway and Sweden in the pages of an English journal. Both men

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have won world-fame as travellers—the one as a wanderer over the great ice-lid of earth, and the other as an explorer of the mysterious regions in the heart of Asia. But it is the latter, alone, who regards this question in its true perspective —from an international rather than a domestic point of view. Sven Hedin has warned both countries to guard, in this controversy, that essential condition of their common strength and independence—their unity—from peril consequent upon their quarrel. He has clearly defined this peril—which is incidental to the natural expansion of the Russian Empire.[1] And the fate of the weaker peoples on the fringe of Russian Empire to the east gives emphasis to the warning he addressed to the little States whose frontiers touch upon the fringe of Russian Empire to the west.

Sven Hedin bases his argument upon that well-known factor of world-policy—the quest of Russia for access to ice-free seas. This quest is the secret of her restlessness and policy of aggression. Its success is essential for her future destiny and for her economic development at the present time. The three main objectives of her quest, Sven Hedin asserts, lie east, south and west, in the three great oceans of the world, the Pacific—the Indian—and the Atlantic. They are the Yellow Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Lyngen Fjord. In regard to the southern objective, which lies upon the flank of Hindustan, Russia encounters the opposition of the world-power of Great Britain. In the east, the instinct of self-preservation has compelled Japan to confront Russia with the opposition of armed force, with the result that Russia is driven from the goal she had all but reached, and has lost the Pacific arsenal and port which was the gift of her long and patient policy and exceeding sacrifice and effort. And, at the moment, when the currents of Russian expansion are dammed in from the south and forcibly diverted from the east, and when, as a result, it is natural for them to rebound in a wave towards the

[1] "Sverige och den Stora Östern." By Sven Hedin. Published in Stockholm.

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west, the strife in Scandinavia weakens the wall that should hold that wave from breaking into the Atlantic Ocean.

Sven Hedin proceeds upon this general statement to sum up the reasons for a Russian Atlantic policy, together with the possibilities of a Russian attack upon the Scandinavian Peninsula.

He indicates the startling fact that Russia, at her Finnish frontier to-day, is actually only eighteen English miles distant from ice-free waters in the Atlantic Ocean—near the Norwegian ports of Lyngen and Tromsö. A Russian military road already runs up to this far frontier, and some day the Russian railway system, despite the winter snow, will extend to this point—eighteen miles from the open sea. It is not difficult to realise the significance of this thin strip of earth to Russia. It does far more than give her the wide Atlantic for the argosies of trade from all her northern territories. It means freedom for her ice-imprisonment upon the Baltic. It liberates her war-fleets from both the ice-barrier and the perilous passage of the crowded islands in that sea. It means that the gates of Kiel can close no longer upon the doors of Kronstadt, and that the German fleet no longer lies between the ships of Russia and the open seas. These are the gifts in store. If pretext were ever needed for their gain, some sudden crisis, such as the Russo-Norwegian conflict of interest in regard to whale-fisheries and the reindeer grazing-grounds, would easily suffice. Then Norway would confront the giant of North Europe—a pigmy—stripped by her own insensate act of two-thirds of her present bulk and strength in unity of national existence with the State of Sweden. The immediate result would be the loss of Norwegian territory—the ultimate result, the loss of Norwegian independence. For the inevitable Russian encroachment would set southward till Norway was a province of the Russian Empire—and Sweden—completely surrounded by the Slav—lay in the hollow of his hand.

In discussing the possibility of this calamity, Sven Hedin was already hopeless in regard to the union which is the chief

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source of security against it. He regarded the separation as inevitable. Even an alliance for Common Defence he considered impracticable with a people incapable of respecting the alliance of Union. But his prophetic warning of a "Nemesis for Norway," isolated, by her own act, in a future which hung in the balance of scales counterweighted with the forces of separatism and sanity—is robbed of something of its value by the want of insight and practical statesmanship which Sven Hedin betrays when he proceeds to consider its effects, as an actuality, upon international polity. He conceives the concert of the Powers as condoning the Russian conquest of Norway for the following motives of self-interest—anxiety to retain the friendship of Russia on the part of Germany; composure in France at the presence of her ally in the Atlantic; relief in Austria and Turkey at the diversion of the Russian menace from the south to the north of Europe; and pleasure in Japan at the diversion of this menace from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Britain alone remains an uncertain factor—partly prepared already for this eventuality through the establishment of her northern naval base in the Firth of Forth. Sweden, therefore, to all intents and purposes, stands isolated and alone, to face, in the future, the possibility of a single duel for her independence with the Slav, her sole hope of salvation in which lies, according to Sven Hedin, in the accession by her of sea power.[1]

These startling statements in connection with the ultimate results of the separation of Sweden and Norway will not, for a moment, bear the scrutiny of thought. The domination of her northern coasts and highway of commerce is a heavy price for Germany to pay for nothing more solid than the amity of

[1] Since the publication of his book Sven Hedin has modified this opinion and compares Scandinavia, under separation, with Korea—as "open to the political speculation of the Powers"—"Tromsö or some other Atlantic seaport will play the *rôle* of Port Arthur, England will demand compensation, and occupy Bergen, equivalent to Wei-hai-Wei. Germany also will demand compensation and occupy Christiansand, as equivalent to Kaio-chau."

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a neighbour who already constitutes a peril on her eastern flank. And the possible diversion of Russian pressure upon the Persian Gulf will hardly compensate Great Britain for the presence of a Russian fleet in her home waters. Further, so sudden and heavy a disturbance of the balance of international power as that entailed by the Russian annexation of Norwegian territory would, at any time, result rather in an international concert of opposition than in a concert of complacent connivance. Finally, with or without the union, it is not possible to conceive a rivalry in sea power or land force between the Russian Empire and the Scandinavian States. In the event of a conflict between them in the future, Russia need not risk a single ship in the intricacies of the Scandinavian Archipelago —a summer campaign—the passage of the Torne Elf, defended, at present, by the single unfinished fort of Buden—and her armies would sweep the peninsula from sea to sea.

But despite the fact that Sven Hedin has miscalculated the political consequences of his gloomy prediction, he has most clearly indicated the vital importance of the Scandinavian Peninsula in connection with international polity. And in passing to consider the exact value of Scandinavia in regard to certain future and inevitable modifications of world power, it is difficult, at this moment, to define the situation in the peninsula with that precision which is necessary if it is to form the basis of any argument or theory. The Norwegian Storthing has dissolved the Union. The Swedish Riksdag is presently to meet and

> to seek to devise some acceptable compromise placing the future relations of the two countries on a workable legal basis which will enable them to continue to live side by side without friction or danger of collision, and to join eventually in defence of their common interests.[1]

Thus apparently the Riksdag still seeks to preserve, in some form, the principle of the Union. And true finality in this affair lies in the action of the Swedish King and Riksdag

[1] See the *Times*, June 12, 1905.

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rather than in the initiative of the Norwegian Storthing.[1] Therefore, it is logical, firstly, to determine whether there are good grounds for hope that the deliberations of the Riksdag, or further negotiations, may result in the maintenance of the *status quo* through the preservation—in whatever form—of the principle of Union in the future relations of Sweden and Norway—and then to pass on to consider, in the event of separation, how Scandinavia, as an element of possible unrest, may react upon world polity in the future. To these inquiries may be added a third—whether, if the further negotiations between the two states fail to preserve the principle of the Union, there exists any other means equally honourable and acceptable to both of them for settling the issues between them so as to preserve — in principle — the *status quo*.

In regard, then, to the possibility of maintaining the principle of the Union through further negotiations—it is not proposed to discuss the domestic issues involved in this question. It has been perfectly clear, upon the face of them, that they give rise to a conflict of intention as well as of issue between the two peoples. Evidence of this is afforded by the manifestoes issued during the negotiations just previous to the present rupture, by the Swedish and Norwegian authorities respectively.[2] These statements prove that while Sweden

[1] "It rests with Sweden and with me, as King of the Union, to decide whether this violation of the compact of the Union shall be followed by a legitimate and legal dissolution of the Union."—See the address of King Oscar to the Storthing. The *Times*, June 14, 1905.

[2] See the *Times*, April 7 and 26, 1905. The Prince Regent of Sweden called upon the Cabinets of the two kingdoms to enter into free negotiations to bring about a new adjustment of all matters concerning *the Union* of the two countries on the fundamental principle of their full equality. The Norwegian Government in reply refused to negotiate upon issues affecting Norway as a sovereign country. As to these issues she reserved the right of free action. She was prepared, however, to enter into free negotiations regarding the *status quo*, provided that, if they failed, *there should be no question of reverting to the status quo*, but that each country should have the right to determine the future form of its national life.

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regards the issues of the controversy from the point of view of preserving the principle of the Union, the Norwegians consistently and entirely subordinate that principle to the direct issues of the controversy. And at the present stage of the crisis they have translated this intention into action by dissolving the Union to attain their immediate ends. Therefore, by reason of the fact that the Norwegian States are obviously at cross purposes, there seems little hope that further negotiations will result in maintaining, in any form, the principle of their union. On the contrary, a final rupture between the states seems inevitable—for this fundamental reason. It is apparent to all unprejudiced observers that the Scandinavian crisis does not arise so much upon the concrete question to which it is apparently confined, as upon a matter of broad principle; in other words, that the question of the consuls was merely a form chosen by the Norwegian people for the assertion of the principle of their independence—through their separate sovereignty. It is a principle, not a solitary right which the Norwegians are determined to vindicate. It follows, then, that this question is not likely to end with a settlement of the consular question. If the Norwegians unanimously and absolutely insist upon asserting the principle of their independence, they will not be content with the exercise of their sovereign rights upon this single occasion. And once they have exercised their right to regard their common interests with Sweden from the point of view of a separate national entity rather than as an integral part of a single nation, then from that moment the soul of unity dies out of the Constitution of the Scandinavian people. They may hold together in corporate Constitution for a time, but that Constitution will not long withstand the physical strain of disintegrating forces in its internal economy, in addition to the ordinary strain of external influences upon its health and strength. For the first binding force—the cement of modern nationality—is no longer blood, language, nor religion—nor even the sense of common danger. It is the constructive force of a single community of

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interest throughout the whole complex organism of modern nationality in respect of those essential elements of national Constitution—government, defence, and trade. And the moment this constructive force of a community of interest gives place to the disintegrating force of the conflict of local interests, throughout the parts, in respect of these essential elements of their unity—the strength of a nation is sapped, its vitality diminished, and its Constitution given to the dangers of debility and ultimate decay. In the case of the Scandinavian States, disintegrating forces have been long at work among the peoples in regard to two of the essential elements of a national constitution—those of trade and defence—as witness the system of hostile tariffs between them, and the separate organisation of their armies and fleets, in addition to the object-lesson of the Glommen line of forts set up by Norway against her Swedish frontier. And now that the cancer of conflict has involved that first and most essential element of common nationality—a common Government—there is no good ground for hope that the future negotiations between the Governments of Norway and Sweden will result in the maintenance of the *status quo* in any form whatever, for the simple reason that there is no element of national unity left to the two peoples which can serve as the basis of any principle of their constitutional Union.

This fact brings the mind, naturally, to the consideration of the general and certain particular effects upon international polity of a change in the *status quo* in Scandinavia. This is, of course, an entirely hypothetical field of inquiry. But there are certain principles which govern the incidents of polity, the application of which to given political conditions enables men, by the light of experience and probability, to gauge, with some measure of accuracy, the effects of any change upon the present conditions of international polity. In these days, when the telegraph wire pervades the whole of the body corporate of humanity like the threads of a nervous system, making men instantly sensitive to influences which electricity transmits

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among them with spontaneity throughout the world, any fact which tends to complicate the already delicate adjustments of modern international relationship is a matter for anxiety and regret. A divided Scandinavia is, in comparison to an united Scandinavia, a disadvantage to the world inasmuch as the separation of its people into different nationalities invites the possibility that the peninsula may become a focus of the political conflicts and unrest which are naturally incidental to international relations throughout the world. On the other hand, the mere fact of union confines questions which might well constitute international issues to mere domestic friction, and such friction is not only less dangerous, but it is far less likely to occur. Apart from this broad principle, it is difficult to follow the results of a separation between Sweden and Norway at all precisely; firstly, by reason of the fact that these people are not, in truth, possessed of a common nationality. They are no more in fact a single nation than are the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula, who dwell in an identical geographical contiguity. Therefore, it is not open to argue concerning the consequences of separation among them from the consequences of disruption in the case of other living nations, the Constitutions of which are subject to the action of separatist forces—nor is it fair to draw analogies between the separatists of Norway and the other separatists of the world—such as the Home Rulers of the United Kingdom, the Catalonians of Spain, the various parties in Austria Hungary, and the Little Englander sect of Greater Britain. These political parties are all examples, in relation to the physical constitution of nationality, of what may be termed the destructive elements of force as opposed to the constructive elements of political force. These antagonistic forces of course exist in the constitution of nations as well as of individuals, in obedience to that universal natural law by which the counter-activity of the forces of vitality and decay is incidental to all organic life. But, whereas the various political parties which have been named all constitute, so to speak, the virus

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of disease—the bacilli of debility and decay in the Constitution of their respective nationalities—the Norwegian separatists, although they are inspired by the same mischievous political principles, and, in fact, constitute the destructive element of force in the constitution of the Scandinavian people, are not, for the reason already stated, in exact analogy to any of these parties. Despite this fact, however, it is quite logical to draw general conclusions as to the results of their political acts in connection with the evidence of past and contemporary history as to the usual effect of discord or disruption in any united community or State. And apart from any particular instance which may afford proof to the contrary, the general evidence of history goes to show that where the interests, welfare and safety of the whole community are in any of the essential elements of national life subordinated to the interests of a single class or section of the community—or where the virus of discord has eaten into the fibres which unite empires or nations in the single unity of life, and results in actual separation—that these conditions presage the death of empires and the decay of nations. And further, with reference to the particular point at issue, the evidence of history indicates very clearly that this process of disruption in any community or State is dangerous because the unrest to which it gives rise tends to engender unrest among the neighbouring peoples, whose instincts of rivalry or whose material interests are touched by the developments of change. Indeed, in former times, the one conclusion of a disruptive movement in any important community lay in the bloodshed of civil strife into which neighbouring peoples were frequently drawn in widespread and stupendous wars. In these later days, when the entire territories of the world may be said to have become almost equally politically important, all great nations are equally sensitive in regard to any political change which appreciably affects one or other among them in respect of any territory however small or distant. Strong evidence of this fact, in Europe alone, is afforded by the constant international anxiety caused through the domestic crises in the

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Balkans, Macedonia, Crete and Morocco. And it is conceivable, in the case of the calmer among unsettled European communities, that the more subtle action of disruptive forces may also result in conflict or unrest or induce impotency through national debt or insolvency,[1] which may directly or indirectly precipitate a crisis which shall imperil the peace of nations.

It is clear then that the Scandinavian crisis is pregnant with anxious possibilities of a general nature with respect to the future. If, however, the powers of speculation be diverted from these generalities to the more direct international possibilities in regard to the future of a divided Scandinavia—made possible by strife or insolvency in regard to an independent Norway, or by the mere fact of her impotency before an opportunity chance offered to a great neighbouring Power for the realisation of its necessities at her expense—the line of thought gives rise to very interesting, if prophetic, considerations. It must strike all students of contemporary history that the whole balance of European power is slowly and surely shifting to the north of that continent. In the past, that western zone of European power which lay so long against the British islands in a line from the Netherlands, through France to Spain, may be said to have proved the spine of the present fabric of world power. In the future, the power of Europe will lie along a northern zone running from the British Islands —the heart of the British Empire—through the heart of the German and Russian Empires. And, if this line be followed either to east or west, it will be seen that it merges into the great line of world power which encompasses the earth—passing eastward through Asiatic Russia and Japan, through the

[1] In connection with this point it may be noted that seventy-five per cent. of the total area of Norway is said to be wholly unproductive, twenty-two per cent. is forest land, and three per cent. only is under cultivation. In regard to national prosperity through industrial development, Norway must depend doubly upon foreign capital for the absence of coalfields necessitates the costly harnessing of her numerous waterfalls for the necessary power.

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Anglo-Saxon empires of America, back again to the British Isles. Thus the zone of European power will still remain, in the future, the spine of the fabric of world power in its modern developments. And it is clear that any serious modification in this line of the zone of European power must react in effects throughout the world. Therefore, the vital importance of the Scandinavian Peninsula as a factor of world polity will be fully realised when it is seen that not only does it lie directly on the line of the earth's great girdle of human might, but that it also lies, so to speak, in the very focus of world power at a point roughly equidistant and of equally critical importance to Britain, Germany, and Russia.

Further particularisation in regard to this subject is obviously a matter of pure conjecture. But it is also one of fascinating interest. And, therefore, a very general and short consideration of the value of Scandinavia in relation to the possible problems of international polity, in the future, may be attempted. In every phase of the world's history there has always existed among the powerful nations, one, which, by reason of its ambitions or its necessities, has proved the great disturbing factor of the world's peace. In the future, that disturbing factor of the peace of nations, by reason of both ambition and necessity, will undoubtedly prove to be the German nation. This fact is perfectly clear upon simple and scientific grounds. The great expanding races of the world, who, as three great coalitions or race-nations, will constitute its future dominant powers, are the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav, and the Teuton. Of these three, both the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav are to-day possessed of vast spaces of the world, which will serve in the future as home lands for the multitudes of their unborn generations. In the future, these "empty" regions will also provide unlimited fields for the development of the national wealth and economic power. At the present day they serve not only for the settlement of surplus populations, which would otherwise become alienated from the parent stock and be lost to the nation through absorption into

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the lands of emigration—but, as they are rich fields of potential wealth, they serve to satisfy the constant increase of industrial activities, and also ensure that the developments of economic power which result shall constitute an accession to the national power. In every one of these matters—*which are the very essentials of national existence*—for which Fate has sent men forth to war since long before memory in the writings of history, it is of vital importance to note that *there is no conflict of interest between two at least of the great race nations of the world—the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav.* But these very causes which make for the mutual content and safety of these two races, are the very necessities of national life, of which the third great nation of the future—the Teuton—is in most desperate need. And in this respect it is of vital importance to note that not only is the Teuton in every one of these matters essential to his national life and prosperity *in conflict of interest with both the Anglo-Saxon and Slav—but that he can only satisfy himself in respect of these necessities at the expense of either one or other of them.* And consequently, in the future, it is probable that the world's foci of danger will lie particularly in certain fields of Europe and of Asia which are at present indicated by the ambitions and necessities which inspire German policy, at the present time, in both these continents.

These facts become more definitely clear if they are considered in connection with the national necessities of the German nation at the present day, and in connection with the present principles of German policy. Shortly stated, territorial aggrandisement is the first of the aims of German policy, which is dictated by the necessities of national existence. Territory is necessary to Germany not only for the development of German commerce, but for the placing of that large surplus population which is now largely lost to her through emigration and subsequent absorption in Anglo-Saxon and other communities. The second aim of German policy is the extension of her world commerce and its essential condition of sea-power. With respect to her aim of territorial aggran-

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disement, in so far as it concerns her over-sea colonial empire, Germany will come into conflict throughout the world with the superior world-forces of the Anglo-Saxon race. The same may be said of her ambitions in regard to sea power and world commerce. With respect to her commercial expansion in Asia Minor, and the near East, Germany will come directly into conflict with Russia, while, with respect to her aims and ambitions generally in the far East, she comes again into conflict with Russia and the Anglo-Saxon races—and with the future world-force of Japan. Finally, in Europe itself, the ambition and the aggressive policy of Germany in regard to certain possibilities in connection with the future of Austria Hungary will bring her into conflict with the other nations of Europe in respect of a possible modification of frontiers, and the heavy disturbance of the balance of power which it must entail. It may be these future possibilities—already and not vaguely foreshadowed by Pan-German policy, which have caused the new grouping of European Powers—a curious feature of which is the fact that all the Latin and, in the main, the weaker among the great nations of Europe are now instinctively drawn in relations of either friendship or confidence towards the British, who, alone, of the three great northern Powers, are innocent of the least suspicion of aggressive policy in regard to European territories, and to whom, therefore, they evidently look for aid in counteracting German aggression—and possibly Russian aggression—upon the continent of Europe. And an instance of the practical value of this union of the Latins of Europe with the Anglo-Saxon world power, in respect of German aggression, has been afforded very recently in the matter of Morocco.

According, then, to this general analysis of the far political future—international policy will lie in a balance of power between the three great dominant race nations of the world—the Slav, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Teuton. And whereas the Slav and Anglo-Saxon races are not in conflict, in respect of matters essential to national growth and development

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except upon one vital and concrete issue, which is mentioned hereafter, the Teutonic race is in conflict, in respect of these matters, throughout the world with both these races—to the eastward with the Slav, and north, west, south, and east with the Anglo-Saxon race. Now there is only one very obvious course open to the Teuton in this situation if he is to hope for survival in the future inter-racial struggle for existence. It is a course suggested by the situation itself alike either to men or to nations—and, indeed, it is prompted in either case by the instinct of self-preservation, which is common alike to men and nations. This obvious future policy of the Teuton is to play his powerful rivals against one another so as to dissipate the strength which must otherwise completely bar him from that world expansion which is the future condition of all world power. And it is in regard to this particular political operation that the Scandinavian peninsula may, in the future, become a most vital factor of world polity in connection with that conflict of interest which, it has been stated, exists at the present time between the Slav and Anglo-Saxon peoples.

At the mention of an element of Anglo-Russian conflict the minds of Britons will instantly revert to India. But the mere fact of the possession of Hindustan by Britain does not of itself imply a conflict of interest with Russia.[1] Even if

[1] The question of the isolation of Hindustan from other Powers is undoubtedly a very vital one for Britain. But it is not one which is impossible or even difficult of solution, except for the fact that there is neither consistency nor continuity of any British policy regarding it. If this were not the case the isolation of India through a chain of independent States in respect of which the British Government openly declared a *Monroe doctrine for Hindustan*, would define the position clearly, and go far to remove the one indefinite cause of suspicion and ill-will between the two great Asiatic Powers—and the benefit of good understanding between them needs no comment of recommendation to make it clear. But while—as by the recent history of Thibet—the Russian is assured that behind the bombast bellowings from Britain there may, in the end, be nothing—but a Brodrick; and while he truly conceives British statesmen with solitary exceptions as a mixed company of political hares and moles, so long will the Indian peril prevent all sane relations between the British and Russians—to the ultimate advantage of Germany.

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Russia possessed a coterminous frontier with Britain in Asia, that fact, of itself, need not give rise to actual conflict, any more than her coterminous frontier with Germany in Europe is the cause of conflict. Indeed, if territorial vicinity of itself implied conflict, peace would be for ever confined to the islands of the earth. And if this question is considered clear of preconceptions due to panic, it is evident that while Russia possesses vast territories—rich, fertile, and climatically suited for the settlement of white men—it is not conceivable that she should challenge the richest and most powerful people in the world to a terrific war solely to gain possession of the most densely populated tropical continent, the wealth of which is largely agricultural, and which is totally unsuited for the settlement of a white population. Such a war is only conceivable as contingent upon some other and distinct conflict of interest.

This conflict of interest exists, quite apart from the question of Hindustan, in respect of the great national necessity which inspires the policy of Russia—the quest for access to ice-free seas. And if it be conceded that, for Russia, this question of access to open seas—altogether apart from those vital considerations of strategy—the power of offence and defence—involves the whole question of her industrial development and economic power in the future, it will be seen, at once, how increasingly critical this conflict of interest between Britain and Russia must, in the future, tend to become, and how, through its influence in the past, it must constantly serve to embitter the feeling of Russians against Britain—because they may well conceive her as an evil genius who exists simply to thwart the destinies of Russia. For Britain has barred Russia, at Constantinople, from the sea. Her power holds Russia back from the Indian Ocean at the Persian Gulf. And the power of Britain has helped Japan to drive Russia back from the Pacific Ocean. If the British will, for a moment, call to mind the bitter feeling still roused in them by distant memories of history in the attempts of

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Spain to thwart the destiny of their race, and by the memory, in modern times, of the encouragement given by the present ruler of Germany to the Dutch republics in their attempts to thwart the destinies of Britain in the continent of Africa, they will be able to understand the bitter enmity of which, in the future, they may easily become the object in popular conceptions among the Slavs. And, given these elements of animosity and conflict of interest, it is not difficult to conceive the use to which a clever and determined enemy of either people may put them, should ever opportunity occur. It is certain that this opportunity must some day occur unless the policies of both Britain and Russia are directed towards obviating the peril which it constitutes. It is impossible to conceive Russia as remaining for ever shut from all the oceans of the world. At one or more of those points which are the present objectives of her policy, she will, ultimately, at all costs, and against all obstruction, gain access to the ocean. And while this legitimate national desire of Russia remains unsatisfied, there will always remain the danger that circumstances may arise in which the Russian nation, with or without the help of Germany, may find it easier to satisfy both their animosity against an hereditary enemy and their national aspirations in gaining ice-free waters by conquest of that shore of the Atlantic Ocean which lies so close against their frontiers, and which, at the same time, gives them access to a harbour which dominates the home seas of Britain. It would be difficult to conceive any disturbance of the balance of naval power at once so great, so easy for Russia to accomplish and so impossible for Britain to prevent. And it would be difficult to conceive any menace to the British Islands more grave than the establishment of a Russian base in the Atlantic Ocean only a few hundred miles distant, across a strip of open water, from the Scottish coast. If the Japanese rightly considered Korea as an arrow aimed at the heart of their country, the British, for a kindred reason, may well consider Scandinavia as an arrow aimed at the heart of their

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empire in connection with this happily now remote and problematical possibility. For, if to the menace of the German navy were added in the future the menace of a Russian navy, the hands of time would seem to be set back to the naval problems of past days, when the British kept an anxious watch and ward upon the long western coast-line of Europe, from the harbours of which issued those armadas which constituted the chief perils of their existence, just as their victories over them constitute the chief and greatest glory of the nation. But the later perils of that coast-line would lie in the nearer harbours of the north—instead of in more distant havens of the south.

It is true that at the present time these prophecies of peril seem alarmist and unnecessary. The danger indicated lies in a far distant future—from a Russian people leavened with liberty, industrially prosperous and infinitely powerful, pent up within eighteen miles of the open waters of Norwegian shores. Yet—against that future—the problem of a weak or unsettled Scandinavia becomes a factor of vital importance both to the security of the British Islands and to the peace of the whole world. The particular peril as well as the value of Scandinavia in respect of future world polity lies firstly in the danger to Britain which that Peninsula might constitute in the possession of a great Power, and secondly by reason of the fact that it may, some day, prove a lever in the hands of the Teuton which he may use to drive the pathway of his progress wedge-like between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav. For it is clear that while the present necessities of the Russian people endure, the Norwegian littoral will constitute a constant temptation to the Russian nation. And that, as a factor of political exchange in respect of this national demand, Scandinavia may some day provide a make-weight in the balance of scales which Germany shall hold and regulate to her own benefit. She also, it is stated—however wrongly—has an objective of ocean in Trieste, and a dream of empire in the Far East. It is conceivable, therefore, that she may set off, to the detriment of Britain, both

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Tromso and Constantinople, to secure the co-operation of Russia against opposition in respect of her pan-German policy in Europe and as against the Anglo-Japanese alliance in the Far East. These are, of course, simply excursions into the fields of vague conjecture. At the best they are prophecies in respect of shadows which lie behind the veil that covers every certainty of future time. But they serve one useful purpose. They clearly define the value of the Scandinavian Peninsula in respect of world polity. And all consideration of the international aspects of the Scandinavian crisis brings the mind back to two most definite conclusions. That any disturbance of the *status quo* makes for the possibility of peril in the future. And that Britain is the great Power most menaced by possibilities connected with a change of the *status quo* in the northern Peninsula.

In conclusion, it remains to consider whether, if all further negotiations between Norway and Sweden fail, there remains any practical means by which the issues between them may still be adjusted so as to preserve—in principle—the *status quo*. If the Norwegian people have finally decided on separation, the situation is indeed hopeless. But if they are truly desirous of maintaining the principle of the Union—which their Ministers have stated to be the case[1]—and, at the same time, determined to vindicate, peacefully, their right to stand as an independent sovereign State—there is one practical way for the attainment of both of these ends. They have now declared that the issues with Sweden are international—not domestic. Then, through the present admirable and conciliatory attitude of Sweden, they may, without loss of dignity or prestige, follow the precedent of other independent States and propose to seek final arbitration upon the issues with Sweden—from a friendly and trusted foreign ruler, with a view to preserving the principle of the Union in whatever form it may be both possible and acceptable. For such

[1] See statement by Norwegian Ministers of this fact in the *Times*, April 26.

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an office King Edward VII. of Greater Britain may well be preferred both by reason of his relationship to the future Queen of Sweden—who would have been the joint-queen of Sweden and Norway—and his reputation as an advocate of peace. Such an arbitrament would further set the seal of Britain upon the essential condition of the future safety of Scandinavia—the Union, to which she gave her sanction when, through her fleets and armies, she gave peace to Europe—a century ago. This suggestion—if all others fail—is at least worth the attention of Scandinavian statesmen. For, no matter how important this crisis may be from an international point of view, it cannot be more vitally important to any people than it is to the Scandinavians, for it involves their future security and their very existence as an independent people. But, as is common with all matters of a family or domestic dispute, whether they arise amongst individuals or nations, this question has excited one of the contending parties to a bitterness which invests it with false value and disproportionate importance to such an extent that it entirely diverts attention from matters of real moment and lasting consequence which vitally concern the common interests, welfare, and safety of the men whose minds are concentrated upon a relatively petty squabble. A section of the Scandinavian people are so concentrated upon the purely domestic issues of their difference that they fail altogether to appreciate the wider national interest which it involves. And for these men, by a strange coincidence, there is to be seen in Stockholm to-day a strange but eloquent admonition—in a warning from the past history of Sweden. It is contained in the posture of a mute mould of bronze. In a garden facing the Royal palace is set the statue of King Charles XII. of Sweden. In his right hand he holds a naked sword, and with his left arm—tirelessly outstretched—he points, eastward, in the direction of the Russian Empire.

E. John Solano.

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THE DEFENCE OF NAVAL BASES

MANY conflicting opinions have been expressed with regard to the defence of Port Arthur; at one moment its defenders were held up, to the admiration of all, as heroes who had exhibited superhuman valour and endurance; at the next, the surrender of the fortress was declared to be premature. We need not concern ourselves with the details of the defence, until accurate and impartial accounts of it are published; but on the strategical policy that brought the huge fortress into existence, and designed to hold it at all costs, we can already form an opinion.

The wholesale fortification of this point was an illogical proceeding, and can have had its origin only in a confusion of ideas. Russia maintained a large fleet in the Far East in order to obtain command of the sea, and if the fleet was not strong enough for this purpose it should have been strengthened. This is so obvious that we can only assume the responsible Ministers considered that the fleet in the China Seas could hold its own against the Japanese navy. The command of the sea being thus ensured to Russia, plainly Japan could not lay siege to Port Arthur, therefore why make it impregnable? Perhaps it was thought that the Russian fleet might shelter there till reinforcements arrived from Europe; but even this solution is impossible, for no reinforcements sailed until eight

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months after the outbreak of war, and their final destination is still—at the moment of writing—uncertain.

Russia's determination to construct an impregnable fortress in the Far East was the beginning of all her misfortunes. Port Arthur demoralised the navy; Port Arthur crippled the field army; Port Arthur spoilt the Russian strategy; Port Arthur swallowed up Russia's fleet and 40,000 of the best troops. During the first year of the war the whole of the Russian disasters had their origin in the policy which fortified Port Arthur.

The Russian mistakes arose, apparently, from a lack of co-ordination in their naval and military preparations; there was no master mind in a position to control the whole. The confusion of ideas that prevailed among the superior commanders who designed Russia's war policy, was faithfully reflected in the actions of their subordinates. Had Russia decided to rely for her supremacy in the Far East either solely upon her fleet or solely upon her army, she would have fared better than in placing her trust in both. Army and fleet would have fought better, and to better purpose. While attempting to be strong everywhere she failed to concentrate an overwhelming force either on land or sea. Half-measures ruined her.

There is, however, no merit in holding Russian strategy up to derision; it is so very easy to be wise after the event, so easy to criticise when you have not been called upon to perform. Had we occupied Russia's position, would we have acted very differently? Our warlike preparations for the last few centuries have hardly scintillated with strategical sagacity. It is in the light of our past history difficult to believe that if we had been in Russia's place, with Russia's naval and military resources at our disposal, we would not have followed exactly the same course that commended itself to her. We, too, would have succumbed to the temptation to fortify Port Arthur.

We are frequently beset by similar temptations, for we have many potential Port Arthurs scattered over the face of

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the globe, nor is there any lack of false prophets to destroy us with their counsels. A leading English newspaper, commenting on Japan's elevation to the rank of a first-class naval Power, asked whether it might not therefore be necessary for us to increase the defences of Hongkong! No suggestion was made that our fleet in the China Sea should be strengthened. The weight of Japan's navy was to be counterbalanced by more guns mounted on land. The proposal must have made Nelson turn in his grave. Could any more faithful reproduction of Russia's Port Arthur policy be possible?

Russia during the Boxer rising obtained, in various ways, a large number of heavy guns from the Chinese forts and arsenals, and sent them to Port Arthur. Many civilians, and a good many of our own officers, suggested that we might have secured some of those guns and mounted them at Wei-hai-wei. The Port Arthur policy again! Fortunately for us it was never more than an impious wish in the brains of some irresponsible individuals. Yet such a course would probably at that period have earned popular approval. It is easy to imagine a solemn and weighty article in our leading newspaper voicing the public sentiment, and applauding the illogical proceeding.

Among many other illustrations of the value of naval supremacy, the present war has given us some indication of the possibility and probability of the inferior sea power attacking the naval bases of the superior. Though Japan established her naval superiority when the first blow was struck, yet the Russian fleet for many months after was still a force to be reckoned with, and under the circumstances we might have expected that raids would be made on the Japanese naval bases. Nothing of the sort was attempted. Though at the very commencement of the war Japan formed a naval base within a few hours' steaming of Russia's main fleet, yet its exact position was not discovered by the Russians. Even a slight superiority at sea has proved to be decisive. A little more and how much it is, a little less and how far away.

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The course of the war has so far absolutely justified the position taken up by the Blue Water school. It must therefore be a matter for congratulation that their views have received official approval, and now form the basis of our naval and military policy. To illustrate that policy I cannot do better than quote the words with which the Secretary for War introduced the Army Estimates to the House of Commons:

> We have been adding million on million to our naval expenditure. Are all those millions wasted? Are they thrown away? If it be true, as we are told by representatives of the Admiralty, that the Navy is in a position it has never occupied before—that it is now not only our first line of defence, but our guarantee for the possession of our own islands—is it to make no difference to a system which has grown up avowedly and confessedly on the basis of defending these islands by an armed force against invasion? Is that to make no difference? . . . . The naval view is that the crew of a dinghy could not land in this country in the face of the Navy.

There is nothing to be gained by questioning the Navy's deliberate estimate of its own capabilities; to do so would be to accuse our naval authorities of idle boasting. The course of the present war has so far justified our frank acceptance of the naval view.

The Navy is our guarantee for the possession of our own islands. Are we to narrow down the phrase "our own islands" to the United Kingdom and Ireland? Is the Navy not also a guarantee for the possession of the thousand and one other islands over which our flag flies? We have a right to demand an answer to this question, for upon it we must organise the defences of our Colonies, and of our coaling-stations and naval bases abroad, the defences of every portion of the Empire except the land frontiers of India and Canada.

If the dinghy theory applies to the whole of the Empire it is time that we revised our estimates of the vulnerability of our naval bases and coaling-stations. Many of these appear to have been fortified and garrisoned on the supposition that large hostile fleets roamed at all times, unobserved and unmolested by our Navy, across the seven seas.

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If we devote a moment's thought to the question, it will be evident that an attack on any of these points must take one of two forms; either it will be an attack in force, entailing the presence of a flotilla of transports carrying troops and stores, or it will be a raid by a few war-ships, relying on secrecy for success.

The first alternative presupposes that the command of the sea has gone from us. In that case, *Vae victis!*

The second implies that our Navy has lost touch with the enemy, and that our naval intelligence system has broken down. Yet it should be extremely easy for us to obtain early and accurate information of the movements of every foreign war-ship. We have six times as many sea-going steamers as any other nation; even on foreign vessels, including perhaps the Baltic Fleet, the Scotch engineer is to be found. With these unrivalled sources of information, supplemented by our very complete system of cables, it should be impossible for a foreign Power to collect even a local superiority of war-vessels unobserved. The best remedies for hostile raids are more ships and more intelligence.

The Admiralty furnishes the military authorities with an estimate of the nature of attack which each of our Colonies and foreign possessions must be prepared to withstand, and this estimate forms the basis of the military defensive preparations. With the Admiralty, therefore, ultimately rests the responsibility for the distribution of a large part of our Army.

There are at present some 31,000 British troops serving abroad, exclusive of those in India, South Africa and Egypt. It is not very easy to arrive at the exact figures, but the total is rather over than under 31,000; nor does this figure include any of the local or Colonial troops, which form a considerable part of our garrisons. Practically the whole of these 31,000 men are employed in guarding the ports, harbours, and shores of our Empire. Is it possible to believe that the dinghy theory is correct, but that we nevertheless require, in times of peace, 31,000 British troops, and a large contingent of native and

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Colonial troops as well, to protect our foreign possessions from surprise by sea? The Navy must either renounce the dinghy theory, or largely modify their demands on our military resources.

If we even go so far as to assume that the dinghy theory is a picturesque exaggeration, and that some hostile vessels might attempt to surprise one of our naval bases, a few guns, a search-light or two on shore, a boom, if the Navy thought it necessary, and some mines, should be an adequate preparation to resist such an attack. It is in the last degree improbable that the enemy would attempt to land. Such a proceeding, with the possibility of a superior naval force arriving on the scene, would be far too hazardous to be attempted.

The defences I have enumerated would require a very small garrison; some gunners, a section for the search-lights, and a company or two of infantry to furnish patrols. If we reorganise our defences on these lines we shall gain for our field army a large proportion of the 31,000 men now employed on longshore duties.

Of late years the burden of foreign service has weighed so heavily on our Army that it has become almost intolerable. Our present military system can do little more than comply with the demands made on it by our garrisons abroad, nor can any attempt to organise a mobile force at home meet with much success as long as our foreign stations swallow up every recruit we can obtain.

The 31,000 troops who are scattered through our foreign garrisons are among the best in the British Army; they are fully trained and physically fit. It is a deplorable necessity—if, indeed, it be a necessity—that so many mobile troops fit to go anywhere and do anything, should be cooped up in sea-bound, often unhealthy garrisons, till their training and health deteriorates, and their hearts grow sick of the Army. The belief, now officially confirmed, that the British Navy can hold the sea against all comers does not relieve the monotony prevailing in such garrisons, nor is the heat of Aden rendered

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more bearable by the suspicion that one might be more usefully employed elsewhere.

At the time when we began to acquire and fortify our coaling-stations we had no land frontiers to defend, and the provision of garrisons for our naval bases was, during peace at any rate, the chief duty of the Army. Now, however, the defence of the Indian frontier necessitates the maintenance of a large mobile force in that country, and the formation at home of still larger mobile reserves to reinforce it at short notice. At no previous period of our history have we been in more urgent need of troops for the field army.

We do not always remember that of all our military forces it is our field army alone that can strike a decisive blow; our garrison troops will meanwhile be cooped up in island fortresses far from the scene of action. We shall appreciate our present situation more clearly if we attempt to see ourselves as others see us. A foreign strategist, wishing to estimate the value of our military resources, would prepare a rough balance-sheet. On one side he would enter our military asset, the might of the British Army—I had almost spelt it *mite*—and to it he would add as many half-trained troops as he considered the war enthusiasm in England and the Colonies would furnish. On the other side, under the heading "Liabilities," would be shown the garrisons which we maintain in peace and war at various points throughout the Empire. The difference between the two sides represents our balance credit, our margin available for offensive action, our striking force, or call it rather our striking weakness.

No system can be economical that is administered in a half-hearted manner. As we have adopted the policy of the Blue Water school, we cannot do better than follow it to its logical conclusion. By doing so, we shall economise at a point where economy is most needed, we shall increase our field army without adding anything to our expenditure, and we shall reduce to a minimum the most irksome portion of the soldier's service.

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I do not propose to discuss in detail the vexed question of whether the Navy should or should not take over the entire defences of their own bases. The advantages to be gained by their doing so are obvious; the disadvantages will have largely disappeared if the garrisons are reduced as I have suggested.

It might perhaps be possible to organise what I must describe for want of a better term as "a floating garrison" for a group of naval bases. On each naval station there would be a floating garrison for the naval bases in those waters. The garrison would form an integral part of the fleet, and would be consequently under command of the admiral. It would move from port to port and carry out gun practice, laying of mines, &c., at each. In time of war it would be responsible for fighting the normal armament of the naval bases, including guns, mines and search-lights. For defence purposes, the admiral would distribute his garrison among the various naval bases, or concentrate it at one or two as the exigencies of the situation demanded.

It is sometimes put forward as an argument against handing over our naval bases to the Navy, that a naval commander should be free from the anxiety of defending them. His anxiety should surely be reduced to a minimum when he knows that they are held by a garrison which he himself has trained, organised and distributed. If the Navy really entertain as scant a regard for the capabilities of the Army as they profess, they can never feel their bases to be secure when the defence is left to the land service. The present system, which contains the radical defect of dual control, can never inspire much confidence. That defect can only be removed by the elimination of one of the services, namely, the Army. Then, and not till then, will ships, coast batteries, search-lights and mines be fought as a homogeneous whole; then, and not till then, will the greatest efficiency and economy be attained.

J. C.

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THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

IDEAS on the subject of national defence have undergone many changes in recent years; and to-day there is small likelihood that Mr. Balfour's pronouncement will be final, although the Blue Water school has many adherents, some of whom now also seek to apply its maxims to the defence of our naval bases and coaling-stations. Not so many years ago our main efforts were directed to home defence; and when in 1888 we first took stock seriously of our military position, Mr. Stanhope, in his celebrated memorandum, defined home defence requirements as paramount, and the obligation to send a large force abroad as problematical. This, however, was not in accordance with the advice tendered by the Duke of Cambridge, who, as Commander-in-Chief, had frequently pointed out the necessity of possessing a force fully equipped and prepared for over-sea service. These views were also supported by the other military experts of that period; and the whole subject was admirably summarised in a weighty memorandum prepared by Lord Wolseley as Adjutant-General, which bears the date of June 8, 1888. In this document the provision of a striking force for over-sea purposes was placed in the foreground; but Mr. Stanhope did not adopt this view. He accorded it, on the contrary, a secondary place, with the disastrous result that the provision of an "over-sea" force was placed in the background for some years after. Thus, although when the South

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African War broke out we had men, stores, and departmental services sufficient for two Army Corps, everything beyond that had to be improvised. This, then, was perhaps a good test of the value of political judgment on military requirements, modified with a due regard to Parliament and Estimates. Mr. Brodrick's ill-fated Army Corps scheme was the next stage. It was a compromise between the two views, which, whilst providing an "over-sea" force of three Army Corps, still left three others, mainly composed of auxiliaries, for home defence.

Finally, the Blue Water school has arisen, which contends that the invasion of Great Britain is impossible—a doctrine which, as already mentioned, it is now sought to apply to the Empire generally—since no mobile force could ever reach our shores. This view happened to fall in with ideals of reduction, which were being pressed on the Government from both sides; and which, whilst affording primary grounds for reduction, were at the same time popular in the House of Commons. Can it be wondered, then, that they should have been adopted? Most Ministers are supremely ignorant of military history, or of what war means; and even the much-belauded younger Pitt was no better than the rest. Few Prime Ministers since have taken the trouble to study the subject seriously; and Mr. Balfour deserves much credit for having done so. That he has so applied his great abilities is shown by his now famous speech, and the familiarity with geographical considerations which his utterances displayed. He has also had the good sense to obtain expert advice. But the real question is, has he obtained the best? On the Defence Committee sit Lord Roberts, as a kind of additional member, Sir Neville Lyttelton, the Chief of the General Staff, and General Grierson, the head of the Intelligence Department. Lord Roberts lays down that no enemy would attempt to land on these shores with less than 70,000 men, and we are told that his opinion is endorsed by those of the other military members. Now this is a highly

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contentious matter, and Lord Roberts' previous training hardly qualifies him to form an authoritative opinion. Of course, he is a great authority on Indian defence questions. But during his long career in the East his time must have been fully occupied in studying Indian rather than Imperial problems. It is true that in very mature years he came to the War Office as Commander-in-Chief. But it is now a matter of common knowledge that he had not got thoroughly in touch with the greater Imperial problems, or even with the ordinary War Office routine, when his three years' tenure of office was completed. Nor can it be supposed that the other experts on the Committee would have the courage to contradict him, even if they had the knowledge, which is at least doubtful. For a due appreciation of these problems great knowledge of history and familiarity with home defence conditions are required, and these could only be acquired after years of study, such as Lord Wolseley and others have devoted to the point.

It is by no means certain that raids can be dismissed with such scant ceremony which Mr. Balfour vouchsafes them. The history of nearly all wars—our own against France, for instance—shows that raids are a most effective weapon; and if we really get into great straits, such as in March 1900, and are in addition involved in war with a great European Power, or a combination of them, it is quite certain that these would risk the loss of a few thousand men, or even of all their raiding party, in consideration of the immense moral results which would ensue. Mr. Balfour did not apparently have these issues placed clearly before him when he made his celebrated pronouncement that invasion was impossible—a most dangerous proposition to propound, as the invariable uncertainty of war has proved in all ages, and one which, in view of our traditional apathy towards such matters in peace-time, is likely to do considerable harm.

Mr. Balfour had to decide between the Blue Water enthusiasts and their opponents; and in the outcome he

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chose a compromise. He assumes that an invading force could reach these shores; but that, having done so, they could not land, because torpedo-boats, destroyers, &c., would render such a feat impossible, and that forty-eight hours at least would be required for disembarking. Moreover, apart from this, he has reduced the initial difficulties to be encountered into the form of a Euclid proposition. Let seventy thousand men be the least which could be landed, and two hundred and fifty thousand the tonnage required. But one hundred thousand only is in French ports. Therefore the shipping would not be available, and invasion is impossible.—Q. E. D. But there is this difference between Euclid and Mr. Balfour. The former's premisses are sound and the latter's are not. It is true that only that amount of shipping may on any given day be in French ports. But numerous steamship lines run to and from France; and in a few days many of their ships could undoubtedly be obtained by the Government without much notice. Nor would they, as Mr. Balfour supposes, all start from one port. Moreover, the Admiralty estimates of the required cubic space, based on the medical statistics—to which at present, both in the army and the navy, we pay far too much attention—are practically worthless in the matter. For a short journey troops would be packed as close as they could stand, and all considerations of the cubic space required would be absolutely ignored.

Another result of the Government's tentative adoption of the Blue Water theories now demands some attention. It is proposed by some to extend these conclusions to all our Colonial stations. It is contended that fortifications did not save Port Arthur; and that consequently we can dispense with large garrisons at naval bases, &c., which could quite well be worked by an ambulatory garrison, which an admiral in time of stress could dispose of as he thought best. This plan would relieve some 30,000 men from arduous and uninteresting duties, and add them to our too diminutive striking force. This is so tempting, and its obvious advantages are so considerable, that

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it is distressing to remember that no man or nation can blow "hot and cold." It is clearly impracticable. To leave our shores and coaling-stations practically undefended would surely be to invite insult. One need not be an opponent of the Blue Water contentions to admit this. Before accepting this ideal, we must assume that even if only a few stray warships were about, a landing anywhere could not be effected. But we must remember that the Japanese were able to land their armies in Manchuria and Korea whilst a considerable portion of the Russian fleet was still in existence. Thus it is to be feared that, tempting as the prospect of releasing 80,000 men seems, it is not within the bounds of practical politics.

On the auxiliary forces, and the Volunteers especially, the effect of declaring that invasion is impossible cannot fail to be disastrous. The Militia, it is true, according to the new plan, are to be held liable to serve abroad. But after this, how can we expect any one to take Volunteering seriously? Invasion is impossible. So what can possibly be the use of the Volunteers? What incentive is there for them to work, if they are never to be used as a serious military body? The whole thing is a farce. In his statement on Indian defence policy, Mr. Balfour was treading on surer ground, and his description of the possibilities of the case was sound. But then again the effect on the public will probably not be good. They will assume that so great are the difficulties of reaching India that we need not seriously trouble ourselves about such a contingency. That this has already happened is shown by the necessity to which Mr. Balfour was put in the House and Lord Esher in the Press, subsequently to explain these views more clearly.

It is almost too much to expect that succeeding politicians will not take Mr. Balfour's pronouncement as affording ground for reduction and relaxation of effort till another great crisis demonstrates the futility of these views. Politicians necessarily are almost always opportunists in such matters, and

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oblivious of the more inconvenient teachings of history. It is only three years since the close of the South African War, when all our resources were strained to the uttermost, and our leading politicians (Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour included) felt the gravest anxiety on the question of home defence. Now all this is forgotten, and the soothing lotion has been applied. Let us hope that the future will not, as in the case of many other nations, rudely contradict such crude and boastful utterances as those we are in the habit of making on the impossibility of invasion.

STRATIOTES.

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JOHN DAVIDSON: REALIST

A POINT OF VIEW.

THREE moderns, Ibsen, Nietzsche, and John Davidson all cry with one voice that as an antidote to our quiet, self-satisfied, ill-founded idealism, we require the great virtues of strength and self-realisation. Indeed, they often forget that any other virtues have existence. Thus, Ibsen has portrayed Peer Gynt with an onion in his hand, peeling off husk after husk as he attempts by analogy to find his true self. Also he has told the tale of Brand, terrible idealist, destroying all that love him by his self-denying devotion to duty. Again, "Whoso loveth his God chastiseth him" this is the sneer of Nietzsche, who evolves the "Overman," whose strength justifies his power. And John Davidson, in a passage which may be considered the crude germ of everything he has done in Ballads, Eclogues, Songs, Plays, Testaments, makes Smith say to the woman he loves:

> Think my thought, be impatient as I am
> Obey your Nature, not Authority;

and describes

> The hydra-headed creeds, the Sciences
> That deem the thing is known when it is named;
> And Literature, Thought's palace-prison fair;
> Philosophy, the grand inquisitor
> That racks ideas and is fooled with lies;
> Society, the mud wherein we stand. . . .

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Of such extreme importance, then, is Mr. Davidson's outlook, and his criticism of life, that we shall best do him justice if we somewhat neglect the technical merits of his poetry, glancing at them rapidly, and passing on to his matter as soon as possible.

As a beautiful prelude I quote a lyric from *Scaramouch in Naxos*:

> The boat is chafing at our long delay,
> And we must leave too soon
> The spicy sea-pinks and the inborn spray,
> The tawny sands, the noon.
>
> Keep us, O Thetis, on our Western flight,
> Watch from thy pearly throne
> Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
> To reach a land unknown.

Even the bare recital of these faultless lines, not to mention those already quoted from "Smith," are enough to show that from the first, Mr. John Davidson was no minor poet.

The questions a critic must answer, if he would attempt to estimate his Author's rank are—How lofty is his ambition? and, next, How far does he realise it? It seems to me that Mr. Davidson's ambition rivals that of any Author who ever took up pen to write. In fact, one sometimes has an uncomfortable feeling that he is not great enough to carry out his aims. But he so far succeeds that his imperfections surpass the perfections of other men. So we must deal with him as we would deal, say, with Keats, Shelley, or Tennyson.

First of all, then, we will acknowledge Mr. Davidson's faults. They are quite obvious, being chiefly due to a strained desire for simplicity, and to perpetual over-emphasis of his point. Sometimes he will spoil a ballad with lines too colloquial for the hurrying metre; sometimes he will just mar a fine speech in blank verse by getting it involved, and hard to follow, or by the unnecessary introduction of some abrupt phrase from common parlance. This is naturally more apparent in his earlier works: a conspicuous example of both

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of these faults is the great dying speech of Hallowes in Smith. Ballads like "An Exodus from Houndsditch," or the "Vengeance of the Duchess," fail because their language is too commonplace for their thought; and, generally, Mr. Davidson is liable to lapse into the grotesque. Besides this, he is often led away by some fantastic simile, especially if he can haul in head and shoulders a reference to Nature.

Speaking generally, if one must find a purely technical fault in Mr. Davidson, that fault will be an impetuousness that leads him sometimes to disregard the symmetry and form of his work. He has too little restraint or power of self-criticism in matters purely artistic. Nevertheless, of his blank verse I will say simply that it is the best since that of Milton. Its majesty and grace cannot fail to impress all readers. It is packed and terse, like Marlowe's, varied yet without Tennysonian thinness or the monotony of Shelley.

Perhaps the most interesting point about Mr. Davidson's poetry is his extraordinary objectivity. Mr. Davidson is the first realist that has appeared in English poetry. One is pleasantly surprised at that, as on first realising that Milton was a Roundhead. Indeed, poetry has no greater foe than a gaudy veil of romance, which easily obscures the import of facts. And let me not forget to notice the extreme originality of the man. One or two of his earliest plays seem more or less influenced by the Elizabethans, but are so fresh and vivid that some of us would wish him to cast aside his purpose, and abandon himself once more to the Venus of pure delight. But there is little enough that resembles his eclogues, ballads, testaments, or plays; and we may still hope for a masterpiece greater than these; his work has, after all, only just begun. All Mr. Davidson's work is dramatic; the eclogues are so in form; the testaments are dramatic monologues; even the ballads breathe of drama. His most splendid dramatic achievment, *Self's the Man*, is remarkable for extreme restraint and careful writing; it is not, like many plays in verse of to-day, a series of dialogues in decorated English. This "tragi-

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comedy" is quite stageable, full of incident, masterly in composition and form. The character of Urban, the tyrant-hero, is strongly drawn. In one fine scene, where Urban and his former mistress, Saturnia, meet in peril of their lives, we may experience that strange, almost physical thrill, that sense of the world being in harmony with the verse, which is only to be found here and there throughout literature, and which cannot be explained, save as a recollection of things experienced in a former existence. I have seen the *Cenci* called the best play since Shakespeare. A play in which one perpetually feels that the author is struggling to write lyrics cannot surely be compared with the *Duchess of Malfi*. It is as certainly inferior to *Self's the Man*.

The first work in which Mr. Davidson displays his characteristic attitude towards life is "Smith," the tragic farce, written in 1886. This play opens in a public-house. Brown, from Oxford, Jones, and Robinson are discussing the character of Hallowes, a poet. Brown, the very apostle of compromise, blames the poet for his absurd enthusiasms, and begins abusing Smith, who has a peculiar way of talking literature and philosophy with barmaids. Then Jones describes Smith as

> A mere savage, barbarous as a Lapp,
> A handsome creature, but elliptical.

In this triumvirate of fools, Brown is cultured and foolish, Jones epigrammatic and foolish, and Robinson, who has "points" to raise, and exclaims "fair, very fair" at intervals in sympathetic inanity, is fatuous and foolish; and they agree well together. Just as Brown has announced the fact that he is to wed his cousin Magdalen in a month, Smith bursts in upon them like a whirlwind. Smith is annoyed with their idle talk about Hallowes, and finally calls them

> The commonest type of biped crawling here.

And at length clears them out with

> You sots, you maggots, shavings, asteroids!
> A million of you wouldn't make a man!
> Out, or I'll strike you, monkeys, mannikins.

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Hallowes enters and tells how he is going to his new-found retreat of Garth,

> In the North, a hamlet like a cave,
> Nestling unknown in tawny Merlin's side.

There, he says, he will write poetry, be it but one line a day. He rejects Smith's advice to "let fame alone": Fame, says Hallowes, is the "breath of power," and he continues, clearly voicing the ideas of the dramatist himself:

> Give me to dream dreams all would love to dream;
> To tell the world's truth; hear the world tramp time
> With satin slippers and with hob-nailed shoes
> To my true singing: fame is worth its cost,
> Blood-sweats and tears, and haggard, homeless lives.
> How dare a man, appealing to the world,
> Content himself with ten! How dare a man
> Appeal to ten when all the world should hear!
> How dare a man conceive himself as else
> Than his own fool without the world's hurrah
> To echo him!
>
> SMITH. But if the world wont shout
> Till he be dead?
>
> HALLOWES. Let him address the street:
> No subtle essences, ethereal tones
> For senses sick, bed-ridden in the down
> Of culture and its stifling curtains.

They decide to go to Garth together, and Smith agrees with Hallowes in the last lines of the act:

> You are right—one must become
> Fanatic—be a wedge, a thunderbolt
> To smite a passage through the close-grained world.

The next act introduces Graham, father of Magdalen, and Magdalen herself. With Magdalen Smith falls in love at first sight, and in four pages of remarkable and splendid dialogue, he makes her confess that she is being made to marry Brown against her will, and that she finds in him, Smith, the masterful nature women love.

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The passage contains the lines quoted above (p. 86)—

> Think, my thought, be impatient as I am.

The next scene takes place on the top of Mount Merlin where Hallowes is discovered lying with a note-book by his side. He has opened one of his veins, and is dying. After cursing his unhappiness and poverty, he speaks these glorious words, feeling death upon him:

> But I have chosen Death. Death—and the noon
> Hangs low and broad upon the eastern verge
> Above a mist that floods the orient,
> Filling the deep ravines and shallow vales,
> Lake-like and wan, embossed with crested isles
> Of pine and birch. Death—and the drops of day
> Still stain the west a faintest tinge of rose
> The stars cannot o'erwash with innocence.
> Death—and the mountain tops, peak after peak,
> Lie close and dark beneath Orion's sword.
> Death—and the houses nestle at my feet,
> With ruddy human windows here and there
> Piercing the velvet shade—deep in the world,
> Old hedge-rows and sweet by-paths through the corn!
> The river like a sleepless eye looks up.
> Pale shafts of smoke ascend from homely hearths,
> And fade in middle air like happy sighs.
> Death—and the wind blows chill across my face:
> The thin, long, hoary grass waves at my side
> With muffled tinkling . . . Not yet! No; my life
> Has not ebbed all away. I want to live
> A little while . . . Is the moon gone so soon?
> They've put the shutters to, down there . . . The wind
> Is warm . . . Death—is it death? . . . I had no chance . . .
> Perhaps I'll have another where I go . . .
> Another chance . . . How black! . . . (*Dies.*)

After this Smith is seen carrying Magdalen up to the summit of the mountain and the summit of their own "mad happiness." While he is still standing, amazed at the death of Hallowes, Graham and Brown rush up in pursuit. A splendid scene follows. Smith uses force to prevent them

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from taking Magdalen from him. "Can we not go?" asks Magdalen. "Yes," Smith replies.

> Yes, we can go where none will follow us.
> We two could never love each other more
> Than now we do; never our souls could mount
> Higher on passion's fire-plumed wings; nor yet
> Could laughter of our children's children pierce
> With keener pangs of happiness our hearts.
> I have a million things to tell my love,
> But I will keep them for eternity.
> Good earth, good mother earth, my mate and me—
> Take us.
>
> [*He leaps with her over the precipice.* GRAHAM *rushes forward, but falls fainting. Enter* VILLAGERS, *shouting and laughing.*

I think enough has been said, enough extracts given, to show that *Smith* brought something strong and vital into our literature.

All Mr. Davidson's work carries this same message of deliverance. Take the most powerful and the best written of his ballads, "The Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet." It is a story told with intimate observation, and is perhaps drawn from experience. The scene is a Scottish port. A boy, whose romantic materialism seems to combine the types of Smith and Hallowes, is the source of all his parents' grief, because he refuses to acknowledge himself a Christian. When his parents talked to him of Christ, he used to see

> The Cyprian Aphrodite, all one blush
> And glance of passion, from the violet sea
> Step inland, fastening as she went her zone.

His mother dies, heartbroken at his sinfulness. In a moment of weak contrition he takes the eucharist, and suddenly it crosses his mind,

> I eat and drink damnation to myself
> To give my Father's troubled spirit peace.

Yet there was no peace for the boy himself.

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But in the evening by the purple firth
He walked and saw brown locks upon the brine,
And pale hands beckon him to come away,
Where Mermaids, with their harps and golden combs
Sit throned upon the carven, antique poops
Of treasure-ships, and soft sea-dirges sing
Over the green-gilt bones of mariners.

He wanders on till night, pondering how all creeds are one creed—the creed of slavery. Bidding them fly away like evil vultures, he is inspired by the idea that he is after all God to himself. That every man is his own God, has a right to will as he desires, he feels to be a doctrine of salvation, which he ought to proclaim to the world.

At home, where millions mope, in labyrinths
Of hideous streets astray without a clue,
Unfed, unsexed, unsoulled, unhelped, I bring
Life, with the Gospel— Up, quit you like Gods.

With this message he breaks in upon his father's new-found happiness, and plunges him in the bitterness of despair and sorrow.

This was the sin of Lucifer
To make himself God's equal.

And his father also dies of grief, crying out to his Saviour, wishing even to be sent to hell, if so he might see his boy again.

There follows a long passage of stately verse, wherein the boy, after cursing creed and dogma, proclaims the Gospel of "Self's the Man."

I am a man set by to overhear
The inner harmony, the very tune
Of Nature's heart; to be a thoroughfare
For all the pageantry of time; to catch
The mutterings of the spirit and the hour
And make them known; and of the lowliest
To be the minister, and therefore reign
Prince of the powers of the air, lord of the world
And master of the sea. Within my heart

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I'll gather all the universe, and sing
As sweetly as the spheres; and I shall be
The first of men to understand himself . . .

Nor can too high praise be given to the "Ballad of Heaven." Here a musician "toils at one great work for years." His wife and child die: he cannot feed or maintain them: he lives but for his music. Yet he is welcomed to Heaven by God himself, and by his wife and child.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
And led him to the brink of heaven:
He saw where systems whirling stand.
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran
Through space: Time furled his wearied wings;
A slow adagio then began.
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along;
As if with drums and trumps of flame,
And flutes and oboes keen and strong
A brave andante singing came.

Then, like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things was cast away,
And, out of Time's obscure distress
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted; but God said "Even so;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears.
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres."

Of the other ballads, many of them, as also the "Ordeal," treat of that fine type of woman which Mr. Davidson has created for himself—a woman strong in her loves and hates, fit wife of a strong man—a woman of the force of Agrippina without her malignant cruelty—a woman naturally queen. Besides these, I will only mention the fine Ballad of Tann-

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haüser. Mr. Davidson gives the tale a different ending from what we know best. In it Tannhaüser returns to his first mistress in the Venusberg, having been rejected by the Pope, and lives with her in immortal happiness.

As he lay worshipping his bride
  While rose-leaves in her bosom fell,
And dreams came sailing on a tide
  Of sleep, he heard a matin bell.

"Hark, let us leave the magic hill"
  He said, "and live on earth with men."
"No; here," she said, "we stay until
  The golden age shall come again."

And so they wait, while empires sprung
  Of hatred thunder past above,
Deep in the earth, for ever young,
  Tannhaüser, and the Queen of love.

Mr. Davidson adds an interesting note, as follows:

The story of Tannhaüser is best known in the sophisticated version of Wagner's great opera. In reverting to a simpler form I have endeavoured to present passion rather than sentiment, and once more to bear a hand in laying the ghost of an unwholesome idea that still haunts the world,—the idea of the inherent impurity of Nature. I beg to submit to those who may be disposed to think with me, and also those, who, though otherwise minded, are at liberty to alter their opinions, that "A new Ballad of Tannhaüser," is not only the most modern, but the most humane interpretation of the world-legend with which it deals.

We now come to the "Testaments." The first is the amazing "Testament of a Vivisector," which neither upholds nor reprobates vivisection. The vivisector vivisects himself. Mr. Davidson indeed has been praised for condemning vivisection, for is not vivisection "an infamy too gross for the common terms of scorn, contempt, and abhorrence?" but we shall see that we have only to read the Author's prefatory note to find that any such view is false.

The "Testament of a Vivisector" is the first of a series of Poems I propose publishing at intervals in this form . . . and the new statement of Materialism

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it contains is likely to offend both the religious and their religious mind. This poem therefore, and its successors, my Testaments, are addressed to those who are willing to place all ideas in the crucible, and who are not afraid to fathom what is subconscious in themselves and others.

"The Testament of a Vivisector" to many will appear repulsive, for the Vivisector proclaims and brazens out the fact that he loves vivisection because it fills him with a pleasing sense of mastery, and because it satisfies his lust for inflicting pain. Few things more grimly straightforward have been written. Any one reading it will appreciate the title, "John Davidson, Realist." In the "Testament of a Man Forbid" we have Smith once more, struggling against an unsympathetic world exclaiming against the men

> That balance libraries upon their polls.

The exordium is superb.

"The Testament of an Empire-Builder" opens humorously after the old fashion of "Scaramouch." The Empire-Builder has a vision of the beasts, who are talking about man. They discuss his infirmities, his selfishness, his power. Nennook the Polar Bear explains to the Mastiff that he is unhappy about his prospects of immortality, and of the endless heavenly feast

> On blubbered seals that slumber on the floes.

In reply,

> A flea, ensconced behind the Mastiff's ear,
> Chirruped aloud, "Nennook, my friend, take heart:
> I, for example must be soundly squelched,
> But the idea of the flea remains;
> For race continues always: permanence
> Of species is established theory."
>
> "Established Nonsense, neighbour: hold your tongue,"
> Snorted the domineering Elephant,

who goes on to catalogue extinct species of beasts—the mammoth, the pleisiosaur, and so on. A bumptious groundling ape is informed that man would exterminate him if he

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had any sense. The hackney and the lion also detail their woes, and the skunk makes occassional interpolations by way of comic relief. The nightmare over, the Empire-Builder discovers himself in an English lane, watching Butcher-birds with interest and admiration. The rest of the Testament contains quite a novel idea, that is also worked out in the "Prime Minister," namely, that the proud in spirit are quartered in heaven, while the poor in spirit are dismissed to hell. Mr. Davidson's whole doctrine seems to me to lie in the title of his play—*Self's the Man*. He goes even further than Ibsen, as he has himself hinted in the preface to "Godfrida." Ibsen's message was "Break conventions if they hinder true happiness or noble action." He has perhaps blurred the outline of his doctrine by his natural mysticism—strange voices of earth and air that call Brand, as he dies amid the avalanche of his broken ideals. Those people who will be apt to say that Mr. Davidson's rationalism is now out of date, and who continue to acquiesce in what they know to be a palpable lie, will probably think that the message "Break convention" is an old one, now obsolete. To such people unconventionality seems to mean little more than wearing a cap on Sunday. It was no freakish foolery that Ibsen commended; his message was as fresh as dawn. He urged the overhauling of all our social machinery; he attacked with terrible precision the shoddy idealism and the prudish self-complacency that still pervades modern life. How can Mr. Davidson go even further than this? It is in this way. He says not only "Break conventions that stand in your way," but "live as if convention, as if Christianity, as if thirty centuries of literature had never existed." He puts a new and far more difficult interpretation on the "Know thyself" of old. To this his doctrine, he assigns as metaphysic not mysticism, but materialism.

Intimately connected with Mr. Davidson's philosophy of life is his passion for the country. He loves Nature for her simplicity and beauty, and writes about it as if it were a new and particular revelation, as if it had never become a hackneyed

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theme, as if Spring-Poets had never been by-words. We have seen how it is sometimes a hindrance. He can never turn his thoughts away from the fields for long. As for the sea, what could be more convincing than these lines from the "Man Forbid"?

> The bosomed plain
> That strips her green robe to the saffron shore,
> And steps into the surf, where threads and scales
> And arabesques of blue and emerald wave
> Begin to damascene the iron sea.

I doubt if the most ardent admirer would stand by this Reformer in his utter condemnation of Christianity, convention and culture, and take refuge in a Materialism that says the body and soul are one. But more might be inclined to agree with the fascinating theory held unconsciously by the Greeks, and held very consciously by this least Greek of poets —the theory of Man's natural sinlessness. If Calvary has a meaning for Mr. Davidson, it means the death of sin. Many again would strenuously deny that culture is evil, claiming perhaps that nothing leads a man to Reality, to the examination of Self and of Conventions, to a broad and catholic view of life, with more inevitable sureness than a liberal education, and the tolerance that only culture can instil. Yet have we not all been at times disgusted by the men that display an apathy proportionate to their learning? Do we not know and hate the type of individual that takes Holy Orders out of a vague desire to improve humanity by his miserable assistance —that is by preaching a creed which he neither firmly believes nor thoroughly understands? Do not the courts of the temple swarm with those who fear to commit themselves to anything in heaven above or earth beneath? I have observed it is with this apathy that Mr. Davidson has had to contend. For twenty years he has been preaching a sermon of great meaning, and he has received nothing but compliments on his poetical "cornucopia." No wonder he finds little consolation in culture, as he writes Play, Ballad, Eclogue and Testament, repeating

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his tremendous tale with magnificent variety. There is a hard lesson for us in the writings of Mr. Davidson. We are convinced by him that if we want to found our idealism on some basis less flimsy than that of sentiment, we must strip off the ideals that now obsess us. If we desire to arrive at a true appreciation of life or literature, we must criticise as if no one had anticipated us in the work. To compensate for nineteen hundred years of error, we must cultivate the neglected virtue of strength. Only thus can we be ourselves, and fully realise our latent power.

After all, the thesis of Materialism that we find set before us here is not so repellent as it seems. After years of what is little better than Manicheeism we are at last told that Matter is not impure but lovely; that man should be "one with the mountains"; that the landscapes of the world are beautiful not, because of a soul residing in them nor, because their creator had æsthetic ideals, but because they are what they are—lovely in themselves.

A Clerk of Oxenford.

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THE FALL OF M. DELCASSÉ

ANY stick has been good enough to beat the unfortunate M. Delcassé with, in his own country, any stone has served for pelting him. Never has there been such a fall since Jules Ferry fell over the defeat of Lang Son. French public opinion has not made a pretty show in this circumstance. None so poor for the time being to do reverence to the Minister who was a great man to two-thirds of France during nearly seven years of office—traitor though he were according to the remaining third. Of all the Paris papers, only the *Débats* had the decency, at least, to give him one consolatory pat on the back, when he was kicked out—for kicked out he was. Every other helped in the kicking with shameless gusto. Some turned against him in a night. The Paris press has hardly ever before during the Third Republic been so well agreed in any one purpose as it was in rending M. Delcassé. Not months, but weeks ago, he was the one French statesman in the view of millions of Frenchmen, probably the majority of the people. He alone held the threads of France's foreign policy. Not another man living was supposed to be capable of disentangling them. He was supreme and unapproachable. To nearly all the Republican press he was the great augur. He hinted, and was obeyed on the instant. If a paragraph displeased him, patriotism immediately commanded that it should be blue-pencilled, or, if already published, apologised for. In the Chamber and Senate his word was law. Not

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even the most truculent Royalist, or the most iconoclastic Socialist-Revolutionary ventured to have an opinion when he had spoken. He incarnated France, his voice was France's, and true Frenchmen bowed their heads listening to the oracle. To the general public he was the one Cabinet Minister who knew his business. The average citizen—not of course the Nationalist suffering from hypertrophy of the patriotic fibre, nor, more recently, the Socialist of the Jaurès shade, or the Clemenceau-coloured Radical, but the plain, Divine Average —conceded to you that all the rest of the Cabinet might be, and probably was, more or less incompetent. "But we have Delcassé. He knows his business—*he* knows!" M. Delcassé's reputation was impressive, he has been the one French Minister for many years who has impressed the foreign observer. He fell; not the least pretence of diplomatic indisposition was put forward, the Premier coolly announced that, the Cabinet having unanimously dropped M. Delcassé, he had been got rid of; and all France jumped upon him with fierce glee.

A dozen different political influences meeting, practically for the first time, at one same point, brought about M. Delcassé's downfall. Had the conjunction not occurred, he would still be a great man. Different parties attacked him for totally different, often contrary, reasons for years, and he flourished. Morocco suddenly provided the common ground on which opposite factions met to join against him, and, meeting, drew behind them the majority which had looked upon them as mere minorities before. Consistency then was of no importance so long as M. Delcassé were "disembarked." Politicians who had cursed him long for one failing now cursed him louder for an opposite fault. His former supporters, who were ready to champion him to the death twenty-four hours earlier, instantly closed up the ring round him, on any pretext. The President of the Republic, his last stand-by, had to let him go, and he went, in a storm of execration, with hardly a two or three voices even of damning faint praise. The story of the conjunction of political influences

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which overthrew M. Delcassé is one of the most intricate chapters of modern French public life, and not an edifying one. When a public man is denounced for a rabid Revolutionist by one critic and damned as a hidebound, toadying Tory by another, there must be some flaw somewhere in the judgment of either of the two critics, and probably of both. When both shake hands and make friends to fall upon the public man together, one is driven to have serious doubts of their honesty as well as of their sense. That is the exact story in simplified outline of the hounding of M. Delcassé. The actual facts are, of course, much more complicated. Not two opposite parties, but a dozen all in varying degrees at daggers drawn with one another joined against him. But any one party should in honesty have stood by him through thick and thin, if what the eleven other parties said of him had been true. That precisely was the humour of the situation. One man told you, "Down with Delcassé, autocracy's henchman"; another cried, "Impeach the traitorous Radical Declassé," and you were bewildered to find the two shouters agreeing that their two shouts amounted very much to the same thing, and that their conflicting views for any practical purpose coincided. What the practical purpose was the unhappy Delcassé soon learnt. Yet to the ordinary mind the proposition that M. Delcassé was sold either to England or to Russia seems a fairly rigorous dilemma. That proposition sums up in their two extreme terms the political opinions under which he fell, innumerable shades of difference being set aside. The views even of some of the level-headed among his enemies inclined to one or other of the two extreme terms. That M. Delcassé has long thrived on the modern equivalent of "Pitt's money" has been, of course, repeated in print daily since he took office. Of late the other side has said, though it has not actually published, that he took Russian money over the Baltic Fleet neutrality affair. To estimate how far such pleasingly fanciful assertions are believed in by those who make them, and to determine who among the outside public takes them to contain

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one grain of truth, is a nice study for the assiduous and long-practised student of French life. In the present case the two extreme terms are stated only for the purpose of "clearing the situation," and of planting at least two plain sign-posts in a bewildering maze. As for that, the common French mind, fond of simplicity, is often led to believe in such straightforward propositions as that which accounts for a public man's actions by his having been bribed, precisely of its love of a good, honest, logical fiction and repugnance for the subtleties and inconsistencies of reality. Hence even the more acute minds in French politics either honestly hanker after such finely simple explanations, or disingenuously assume them to approximate the truth, so that their more ingenuous readers or hearers may have "some plain fact to go upon"—plain facts of the kind being generally fables—and that is why the scandalous dilemma mentioned represents the two poles between which the influences which have overthrown M. Delcassé oscillate.

The Nationalists, for whom M. Anatole France found the delicate name of "les Trublions," and whom every enemy of the French people ought to support heartily, have branded M. Delcassé as a traitor for abandoning the allied Russian Government in its hour of need. The Radical-Socialists have held him up to execration for having truckled to the effete Russian autocracy. Royalists have called him stingingly a worthy Minister of the Republic and a worthy colleague in a Cabinet which has torn down the pillars of society and generally "disorganised everything." Socialists have denounced him as a worshipper of despotism in his heart who rode rough-shod over the elected representatives of the people. M. Delcassé must laugh rather bitterly when he reviews it all. The game of contradictions was carried on with the greatest elaborateness. Nationalists for years, of course, called M. Delcassé "Fashoda Delcassé." As he did not get France into, but got her out of, the Fashoda morass, the assumption must be that he ought not to have got her out of it, but to have then stood for war

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instead of peace. But the present greatest grievance against him is precisely that he did not give in to Germany. When the Franco-Italian understanding was formed, largely through M. Delcassé's policy, little was said by the Nationalists. Now it is discovered to be his worst blunder, because the Triple Alliance has, apparently, been just remembered, and the failure of the late Minister's great political scheme of detaching Italy, as a step towards isolating Germany, is ridiculed. The Anglo-French understanding was first received with mysterious warnings of "We fear the Greeks. . . ." Then it was accepted by Nationalist politicians, because popular feeling forced them to accept it. Now they cry, "We told you so. Delcassé gave the substance for the shadow; worse, gave up comfortable rights in Newfoundland and Egypt (of all places!) for a hornets' nest in Morocco." Had he done the reverse, and allowed Great Britain a free hand in Morocco, one shudders to think what the Nationalist outcry would have been. Finally, ever since the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, the fallen Minister had been called upon to "stand loyally by the ally"—how, was never explained—and told daily that the yellow peril threatened French Indo-Chinese possessions; was cursed loudly for "leaving Russia in the lurch," and scorned for truckling to the Rising Sun. One hundredth part of the patriotic advice given to M. Delcassé would, if he had followed it, have brought on general war instantly. But now he has fallen because he is thought to have offended the Kaiser. So much for Nationalists.

Radical Republicans, Radical-Socialists, and Socialists pure have not been much more self-consistent, apart from the fact of the utter contradiction between their grievances and those of the Nationalists against M. Delcassé. Nearly all the purely Republican party frankly welcomed the understanding with Italy and more particularly that with England. The hostility of the pure Socialists was against "le Delcassé du knout"; and it grew as Russian defeats accumulated. After Liao-Yang they had no hesitation in branding M. Delcassé as a traitor to

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his own country for not denouncing the Russian alliance instantly. After the Hull outrage, he was told that he was a Macchiavellian firebrand, burning for war. He was underhandedly fanning the desperate desire of the Russian Government to drag anybody and everybody, and first of all England, into the conflagration. When Japan protested in the question of French neutrality, he was instantly condemned for having slyly and determinedly connived at helping along the halting Baltic Fleet. When that fleet was no more, he was asked what his unfairness had served, except towards a Japanese triumph. All the while he was being held up to opprobrium by all true sons of freedom for having done his best to support the Russian Government against its Russian enemies, the Liberals and Revolutionists, by putting pressure on the French Home Office to increase police supervision by the Sureté Générale, acting with the Russian secret police in France, of Russian exiles in Paris. In short, "Delcassé and his little father the Czar" were throughout coupled together, in thickly humorous satire, at the very time when another party was railing at "Delcassé the Anglomaniac." What sort of a figure France would have cut had she coolly dropped the Franco-Russian alliance in the midst of the war, Socialists never stopped to inquire. Whether her position now would be a very comfortable one, without the Entente Cordiale, Nationalists never stop to inquire.

The Minister continued to reign over the Quai d'Orsay with apparently ever blander serenity. Between the two opposite poles of political opinion the Moderates wobbled as weakly as the Extremists in their attitude towards the awe-inspiring Foreign Secretary. Now pacific penetration into Morocco was an idea worthy of a Richelieu; now it was fatuous folly. On this point, Socialists only, headed by M. Jaurès, were consistent, and opposed M. Delcassé's Moroccan policy. But Nationalists, Royalists, Moderates, even quite steady heads, never could decide whether to call him rash for going too far in the enterprise, or pusillanimous for not going

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far enough. When all the political influences met and the Minister fell, all agreed to jump on him, each for an essentially different motive. It was an extraordinary and, as already observed, not a pretty sight.

Was the man's own personality a factor in the strange product? He has had a breakneck fall, but after a giddy rise. The amiable and active journalist, with a serious turn of mind, who had trotted about the lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies, and had been at intervals a conscientious Colonial Secretary, was suddenly called to the helm and, piloting France, weathered the worst storm which had ever threatened her since 1871, for the Schnaebele incident was naught compared with the Fashoda crisis. The history of Fashoda days is so well known that it is almost forgotten, but in an instant, in every mind, the two pictures can be called up and contrasted, of France's position in Europe then, and of her position now. Every one in Europe knows that the contrast proves what M. Delcassé was worth. None knew it better than himself, and he showed that he knew it. His rule over France's foreign policy was Olympian. During the past four or five years he was a deity in the clouds to the rest of France. There had never been such sovereignty in his country under the Third Republic before.

Of course at the Quai d'Orsay he was prophet, and few Foreign Secretaries have ever been so devoutly looked up to by "la carrière" as this ex-journalist who was not of it, and who had once trotted about the "Hall of Lost Footsteps" at the Chamber. He acquired the diplomatic mind with immediate and brilliant ease. Outwardly he never learnt or attempted to learn the diplomatic manner, and the merest attaché could give him points on that score. Outwardly, also, he always remained simple of bearing, and still reminded one of the "little journalists" who used to buttonhole Messieurs les Députés in the lobbies and converse with them in a grave whisper. But morally and mentally he set an example which the whole "carrière" felt it safe to admire and to imitate. No one was a more devout and jealous believer in State secrets

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than he. Diplomacy became a religion to him, and no one was ever more loyal than he to his faith. Trickery he had a gentlemanly objection to, like most really convinced diplomatists. His religion was that of faith in the farseeing and lofty diplomatic brain which plans policy like a game of chess, but always plays the game. It is no secret that some curious moves of the Russian Foreign Office, generally inspired, if not commanded, by some other office of the infinite bureaux of the Russian Administration, distressed him. Of late he learnt to like having to do with Downing Street, because it does play a good, honest, solemn game. But he insisted on being the independent champion of France at the board. He knew the secrets of State, he must order each move unadvised, not even spoken to. Not one Cabinet Minister, in the five successive Cabinets to which he belonged, was ever allowed more than an outsider's glimpse into M. Delcassé's mysteries. He treated with Sovereigns like a Sovereign. He was the ideal Great High Diplomatist in the eyes of "la carrière." Parliament to him was an article for home consumption only. No one who has not followed foreign policy debates closely in the Chamber and Senate can imagine the hushed awe which fell on either House when M. Delcassé spoke. Again and again a Nationalist or a Socialist made ferocious efforts to "interpellate" him, and succumbed in the religious, paralysing atmosphere which enveloped the Foreign Secretary. Nothing was more delicious than to watch the "interpellator's" bounce and to hear his big words when he had (which was seldom) succeeded in drawing M. Delcassé into accepting a question. The member would walk down from the tribune bursting with pride. Up would walk little, eyeglassed M. Delcassé, and in a plain voice would "make a déclaration," often read, always written out beforehand, in which the interpellator's question was severely ignored. A lofty allusion to certain matters of France's foreign policy which it would have been inexpedient to divulge, a stereotyped patriotic passage, and the House was dumbed, passed meekly to the Order of the Day, and once more con-

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secrated M. Delcassé. For the first time, a few weeks ago, in the House, M. Delcassé was actually heckled, in the mildest way, and M. Rouvier had to, or thought he had to, speak after him. That was the beginning of the end. M. Delcassé never forgave M. Rouvier or the House.

What the general public thought of the great prophet of the Quai d'Orsay was simple enough. The man in the street looked upon M. Delcassé as an Olympian in the clouds utterly beyond his ken. The Foreign Secretary passed through the Dreyfus case, the first Nationalist crisis, the sixth or seventh Déroulède affair, the anti-Loubet campaign, the burlesque conspiracy and the High Court trial, and the Church *v.* State, or State *v.* Church fever, and preserved his majesty unscathed, his ethereal fastness inviolate. The man in the street saw only what he took to be the tangible results of M. Delcassé's high works, King Edward's visit, Vittorio Emanuele's visit, and approved. Hardly a word in editorial or in Parliamentary report ever enlightened him as to the inner workings of the Foreign Secretary's policy.

Then Morocco, and the Kaiser's cruise to Tangier: it was a thunderbolt. England talked of French neutrality in the Far East; nobody cared a rap about that in France. Placid elderly ladies in their drawing-rooms looked perturbed. "What was thought in political circles of the situation? Very grave, was it not?" One hoped the Baltic Fleet would clear out of Kamranh Bay. "Oh, not that—that is a detail. But Morocco—ah, Morocco!—and the Kaiser!" The general public in Paris thus thought, and still thinks, in fearful interjections with shakes of the head. The Kaiser would be delightfully surprised to learn what a great man he is to the Parisian in the street. Under the Linden he is often looked upon as a joke, occasionally grim. On the Boulevards, he is always taken seriously, as a big, brainy, far-sighted statesman, with frequent flashes of genius. The haste with which M. Delcassé has been hounded off because he is considered to have annoyed the Kaiser, the funk—there is no other word for it—inspired by the idea that

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the Kaiser was annoyed, have not been pretty phenomena in French psychology. They are due to various distinct mental causes, besides circumstances. The main outside circumstances, of course, is the pricking of the bubble of Russian might. The psychological causes are many and conflicting. Nationalism, a morbid growth of patriotism is one. The Nationalist burthen is that France has gone to the dogs. She has no army—it has been systematically destroyed; she has no navy—it has been deliberately ruined; she has no power, influence, or credit worth speaking of. The average public has so often been told all this that a percentage—say a third—has come to believe it, and to believe that France would be instantly smashed by Germany in an armed conflict! The unprejudiced foreign observer is not at all so sure on the point, nor is, to all appearances, the German Headquarters Staff. In short, any one wanting to know the lowest opinions held in the world at the present day of French military power must read the French "patriotic" press. This kind of patriot will apparently stick at nothing to prove his point. If he be logical, he would rejoice to see France defeated by Germany, because the Nationalist party is at present in opposition. Hence his indecent joy at the downfall of M. Delcassé. Exactly two Nationalist leaders (MM. Paul Déroulède and Marcel Habert) discovered, after the event, that Germany had scored, and tried, vainly, to restrain their partisans' exultation. The only wonder is that the average civilian and the average army officer in France have remained, take them for all in all, coolheaded and sensible. If every French officer joined a "Lay-down-your-arms" Peace Society, he would be hardly more handicapped in his calling than if he were to yield at last to the persuasions of the party which tells him that, whenever he does fight, he is bound to be beaten.

The second psychological reason why the French public has been thrown off its balance by the mere idea of the German Government's displeasure is almost the exact contradiction of the former. The level-headed Frenchman who thirsts for good

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sound, sensible actions in tune with the sound, sense which he himself possesses naturally loves peace in the first place. But there is a further cause for his objection to a disagreement with Germany. He worships efficiency, and nothing will get out of his head the notion that the Kaiser and German organisation incarnate efficiency. For sheer admiration of the Kaiser and of his beneficent, enlightened rule, go not to Russia, where it is laughed at, not to England, not to the German professional and business middle classes, but to France. Seen from the boulevards, the German railways are perfect, the German post office is perfect, German trade is perfectly managed. The army must be an equally perfect organisation, and the navy for its size must be the most perfectly organised in the world. Organisation: that is the average, level-headed Frenchman's shibboleth, and Germany stands for it. "We have dash, we have brains, we have money, but where is our organisation?" he asks. "We could not stand against German method and system." What he would say of British systems and methods it is impossible to imagine, if he knew them, but he does not. He looks only at British private enterprise and activity and takes them to be the fruits of far-reaching organisation. Towards Germany his attitude often works out much the same thing as that of the Nationalists, of whom he is properly afraid, but it comes from different, almost opposite causes. For he deplores the wild fancies of some patriots among his countrymen as much as anybody. Yet he has been as wild as the rest in excommunicating M. Delcassé. That is because he thought he found the late Minister out in a high-flying attempt at "adventurous policy," and of such he has by now a holy horror. M. Delcassé's unfortunate foible for mystery, and his shrouding himself in a cloudland far above the eye even of Parliament, had something to do with the sudden turning of the average sensible French public round to rend him when he descended from the clouds in a bit of a fix, from which, however, the country might have successfully extricated him if it had loyally backed him.

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The present psychology of the ordinary level-headed Frenchman is the surest pledge that M. Delcassé's fall will not have dragged down with it a single brick of the Entente Cordiale. The Prime Minister, M. Rouvier, may have felt a little jealousy of his late omnipotent colleague during the recent visit to Paris of a Sovereign in semi-incognito, but he personally has English likings, and above all he is a good man of business. Wild adventure, he knows, is exactly what the quietly thrifty, active, workaday majority of his countrymen do not want, and it is the last thing the understanding with Great Britain could bring.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

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THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

A RETROSPECT AND A MORAL

MUCH is being written of naval affairs to-day; but, it is all to little service, unless the principle, by whose operation alone the subject of sea-power is brought into direct relation to the layman, is by him clearly understood. For the professional sailor needs not to concern himself with the disquisitions of the amateur student; while the layman has his own absorbing occupations, whether of business or of pleasure. He is perfectly willing to believe, in an abstract kind of way, that upon the maintenance of sea-power depends the wealth and safety of these realms; and, secure in that belief, he is ready to pay high salaries to the Ministers of Government who undertake to manage national affairs; and he grudges not to defray the vast sums which those Ministers constantly demand for the purpose of carrying out their task. Having done so much, he falls into the natural supposition that all is well, or, at any rate, as well as can reasonably be expected, and he goes back to his work or his play. Hence it is that discussions upon naval affairs, for instance, and sudden alarms concerning the national readiness for war, by sea or land, leave the average man comparatively cold. It is not, he says, his business; let the people in authority, who are charged with that responsibility, see to it. For himself, he has other things to do. He cannot stop work at will (unlike the strange being called the

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British workman, that amateur of elegant leisure) to investigate and to reform. If he did, who would settle the bills, both private and national? The reasoning is natural and logical. But it is based upon the assumption that a Government will adequately perform its task without that constant and minute supervision which is only to be given by an intelligent public opinion. And experience demonstrates that the assumption is fallacious. The men who pay the taxes must still do in public affairs what they are accustomed to do in private business: they must get an understanding of the right principle of their conduct, and they must see that it is carried out. But this they will never do until, as I have said, they clearly perceive the relation of such a principle to themselves individually. With regard to Army matters, for instance, the nation has either never perceived the direct personal bearing of them upon the interest of the individual; or, having perceived it, has estimated such matters to be of small importance, which may therefore be left wholly to the caprice of Ministers.

But, the essential moment of the maintenance of sea-power has become a conviction. It is not enough, however, to hold that conviction, and to expect the Government to act upon it —as Governments are at present constituted. The main principle which alone will secure that maintenance must be understood and insisted upon. What, then, is this principle? It is the purpose of this article to make one or two suggestions towards a better understanding of it, taking as text and inspiration, the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

For principles must ever be deduced, in the first instance, from the practice of the past. They then become a guide to the practice of the future. But the practice came first. And our difficulty with regard to formulating the principles of the maintenance of sea-power, since the invention of steam, of long-range guns, of armour and mines and torpedoes, has been, that but little practice has occurred to guide us. We have been waiting since Trafalgar for a great exemplar. And on May 27 that exemplar was given us.

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The first practical embodiment of the idea of the armour-clad ship was due to the Emperor Napoleon III. The effect of shell-fire upon wooden hulls was exemplified at Sinope on November 30, 1853, when a fleet of Turkish ships of the line was knocked to pieces by shell-fire from the Russian forts. In September of the following year the Emperor Napoleon ordered the construction of five armoured vessels, part ship, part floating battery. These were the predecessors of the New Navy. In October 1855 the new ships reduced the Russian forts at Kinburn to surrender. Henceforward, we are to remark the process of evolution which has resulted in the battleship, the cruiser, the torpedo-boat, the destroyer, and the submarine. In that process armour has been toughened, the gun has terribly increased its striking force, the power of speed has been greatly enlarged. The engine of warfare has, in a word, grown to a high degree of perfection. At the same time, the training of the fighting men who use it has been carried, in the case of certain nations, to a point of adequacy comparable to the standard attained by British seamanship in the days of the Old Navy. In our own case, the tradition has continued without a break. In other cases, a new tradition is in course of formation. And from time to time the forces wielded by one nation and another have come into violent collision; and still, until the battle of the Sea of Japan, some-what inconclusively; so that the naval officer must hitherto base his preparation for war upon the experience—known to him alone and inaccessible to the student amateur—of experi-ments in peace-practice rather than upon the stubborn facts of war itself. It is true that the principles of strategy remain unaltered and unalterable; it is in tactics—the art of using the results of strategical dispositions to the best advantage—that the new conditions enforce adaptation and modification. The duty of the student and of the layman is not so much to attain the comprehension of those adaptations and modifications them-selves—that is the business of the professional—as to get the understanding of the principles upon which depend the power to

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make any use whatsoever of the art of either strategy or tactics.

Accurately to disengage those principles we must make a brief retrospect, in order that we may better appreciate Admiral Togo's brilliant action. Such a retrospect cannot be better outlined than by quoting Mr. H. W. Wilson's account of the matter, in his "Ironclads in Action."

> We may now sum up the world's experience since the introduction of the ironclad. There have been two pitched battles: Lissa, in 1866 and the Yalu, or Haiyang, in 1894. . . . Actions of single ships are rather more numerous, and fairly numerous, too, are actions of ships with forts. The American Civil War abounds in this last type of engagement, and since then there has been the bombardment of Alexandria, when, however, the Egyptians, being Orientals, did not make the resistance which we should have to expect from Westerners; and the various actions at Rio. Of single-ship actions the most important are the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor;* between the *Tennessee* and Farragut's fleet; between the *Alabama* and *Kearsage;* between the *Shah* and *Huascar;* between the *Vesta* and *Asar-i-Chevket;* the two engagements in which the *Huascar* faced the Chilians; and the encounter of the *Tsi-Yuen* with the Japanese Flying Squadron. Of torpedo actions, the French affairs with the Chinese on the Min and at Sheipoo, are of little value, as in this case the torpedo-boat encountered enemies who were careless to an extreme degree. The Russian attempts upon Turkish ironclads in the Black Sea, and the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada* and the *Aquidaban*, and the repeated attacks of the Japanese at Wei-hai-Wei are more instructive, but cannot be said to have definitely decided the powers and limitations of the torpedo-boat.

So far as tactics are concerned, it is obvious that only the two pitched battles, that of Lissa and that of the Yalu, can afford material for tactical consideration. But in the battle of Lissa, in 1866, between Italy and Austria, the tactics may be described as a reversion to mediæval methods; for the Italian Admiral, Persano, was apparently ignorant of the art; and the Austrian, von Tegetthof, having a fleet inferior in numbers and in artillery, chose the mellay as the order of battle most likely to succeed, and ordered his ships to ram; and in the fight of the Yalu, in 1894, between China and Japan, the Japanese apparently made an obvious mistake at the outset, which prevents us from forming a just estimation of their plan;

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while the Chinese, so soon as the firing opened, abandoned any attempt at a concerted manœuvre.

Again, so far as the estimation of the value of methods of construction, weight of armour and power of gunfire is concerned, the ships engaged in the fights of Lissa and of the Yalu, and in the single-ship actions enumerated, differ so widely from the ships of our day, that the results afford no evidence of any particular worth to ourselves.

There is, however, one conclusion of essential moment to be drawn from the fights both of Lissa and of the Yalu. In both cases, wholly irrespective of the material employed—the engines of warfare themselves—the victory, such as it was, went to the side whose training and discipline were the best.

Inconclusive, too, though not in the same respects, were the naval actions off Port Arthur, and within it, early in the present war between Russia and Japan. Strategically, they demonstrated anew, what hardly needed another example, that a fleet locked up in harbour is only one degree better than no fleet at all, since it leaves the command of the sea to the opposing fleet. Tactically, they illustrated the practice of harbour-attack by night, torpedo work and mine-laying, while the battle squadron maintains the blockade at a distance. In this first phase of the naval operations Russia, lost seven battleships, two armoured cruisers and six protected cruisers, three more cruisers being severely damaged; while Japan lost two battleships, two cruisers, two gunboats and two destroyers.

We all remember the sailing of the reinforcements from the Baltic. The circumstances under which they started and the long delays in harbour and at anchor during their voyage suggest nothing to our present purpose, save two incidental considerations. The one is that the fleet was hastily manned and hastily equipped. It follows that a proportion—probably a large proportion—of both officers and men were wholly or partially untrained, and that the ships were ill-found. For, adequately to mobilise a squadron, large or small, a practised and sound organisation and an efficient reserve are requisite.

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The other consideration is that, with such manning and such equipment, the time spent at sea would probably tend to demoralise the crews, rather than to give them training and discipline. For, defects in machinery, in fittings, in stores, in armament would presently become notorious; the result apart from the practical inconvenience incurred, would be to dishearten the men. Add to these things, the grinding monotony of sea-life, the hardships, the suspense, the nostalgia of the exile, and (very probably) a spreading disaffection. The circumstances under which the Japanese fleets awaited the enemy differ extremely. The fleets were, in the first place, a victorious squadron; and there is no elixir like the draught of hard-bought success. They were based on their own fortified ports; fully manned by crews in high training, inured to the sea and to the conditions of sea-warfare; completely equipped; completely supplied; confident in themselves and in their leaders, and—what we never are in England—secure in the knowledge that the designs of those leaders would be supported by a united country and strictly hidden from the enemy by an impenetrable curtain of secrecy.

Bearing these two sets of circumstances in mind, we are now to remark the Russian fleets concentrated at Kamranh Bay, off the coast of Cochin-China. The whole fleet consists of eleven battleships, nine cruisers, some thirteen destroyers, and eleven armed auxiliaries, besides one tank-vessel, one repair-ship and two hospital-ships. Where the Japanese fleet is we do not know. No one knows—no one can find out. While every movement of the Russian is advertised up and down the world like a royal progress, not a word comes of the Japanese. Here, incidentally, is a thing immediately worth our own consideration.

But, every one knows the strength of the Japanese fleet. It consists of six battleships, twenty-four cruisers, some twenty destroyers, and sixty-seven torpedo-boats, and perhaps forty armed auxiliaries. The main fighting unit being the battle-ship, it is immediately obvious that the Russians are superior

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in that arm. But here we must distinguish. The battleships are of various fighting value, both nominal and actual, on both sides; so are the cruisers.

Their actual fighting value depends upon the administration that manned them and equipped them, and upon the quality of the officers and men. But, as these are indeterminate factors, we will take, as usual, the nominal value, dear to the naval statistician.

Of the Russian battleships, four are first-class homogeneous vessels—the *Kniaz Souvaroff*, *Alexander III.*, *Borodino* and *Orel*; four are smaller, slower and less powerful, and each of them differs from the other in these respects—the *Oslyabia*, *Sissoi Veliky*, *Navarin* and *Nikolai I.*; three are coast-defence ships, one-third the size of the first-class battleship—the *Admiral Oushakoff*, *Admiral Seniavin*, and *General Admiral Apraxine*. Of the Russian cruisers, three only are armoured—that is, equipped with a belt of armour in addition to the steel protective deck—the *Dmitri Donskoi*, *Vladimir Monomakh*, and *Admiral Nakhinoff*. The Russian fleet, therefore, falls naturally into two categories—one a squadron of four first-class battleships, the other a miscellaneous force of seven, whose manœuvring power is regulated by the slowest ship. To the miscellaneous squadron may be added the three armoured cruisers as partly fit to lie in the line of battle, leaving six protected cruisers of varying speed and fighting power, and eleven auxiliaries for scouting purposes, and the thirteen destroyers. A formidable fleet, but with an obvious weakness due to lack of uniformity.

Of the Japanese battleships, four are first-class homogeneous vessels, fit to match the Russian four—the *Asahi*, *Shikishima*, *Mikasa* and *Fuji*, and two inferior battleships. Of the Japanese cruisers, eight are armoured, making a practically homogeneous squadron of five ships; and the remaining sixteen vary in speed from 16 to 22 knots. A powerful fleet, evidently strong in the article of uniformity.

Reckoning the four first-class battleships on either side as

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fairly matched, the Russian miscellaneous battle squadron of seven ships, together with the three armoured cruisers, is to be matched against the eight armoured cruisers and the two inferior battleships of Japan. The remaining six protected cruisers of Russia are set against Japan's sixteen.

Taking the numbers as they stand at their nominal fighting value, it would seem that, on the whole, the result of a fleet action might be considered highly dubious. Yet the event was absolutely decisive. We are thus led to the conclusion that there is an element of the fallacious in the accepted method of measuring naval force by numbers of nominal fighting value. The writer may perhaps be forgiven if he quotes from an article contributed by him to the Press before the event:

> Such a comparison (as the one given above) can give no more than a general notion of the balance of forces, since it is extremely unlikely that the whole forces of one side will be opposed to the whole forces of the other at one time. Nor does it take into consideration the difference in gun-power existing between the two fleets, because any such calculation must be largely neutralised by the skill of individuals and the circumstances under which the action takes place.

As a matter of fact, the Russians had an advantage in actual weight of artillery; and the writer was severely criticised for having ventured to hint that there were other factors besides statistics which decide battles. But one does not, in real life, estimate the comparative merits of, say, two skilled surgeons, by weighing their respective equipments of knives and lancets in a pair of scales.

The main facts of the historic sea-fight of Tsu Shima are known to all. For the sake of clearness, we may, however, briefly recapitulate them. From first to last the only chance the Russian Admiral, had was to force a fleet action. If he won, he could repair in safety to Vladivostok, his only base. From thence he could command the sea. If he lost, the end would only have come rather more swiftly than if he had reached Vladivostok without destroying the Japanese fleet. Admiral Rozhdestvensky decided to strike for Vladivostok

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direct, through the Tsu Shima passage, after fetching a compass in the Pacific, a manœuvre which might deceive the enemy as to his objective. So he sailed from Kamranh on May 14, passed through the Ballintaog Channel on the night of the 17th, stopping a Norwegian steamer consigned to Japan to tell her captain that the fleet was proceeding to Tsu Shima. Admiral Rozhdestvensky doubtless hoped that when Admiral Togo received this intelligence, he would suppose that another destination was intended. But, Admiral Togo's reasoning led him to suppose the contrary. He remained at Tsu Shima, waiting. And early in the morning of May 27, his scouts reported by wireless telegraphy the presence of Russian ships off Quelpart Island, which lies at the entrance of the Korea Strait. There was fog upon the water and a heavy sea, and the number of the Russian ships could not at first be ascertained. Admiral Togo despatched a small squadron of second-class ships to meet the Russians. This decoy-squadron retreated before the Russian fleet in order that Admiral Rozhdestvensky might suppose that the Japanese battle-fleet was elsewhere. Had the weather been clear, the Japanese decoy-squadron might have been expended in this manœuvre. As it was, the Russians failed to inflict damage. Upon nearing Tsu Shima, Admiral Rozhdestvensky was proceeding at 12 knots, the four first-class battleships leading his line. The wind, freshening, blew away the fog, and the sea began to run high. At about 1.30, Admiral Togo rounded the north of Tsu Shima, steaming at 14 knots in single column line ahead, and bearing down on the Russian port-bow. Admiral Togo's squadron consisted of his four first-class battleships and two armoured cruisers. A little after, Admiral Kamimura's squadron, composed of the remaining six armoured cruisers, rounded the south of Tsu Shima and bore down on the Russian port quarter at 16 knots, while the decoy-squadron, reinforced by more cruisers, bore upon his starboard beam.

Admiral Rozhdestvensky altered his formation into two columns line ahead, his auxiliaries being disposed between the

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columns and somewhat astern of them. The east column, facing the reinforced decoy-squadron, consisted of battleships, led by the *Alexander III.*; the west column, facing Admiral Togo's squadron, consisted of cruisers. "The Russians," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "opened fire at 12,000 mètres" (about 13,000 yards—an extreme range), "but it was wholly ineffectual. The Japanese, on the other hand, reserved their fire until the range was 7500 mètres" (a little over 8000 yards —a practicable range), "when they fired six trial shots and scored three hits. The battle now became general. The Russians perpetually essayed to force their way northward, but the Japanese, steaming at a higher speed, constantly headed them back, so that the Russian course described a loop, the ships filing past the Japanese, who poured in a deadly fire from three directions. Admiral Rozhdestvensky's gunners maintained a much higher rate of fire, but their projectiles nearly always flew high or buried themselves in the sea, evidently owing to the gunners' want of experience in gun-laying in rough weather. Before evening five Russian warships had been sunk. . . ." As the dark fell sixteen squadrons of torpedo-boats attacked the broken fleet, "reserving their missiles until they were within 800 mètres at most, and making a practice so deadly that it redeemed all previous failures . . . so that dawn found only five remaining—namely, the *Orel*, *Nikolai*, two coast-defence ships, and the *Izumrud*." These were captured later in the day, with the exception of the *Izumrud*, which escaped, only to be run aground and blown up. The protected cruiser *Almaz* got through to Vladivostok, and the protected cruisers *Aurora*, *Oleg* and *Jemchug*, after a run of some 1200 miles, fetched up in Manila harbour, where they have been interned by order of the United States Government.

Inside of three days the whole Russian fleet was annihilated by a force nominally about equal to the Russian force. The Japanese lost three torpedo-boats, and their casualties were about 800. They gained, in material, a valuable first-class

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battleship, the *Orel*, one of lesser value, the *Imperator Nikolai I.*, and two coast-defence ships; and in prestige, everything. Admiral Togo won the greatest sea-fight since Trafalgar.

As the first naval power in the world, upon whose maintenance of sea-power our existence depends, we are deeply concerned in this matter. With the details of strategy and of tactics, with the considerations regarding ship construction, armour-resistance, power of gun-fire, and the use of torpedoes, the professional may be safely left to deal; for he alone possesses the requisite special knowledge and training. Leaving these aside, what is the ordinary citizen, who cheerfully pays his forty millions a year for his Navy, to think of these things? Is there any general conclusion to be drawn from them, by the light of common sense, which may serve the layman in defining the general principle of which we are in search: a simple, intelligible, indefeasible principle underlying the right conduct of that part of the national business which has to do with naval affairs—a principle which it is the duty of every citizen to understand and to enforce?

Surely one conclusion is inevitably and triumphantly disengaged. It is that the victory went to the side which possessed superior skill. In other words, it is the personal equation which comes before all. Greatly absorbed in perfecting the mechanical means, we have perhaps been too apt to take the personal equation for granted. So many ships, so many guns have figured year by year upon the lists, and we have reposed contentedly upon that formidable enumeration. A single instance will suffice. When the Naval Defence Act was passed, some sixteen years ago, the Treasury, forced by the Admiralty and by public demand to grant the money for the ships, withheld the money required to enlist and to train the requisite number of men to man them. No question was asked—the thing was taken for granted. That monstrous piece of political chicanery went wholly unremarked. And from that day to this the Navy has been short of men. All honour to the naval officer, bound to silence by the King's regulations,

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that he contrived to "make do," as he always does. Until last year, when Lord Selborne's new scheme of redistribution came into force, the Channel Squadron was practically a training-school for young seamen. For not enough men were enlisted to man the fleet with trained men.

Under the new policy, how do we stand? Ships are commissioned for two years instead of three; the Reserve ships are kept in commission in harbour, manned only by nucleus crews; and even so, short-service men, a kind of sea-militia, must be enlisted to fill up the complements of the fleet. And at the same time two thousand men less are provided in the current Navy Estimates; and the Admiralty have announced that, in their opinion, the Naval Reserve has reached its required numbers. The arrangement by which a proportion of the light dues were remitted to the shipowners, on condition that they carried a certain number of British boys, expired last April, and the Admiralty have withdrawn the support which they had extended to the Mercantile Marine under that scheme. Meanwhile, there are over 40,000 foreign seamen employed in the Mercantile Marine: the number is increasing; and, unless decisive action be taken, the divorce between the merchant service and the Navy will presently, for the first time in English history, be complete. And here, pat to the occasion, is the undesigned commentary of a profound scholar and brilliant critic:

> From the sea England had been peopled by successive waves of conquest or immigration; to the sea, after a long interval, she gave back a race who had learned that there, and there alone, could her safety be secured and her name upheld. As a people—to borrow a phrase from the poetry of common speech—we follow the sea; it will be an ill day for us when the tides that work the world run their ancient courses and we may not follow.

So writes Professor Raleigh, in the conclusion of his admirable essay upon the English Voyages chronicled by Hakluyt. We cannot ponder too much that weighty saying.

For here, surely, is the point that touches each of one us. Ships and the art of war are for the professional;

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but the men who direct and man them are our affair, too. The men we know and understand; for they are of our own household. We are ready enough to see that they are provided with weapons and engines of war; that is easy; it costs no trouble beyond the signing of a cheque. But, that is to place the last first, and the first last. The fight of the Sea of Japan, if it proves anything, proves the inestimable and prime importance of the man as distinguished from his weapons. Here, then, is the principle for which we have been looking—the principle that brings the maintenance of sea-power into direct relation to the layman. It is for us, each one of us, to see that the right men are provided; that enough men are provided; that their training is not stinted for lack of money, while thousands of pounds are being wasted on things that do not matter; that the politician does not misuse the moral of the Japanese victory to reduce the strength of the Fleet; and that Parliament is kept informed, by responsible persons, upon all these points, instead of being studiously kept in ignorance by official evasions. No system or organisation will serve. These things must be the individual concern of every man.

The forces that conspire to ruin a nation are silent and furtive in their operation; they act upon the social organism, not in one regard, but many; and they can never be defeated in detail. But, if a sound spirit inform the body politic, a constant vigilance will secure its welfare and its strength. A fervent spirit, together with a minute and unsleeping vigilance, has won for Japan the command of the sea, and a high place among the nations. That is the meaning for the layman of the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

L. Cope Cornford.

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THE PROBLEM OF MODERN MILITARY TRAINING

THE chief military reason why our Army is trained in the present day with less satisfactory results than formerly is that we have not yet realised the true significance of the changes in the application of strategical and tactical principles necessarily demanded by modern developments. The art of war indeed continues to be governed by rules precisely the same as those which have prevailed from the beginning; but the methods by which we should now conform to them are in many respects different. With the influences which have compelled or promoted modifications in strategy, such as steam and telegraphs, we are not now directly concerned; the remarks which follow will be devoted principally to tactics. Yet it may be permissible to observe, in passing, that in strategy as well as in tactics there has been a dangerous tendency to rush to extremes, to make war by steam and telegraph regardless of the chances which may suddenly deprive us of those valuable auxiliaries. In short, combinations based entirely upon the assumed invulnerability of railways and telegraph lines are essentially unsound, and it is to a great extent because this fact was overlooked that many "regrettable incidents" took place in South Africa. War is still war, though railways save time and fatigue in marching, and though telegraphs enable orders that formerly would have needed hours or even days for transmission to reach the

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required destination almost as quickly as they can be dictated. The proper *rôle* of railways, telegraphs and other modern contrivances, is that they should be employed as convenient aids, not that an entire dependence should be placed upon them. War must be made exactly as Julius Cæsar made it, but at the same time with the assistance of inventions to which that great captain was a stranger, and so long as they continue available; but the cutting of a telegraph wire should not result in throwing the combinations of a Commander-in-Chief into disorder. The subordinate leaders of detached forces should be sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of their General to be enabled to act on their own initiative in accordance with his plan of operations, in case they should suddenly be cut off from communication with him. A telegraph wire is not a string to the end of which mere puppets can conveniently and profitably be attached; and as a spring-board is an aid to jumping, although a leap can be accomplished without it, so also should telegraphs and railways be employed in war; they should be used, when available, in order to assist the execution of strategical manœuvres, but rarely permitted to become indispensable to success.

As in the case of strategy, so also in that of tactics; it is not in the principle but in the methods that modifications have become necessary, in consequence of the magazine rifle having displaced weapons of shorter range and inferior accuracy. David slew Goliath because he understood the principle that tactical superiority rests with the soldier who knows best how to take advantage of the particular weapon in his own hands, by denying to the adversary the chance of using effectively that which is in his. Whether the weapons are of equal quality or otherwise, the idea is the same; and when one first-class missile-weapon is opposed to another, and the soldiers of both armies are equally skilful in the actual handling of them, victory will attend the side which exhibits, as the result of natural aptitude or training, the better understanding of the "use of ground." For example, if savages armed with spears

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are opposed to European or other regular troops armed with modern weapons, the proper object for the leader of the savages to keep always before him is that he should never expose his men in the open to the rifles of their adversaries, but await an opportunity to fall upon them under circumstances that will ensure reaching close quarters within a few seconds. For the leader of the regular force the object is exactly the opposite; he will desire to fight in conditions that will enable his men to shoot down the spearmen before they can close. In a word, the last thing permissible in sound tactics is to fight, avoidably, upon terms otherwise than the most favourable to yourself, and in applying this thesis to an action between soldiers armed with modern weapons the aim should be to use the ground so as to secure the best chance of shooting with the least danger of being shot. In but one respect does the application of this latter rule admit of any qualification, and this is that the desire for self-preservation must never be permitted to interfere with the paramount obligation to shoot the enemy. If the damage inflicted is one iota less than the attainable maximum, any caution from which it has resulted has been utterly misplaced. A complete annihilating victory, won at great cost, is always preferable to an indecisive success, however cheaply earned. To dislodge an enemy from his position or to beat off his attacks is not enough; the proper object is to *destroy* him, though in doing so your own losses should reach a higher total than his.

One hundred years ago the drill of the barrack-square corresponded exactly to the tactical evolutions employed in actual contact with the enemy, and, because this is no longer the case, a school has sprung up which volubly proclaims its own lack of common-sense appreciation of altered conditions, by ascribing every failure to the "stultifying influence" of the barrack-square. The talk is of "machines" and so on, utterly regardless of the fact that it is just because our soldiers have deteriorated as machines, of the ancient type, and have not been efficiently converted to up-to-date patterns,

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that ill-success has in recent years so often attended them. We seem to have realised that the old order should be changed, while we have failed to understand that it requires to be replaced by the new. "Go-as-you-please" is the slovenly alternative too generally accepted in place of genuine up-to-date reform of tactical formations and expedients; it is ignored that "go-as-you-please" generally results in the majority doing that which of all things they should not do, and that which ought to be done being scarcely ever accomplished even by a few. It is thoughtlessly assumed that because the ancient tactics of the barrack-square are no longer applicable, the need for drill has passed. No greater mistake was ever made; the greater the emergency and the greater the consequent demand for speed in meeting it, the greater is the need for drill and discipline. Common sense should suffice to yield an understanding of the fact that a formation previously rehearsed at drill can be more rapidly assumed and consequently in an emergency more satisfactorily, than if it has to be not only improvised but explained on the spur of the moment or left merely to evo've itself in accordance with the chapter of accidents. Let us take for example the case of a company marching unsuspectingly in fours upon a plain and covered by skirmishers perhaps a mile in front of it. Suddenly, from a hill some three or more miles away, comes a shell which strikes the ground in the immediate vicinity; ought not that company to have a ready made *drill* suitable to such an occasion? Not so very long ago the present writer put this very question to a well-known commanding officer and elicited the reply that the situation would be met by the one word "scatter," an easily given but quite unsatisfactory answer. If there is no fixed system, how are the men to know, individually, whether to "scatter" to the right or to the left? Will not delay, confusion, and "bunching" result? Because none will know in which direction to run, and the company which was a moment before composed of two half-companies, four sections and eight squads, will have been dissolved into a disorganised

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mob, owing to the extension having been executed without method. By drill, and very simple drill too, such confusion is easily prevented. If the men have been taught how to "scatter" those of the one half-company will extend to the right, whilst those of the other will extend in the opposite direction, every man in his proper place. Here we have an example of elementary "battle-drill" as readily and as profitably to be learned on the despised barrack-square as when a battalion in line, in the days of close order fire-tactics, changed front to the right or left upon a central company, thus obliging the companies on the pivot flank to fall back upon the new alignment. The latter evolution represented the most expeditious method of wheeling a battalion to a flank, the former is the most rapid means of extending from fours, and for the same reason that the minimum distance to be traversed necessarily involves the minimum waste of time in the execution of the manœuvre.

Every tactical emergency, whatever be its exact nature, must necessarily require that the troops concerned shall in the least possible space of time be prepared to meet it effectually. The rifle is the weapon to be employed, and the effective use of it demands compliance with one or other of two conditions: (1) The men, if not already so disposed, must expeditiously adopt a formation suitable to the occasion; (2) or, regardless of drill formations, run at the utmost individual speed to positions from which to use their weapons to immediate advantage. That drill is required to enable men to take their proper places in the ranks, in any recognised formation, will, I trust, be admitted without question; and a moment's consideration should suffice to convince the least military of readers that if, for the sake of saving valuable seconds, men are sent running independently to occupy a position, an even higher standard of training is required in order to prevent hopeless confusion. With properly trained soldiers the end of a race for a position should, if successfully accomplished, find every man, not only in position, but in his own squad, section, and

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company. Thus the emergency having been met, by a rough and ready expedient the disciplined control is immediately resumed in order to secure full advantage from the position seized. However naturally intelligent men may be, they require to have experience added to their intelligence, and this is similarly the case with their officers. It is frequently alleged that drill, with its stereotyped foundations, cramps the "initiative" of the officer, and that in any case it is impossible to have drill formations suitable for all emergencies. To the former of these objections I reply that the officer who cannot make drill his *servant* in place of allowing it to be his *master* would in any event be without initiative, and that it is better to allow his memory to serve him occasionally than that he should be always without resource. As for the latter, I fail to see that a possibility of being without food to-morrow is any reason why we should anticipate the evil by fasting to-day. It is true that we cannot, by drill, provide against every eventuality, but it must be apparent that whenever a familiar word or words of command will suffice to explain what is required, there must be a saving of time, and to save this, in an emergency, is often vital. Why, therefore, throw away an advantage merely because it may not invariably be at our disposal?

The training of the modern soldier is complicated by the fact that owing to the increasing pressure of population, and still more owing to the tendency to concentration in the towns, the raw material joins the army without any of the instincts that rendered their forefathers so readily adaptable to the soldier's individual business. Formerly the military instructor had only to teach drill and the art of combination to a man who, in consequence of his familiarity with rural life and field sports, was already provided with just the very knowledge that is indispensable in the present day when wide extensions throw every individual so much upon his own resources. Hunting to kill is very closely analogous to fighting to kill. In the first case the man requires to approach his quarry unobserved,

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so as to get his chance to use his weapon, be it a stick, stone, or gun, or, by his knowledge of its habits, to entrap it in some way. Should he disclose his presence or be otherwise wanting in skill, the quarry runs away and escapes him, or kneels upon, horns, or eats him. It is just the same in war, when the enemy will either make his escape or do the shooting instead of being shot. The recruit of old times was already a sportsman, and needed only by drill and other instruction to be taught how to apply his instinctive faculties to the practice of the art of war; but the recruit of to-day requires to be taught *everything*, and as a rule is taught by men no better qualified by nature than himself, and the result is consequently unsatisfactory. Not only so, but the modern recruit is not the lusty countryman of former days, but an undersized, underfed weakling, drawn from the slums of some great town. This much we have realised, and great attention is devoted to physical development, not without success.

Such being the situation, the lines upon which training should be conducted seem readily to suggest themselves. First and foremost, steps require to be taken to provide really competent instructors, and as the number of graduates in this great subject of common-sense war training increases, so that every unit possesses at least one of them, the little leaven thus provided will gradually leaven the whole lump. Do what we may, we shall never succeed in fully reviving the natural hunting and fighting instincts of primitive man, but if we take the trouble and work upon sound principles we can most certainly obtain a colourable imitation that will more or less answer the purpose. *Drill* of a nature suitable to modern requirements will do the rest, just as the drill that is now obsolete was the complement to natural aptitude in times past.

Having provided ourselves with competent instructors, our next proceeding is to train the whole mass of our officers and men. The first treatment required for the recruit is to make a man of him, and all the while that this is being done it must be borne ever in mind that we are making a man who is intended

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to be a soldier; therefore, bit by bit, knowledge of the soldier's duties in the field must be imparted as we go along, a little instruction in this or that being constantly interpolated with the drill and physical development by which the man's body is being gradually fitted for its future work. Similarly, in the case of the officer, it is necessary that he should fully qualify in all the duties of the private soldier, but at the same time it must not for a moment be overlooked that his future *rôle* is to instruct in peace and to lead in war, and therefore that the exercise of his future functions must be included in his preparation, frequent opportunities being afforded him by his instructor to take the reins for a short while and display the extent of his progress.

Of instruction upon the lines suggested we have at present little or none, and no general attempt is being made in that direction. Moreover, except at isolated stations where he is free from staff interference, a Commanding Officer, however capable, is powerless to effect any improvements, or raise his unit above the common level of unspeakable incompetence. The Commanding Officer may be ever so able and zealous, but his talents are wasted; because at any large station the command of his men is taken out of his hands, and he is not permitted to train them. Most Generals imagine that "messing about" at field days represents training, and are utterly unable to understand that only to trained officers and men are the manœuvres of comparatively large bodies of the very smallest instructional value. This results from the fact that never having been trained themselves, the Generals are naturally ignorant of what training means; they do not understand its potentialities, nor the dismal absurdity of manœuvres conducted in such circumstances. There are, indeed, a good many quite capable Generals in the British Army, but the majority are otherwise; few have been properly trained, some are entirely without natural aptitude for war, and others have risen to the command of brigades without having previously enjoyed any experience whatever in handling even so large a body as a

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company, since the days when they were going through their "drills" as recruit officers! This assertion may appear at first sight rather astounding; but it can easily be verified. There is not the slightest doubt that the tactical shortcomings of the British Army are chiefly attributable to the fact that ignorance resulting from lack of experience has become a standard institution in the higher ranks of the Army. The competency of regimental officers who present themselves for examinations for promotion is judged chiefly upon paper, often and often by men who, except upon paper, are themselves inconceivably incompetent—so incompetent that they are unable to realise the extraordinary absurdity of the very schemes which they themselves set for solution by the candidates. The only practical outcome of the so-called "education" of the British Army has hitherto been "regrettable incidents," involving surrenders to the enemy. The honour and glory won in South Africa—and of it, in spite of so much that was shameful, there was not a little achieved—belongs almost entirely to young officers who had not soldiered long enough to become degenerate; but by the time our next war comes, these same brilliant young soldiers will have deteriorated out of all recognition, to be put to shame, like their seniors, by a younger generation.

Weary, stale, flat and unprofitable is the general course of military education in the British Army. Constant and necessarily unavailing attempts are made to promote unlimited versatility of talent, as if no wise man had ever suggested that "a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none." Why waste time in trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and why twist the tail of the silkworm who would in any event spin his cocoon if only let alone to do it?

The Army is a big concern in which there is room for all sorts and conditions of men, provided only that in some branch of the profession of arms they were permitted to specialise. It is not given to many men to play well a number of different parts, even of a purely military character,

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and yet the unfortunate British officer is continually harried by useless efforts to make him a "hundred-handed Admirable Crichton." Subalterns are expected to know everything, from the price of bacon in the canteen to the dispositions of an Army Corps, though in many cases nothing but their own mother-wit is available to guide them when placed in command of a picquet of fifty men. There is just at present a marked improvement in the tactical proficiency of the Army, but this is a transitory benefit that, if matters are allowed to pursue the normal course, must expire like a flash in the pan, for it is due solely to the presence of so many officers and other ranks who for once in a way have been enabled to learn for themselves something of the practical side of war during the conflict with the Boers. The Generals, however, remain much as they were, and temporary improvement has resulted in spite of them—as it is likely to vanish in course of time because of them. Incompetency in the higher ranks is with us hereditary; it is deep-rooted, and by the luxuriance of its growth it chokes the too slender plants of efficiency. The "selection" from which so great things are expected results chiefly in the promotion of men resembling those by whom they are selected. Success based strictly upon real merit has attended only a few whose rare qualities are so generally known that it would have been dangerous to ignore them. Fortunately, in spite of every disadvantage, a not inconsiderable number of really first-rate leaders of men have places near the top of the Army List; but the majority are paper soldiers, or owe their advancement to the magnetic attraction that draws like to like, incompetence to incompetence. Oh, happy Bulgarians! How great was the benefit to your army when a very landslip of secession deprived it of almost all above the rank of captain!

History proves incontestably the wonderful excellence of the raw material from which the commissioned ranks of the British Army are recruited. The British Subaltern is a "Handy Man" indeed, as Lord Cromer's Report upon the past year's work in Egypt abundantly proves, in reference to

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those suddenly called upon to exercise, and almost without selection, administrative functions. Similarly the readiness of resource, glorious courage, and general aptitude displayed in South Africa, and in "The Subaltern's War" (Burmah, 1887), and in countless other campaigns of earlier date, have never been surpassed in any army in the world. The child is proverbially the "Father of the Man"; how is it then that the bright, the brilliant promises of early youth are so generally falsified? The answer is easy to give; the stultification of the British officer is effected by the pressure of his surroundings, just as a once luxuriant plant becomes "pot-bound." In the small place which he at first occupies the officer has, in war, reasonable scope for the exercise of his natural talents; but later on, as these mature, so *pari passu* does the circle of red tape and superior incompetence by which he is environed, tighten its hold upon him, instead of yielding as it should to the expansion of his intellect and his consequent fitness, as well as readiness, to assume wider responsibilities. A few, thanks to transcendent merit backed by quite exceptional force of character, burst their bonds; others, by means of "influence," obtain a certain degree of liberty, and others throw up their commissions in disgust; but the great majority resign themselves helplessly and despondently to their fate—incompetency. The talents possessed in youth cannot be revived in later years after having been long in desuetude. Sandow, were he to be deprived of exercise for a year or two, would become comparatively weak; and Patti could never have succeeded in retaining her incomparable voice, had she even for a short while ceased to practise singing. It is the same thing with the British officer. If each were allowed to "run his own show," and promoted or "fired out" according to results, we should have, instead of deterioration, improvement, and in place of incompetency an abundance of talent and a fair proportion of real genius. Fleet Street "experts" love to rail at the British officer; but these are the very men who, by their deception of the people, are responsible for nearly all his failings. Weak Governments and weak officials

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at the War Office alike yield to Fleet Street in the promotion of shams—*worry* substituted for *work;* and the selfishness of the nation in declining to permit proper training in the United Kingdom is covered by a cloak of false verbiage, whereby the officer who has not been permitted to work at his profession practically is made to appear blameworthy for his lack of proficiency. It is all very sickening, and indeed the prospects of real improvement seem almost hopeless. The fact is that the nation does not care whether the Army is efficient or not, though it rather enjoys pouring abuse upon it—now and then, when the newspapers are otherwise dull reading.

A. W. A. Pollock.

[P.S.—Since the foregoing was written, Lord Roberts has published his appeal for funds in aid of the Rifle Club movement. It need scarcely be said that the greater the number of men who are taught to shoot, the better for the country, because the greater will be the number of prospective recruits who will thus have already mastered a very essential part of their training. But a man who has learned to sharpen a chisel is not thereby qualified as a cabinetmaker, nor does knowledge of how to adjust a great telescope in an observatory necessarily include proficiency as an astronomer. Unless we teach our men, collectively as well as individually, not only how to shoot, but how to fight and generally to make war, we merely throw a lion's skin over the proverbial donkey. We are not ready-made *individual* soldiers, like Boers, backwoodsmen, and up-country colonials, but the degenerate product of civilisation, luxury, and congested habitation. Had we compulsory national *training* (a different thing from compulsory *service*—which we do not require), then, indeed, rifle clubs would be invaluable. But in existing conditions the advocacy of rifle clubs merely involves drawing a *stinking* red herring over the line of national duty, and placing a stumbling-block in the way of efficient preparation for the crucial tests that lie before us. How absurd to talk of rifle clubs as a "vent for patriotism!"

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Where is the "patriotism" in that which demands no self-sacrifice? Rifle clubs may not improbably do much to hinder recruiting for the Volunteers, and must certainly add another non-fighting branch to the divers forces which already support precarious existences by preying upon each other, but for the defence of India and the Empire they can effect nothing whatever.

How utterly have the lessons of the Boer War and of the American Civil War been blindly misinterpreted! At Bull's Run mobs of armed men faced each other, and the best, though the smallest, mob won. The Confederate forces engaged in that battle contained the larger proportion of "born soldiers," proficient in field sports and good shots—hence their success. But included in the Federal Army was a small detachment of United States regulars, and had there been even one battalion more of them, the Stonewall Brigade would have been beaten and the day ended differently. Or, had the Confederate Army had discipline and organisation, in addition to individual quality, Washington could have been occupied next day, almost without resistance.

The Boers frequently beat our troops, regular and irregular, because, individually, the Boers were more clever in the "use of ground," and were generally superior in judging distance. But the Boers failed to drive us into the sea, as they might have done before our reinforcements arrived, solely because they were collectively untrained and without discipline. After twelve months' warfare, Federals, Confederates, and Boers alike became really formidable troops, because they had acquired training and discipline. The Americans, by 1868, had become regular troops in all but name, and as good soldiers as any the world has ever known. The Boers beat our regulars, not because even a Boer irregular is superior, *per se*, to a regular soldier, but because our regulars, being untrained, were regulars only in name, and were, moreover, extremely ill-commanded. But for the devotion displayed by our regimental officers and soldiers we should have lost South Africa and the Empire.]

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THE DECISION OF HURLINGHAM

THE man who to-day kills animals for amusement is a survival of Esau when he went forth to slay venison. Just as business men who have made a fortune often haunt the scenes of their former labours with a strange affection for occupations no longer necessary, so does man feel the old hunting spirit strong upon him and do for pleasure that which once his forefathers had to do in order to live. This, with the collateral warfare against big game and other vermin, was the origin of sport. No one would seriously claim that foxes are hunted for the benefit of farmers, but they were undoubtedly persecuted on economic grounds before their chase was recognised as a pleasurable exercise; and the serious consequences that may result from the discontinuance of such sport is appreciable from the analogous case of wolves in Dordogne, where these fierce brutes make such destructive raids in winter time that the peasantry, though good Republicans, bitterly regret the abolition of the once puissant "Grand Veneur de Louveterie."

For shooting pigeons from traps no such respectable origin can be found by its historian. It is indeed exceedingly difficult to trace its beginnings. It has come down to us to-day as a bastard offshoot of legitimate sport, its procedure codified by rule, its chief attraction lying in the opportunities afforded for gambling in the form of either private bets or public sweep-

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stakes. Its origin is as obscure as that of all those artificial imitations of sport which have captive animals for their object. The coursing of bagged rabbits and the hunting of carted deer have their following in these islands, while other countries favour coursing bigger game. Indian rajahs sometimes slip their cheetahs at a carted buck, though they prefer wilder prey, and the Russians course wolves with their borzois. The wild boar is sometimes enlarged for sport in Germanic countries, and the second Earl of Malmesbury relates in his sporting journals, which are shortly to be published, how he witnessed in the year 1800 the coursing of wild boars on the estate of Prince Schwartzenburg.

To enlarge carted game, coursing it with dogs, and leaving it a margin of escape, is one thing. To let a small bird out of a trap and stand over it with a gun is another. In calling attention to the contrast, there is no intention of emphasising the respective merits, for neither can be held to rank very highly as sport. Nor is the accompaniment of a contest for money stakes in itself sufficient to condemn any recreation, from bridge upwards. Yet it is often desirable to distinguish very carefully between sport and gambling, and surely no one will deny that the handicaps and *poules de series* of Hurlingham and the Gun Club are as much an excuse for a gamble as the humbler Sunday matches with trapped starlings and sparrows, which delight men of analogous temperament in other walks of life.

There are some who claim that pigeon-shooting is the best possible practice for shooting game, yet to assert that men shoot pigeons as practice for partridges is as untrue as that they hunt foxes to save the poultry. It is indeed open to question how far the conditions of the one recreation can be said to approximate those of the other. Hedged in by all manner of rules, as to the boundary within which the bird must fall, and the moment at which he may put the gun to his shoulder, the pigeon-shooter, handicapped according to his record, stands at a specified number of yards away from five

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traps, and cries "Pull!" An attendant then releases one bird or two; up goes the gun, and the shooter kills or misses one, or both, and scores or otherwise. What has this to do with even walking up birds in roots, the only kind of game-shooting with which it will bear comparison? So little, that good game-shots notoriously fail to keep up their reputation at the traps, while even the crack pigeon-shot often fails under natural conditions. A few men, it is not to be denied, shoot with distinction in all circumstances. The present writer once shot side by side with the late Major French-Brewster, in his day one of the front rank at Hurlingham, and the way in which he shot high, curling pheasants was superb.

It is less with the actual cruelty of pigeon-shooting than with its social influence as a spectacular function that the present article is concerned. So much has been written about its cruelties by worthy men who never fired off a gun that it is unnecessary to discuss that aspect of the subject further than to hazard the opinion that far greater cruelty is committed in ordinary game-shooting. The reason of such a result is obvious. The cruelty of any shooting, other things being equal, is in inverse proportion to the skill of the man with the gun; and whereas game is shot with every degree of skill, and the want of it, pigeons are shot by only a comparatively small *coterie*, every individual of which may be regarded as a master of the art. As a direct consequence of this difference, one sees and hears agonies of rabbits dying in hedges, with which Hurlingham and Notting Hill have no horrors to compare.

But we do not make a spectacle of game-shooting. Ladies, it is true, are allowed by hosts, whose affability masters their judgment, to walk with the guns, but as a spectacle for a crowd the shooting of pheasants and partridges has no place in the social programme. At a club like Hurlingham, on the other hand, it must, in order to meet expenses, necessarily be exploited in that light. One condition of Hurlingham's usefulness was to be an agreeable country resort, not alone to those who take part in

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pigeon-shooting and polo, but also to their families and friends; and this, without putting it in so many words, plainly envisages an audience for those who shoot.

Yet for some time it has been clear that the spectacular attraction of pigeon-shooting is on the wane. How far, indeed, the encouragement of this dominant craze for "looking on" is worthy of encouragement is a moot point, but at least it may be claimed that the magnetism of resorts like Hurlingham and Ranelagh draws only the leisured class, and is not therefore open to the same criticism as the seduction of Test Matches or Cup Tie Finals, which lure the breadwinner from his work.

That polo is the finest spectacular game ever invented can hardly be denied. Its origin lies far back in those semi-civilised Asiatic tribes which revelled in earlier equivalents of powder-play and other exhibitions of daring horsemanship. Cricket will always have in this country a sentimental interest as the national game, but it can be amazingly uninteresting to watch. The only other game which for tense, sustained excitement can bear comparison with polo is perhaps lacrosse, and how much this loses by the lack of ponies it is unnecessary to point out. Polo and pigeon-shooting stand very far apart in point of spectacular interest, though it has taken time to realise how far. In his lately published work on "Polo: Past and Present," a conscientious piece of written history, Mr. Dale makes frequent allusion to the early days of Hurlingham, "when the pigeon-shooters, who had been in possession there for some years, regarded the polo players as a secondary and intrusive element in the club. The polo players regarded pigeon-shooting as an antiquated and not too defensible form of recreation."

The rise of Hurlingham was due to Mr. Frank Heathcote, who, in 1869, when the older centres of pigeon-shooting, the Red House and Hornsey Wood, were no longer available, acquired the lease of Hurlingham House, erst the residence of prosperous bankers. He acted as secretary of the popular Fulham resort until his death in 1870, when he was succeeded

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in office by Mr. Wiss, who held it for four years. It was in 1874 that polo was added to the list of attractions, and it has since been the mainstay of the club. Hurlingham is not the only club in which polo and pigeon-shooting have met under one control, for a similar condition existed at Brighton. At Ranelagh, on the other hand, the first London social club founded exclusively for polo, it was with golf that the game at first threatened to clash.

The decision of the Hurlingham authorities, on the motion of a distinguished sportsman, to throw over its minority of shooting members, and henceforth devote its resources exclusively to polo, would, under any other circumstances, be a matter of internal interest to members only, and no useful purpose could be served by giving the measure wider notice. The committee recognises that pigeon-shooting is a source of weakness rather than a financial asset, and, with the object of assuring future success, determines to sacrifice it. Certain of the shooting members, holding to tradition, maintain that such a reform is invalidated by the original articles of the Club, and have announced their intention of testing this contention.

This controversy, which in the case of any other pastime and any less influential club might have no public interest, cannot be so lightly dismissed in the case of pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham. For many years this recreation has, with some others, been the special object of attack with a section of the community which calls itself Humanitarian, and which its critics call by another name. While much of its campaign is characterised by immoderate propaganda, it would be idle to deny that in respect of pigeon-shooting it has not met with whole-hearted opposition from sportsmen generally. Its criticism has in great measure been directed against the "spurious sport" of the wealthier class. The beagles kept at our premier school, the carted deer hunted formerly by the Royal Buckhounds and still by several private packs, have been singled out for its fulminations, while it studiously ignores the many cruel Sunday diversions that give unconcealed pleasure to pitmen in the North and others of the working class every-

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where. An eminent statesman, who recently added another to his long list of sporting triumphs, once declared that his critics had no objection to his racing, but could not bear to see him win; and something of this spirit sensibly infuses the diatribes hurled at all manner of sportsmen by enthusiasts who find their amusement in indoor recreations.

Hurlingham and its pigeon-shooting have hitherto been favourite objects of their frontal attack. Now, behold, on purely financial grounds, the patrician home of trap-shooting voluntarily abandons it for an athletic pastime that not the most rabid opponent of sport can find much to say against. There remain, it is true, the Gun Club and some minor centres of pigeon-shooting, which have hitherto been voted too insignificant to condemn.

That they should remain is, after all, a pity. If men must shoot trapped pigeons for money prizes, can they not in future do so in their back gardens? These "not too defensible forms of recreation," however out of place they may be as public functions, do comparatively little harm when cultivated on a small scale in private. It was said by a famous critic that the immorality of the French Court, at a period, too, in which its immorality was not half-hearted, lost half its grossness by reason of its privacy, and the same may be said of the pastime under notice. The law draws a distinction in respect of games of hazard. Cannot society recognise that the time has come to extend the principle to pigeon-shooting?

The decision of Hurlingham is even a fine opportunity for a general relegation of a discredited pastime to the limbo whither cock-fighting and bull-baiting have preceded it. If, however, the devotees of the Gun Club resent so sudden and so sweeping an extinction, can they not lay their heads together and arrange to shoot their birds in future in each other's back gardens? After all, it is only an open-air gamble, and they do not throw open the card-room of their clubs to a mixed audience.

F. G. Aflalo.

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FREE MEALS FOR UNDERFED CHILDREN

A MEANS TO AN END—A REPLY

IN his kindly article under the above heading Mr. Barrow sets out what appears to him to be a satisfactory solution of the problem, how to relieve the "underfed child," and at the same time avoid the infliction of injury upon the community by destroying the sense of parental responsibility.

To the socialistic school of thought the matter is quite simple; to them the idea of parental responsibility is an exploded superstition, and in their opinion the duties of parents ought to be confined to producing and handing over their infants to the State; but to those who recognise the fact that as human beings we are all subject to natural laws, which cannot be violated with impunity, the problem is indeed a difficult one, and it is not made less difficult by the fact that on this question public sentiment is easily roused, and there is much reluctance to apply the lessons on social questions taught by experience when their application apparently involves the suffering of children.

It is the prevalence of these feelings which induces the public to support a demand for legislation which they are assured will remedy the evil, although the measures advocated are, to those who study social questions, obviously inadequate as a remedy, and in all probability must lead to a continuous increase of the evil in the future.

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It is difficult to judge from his article whether Mr. Barrow is fully conscious of the underlying social difficulties of the subject he deals with, or how inextricably it is bound up with the whole question of poverty. Like many others who speak and write on this subject, he appears to think that distressed children can be dealt with apart from their parents, and from the rest of the community, and that measures for their relief may be safely adopted without danger to the social condition of the nation generally.

Even when the far-reaching character of this problem is appreciated, the temptation to relieve immediate distress, at the risk of increasing similar distress in the future, is to those in touch with the poorer schools very difficult to resist; apparently Mr. Barrow has succumbed to this temptation. Here and there in his article there are sentences which show an uneasy consciousness of the possibly dangerous social effects of the views he supports; indeed he states with much force the arguments against universal free meals for children, but he does not appear to realise that his scheme, if carried out, would be a long and irrevocable step in this direction, and throughout the article it is obvious that he is struggling to reconcile this sense of possible social danger with the course dictated by his natural sympathy with the suffering he sees. In this struggle it is the larger considerations of public welfare that have suffered. One can only feel sincere sympathy with him in his efforts to reconcile this work with the duty incumbent upon those who undertake the distribution of charity.

This feeling of sympathy however cannot blind one to the social danger of a scheme such as that put forward by Mr. Barrow with so much moderation. Extreme views expressed in strong language at once arouse public apprehension and opposition, whilst views thus temperately expressed, especially by one who, like Mr. Barrow, has been actively engaged in the work he describes, commend themselves to those who have had neither time nor opportunity for the study of social questions, but whose sympathies are strongly aroused

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by the description of the suffering of children, and a scheme apparently so moderate may secure the support of many to whom the peril involved in its adoption is not apparent.

The danger to the national character in mistaken public action on this question is a very real and serious one, and it is well that a proposal such as that advocated by Mr. Barrow should be carefully examined, and to consider

(1) Whether there is any real necessity for the action suggested?

(2) Whether it would have the desired effect? and

(3) Whether it would be dangerous to the social well-being of our community?

First.—Is there any necessity for such a scheme? In other words, is the distress amongst school children, caused by underfeeding, so serious and so general as to call for exceptional legislation to deal with it?

It is quite impossible to form a trustworthy opinion as to the number of elementary school children suffering from this cause, for the reason that no statistics which will bear examination are available.

No definition of what constitutes an "underfed" child has yet been agreed upon, and the more that is known of the matter the more evident it becomes that no satisfactory definition is possible.

The number of children returned as being underfed in any school will therefore vary according to the interpretation put upon this word by the person making the return. Sir John Gorst, in his evidence given before the Physical Deterioration Committee (Q. 11,982), in reply to a suggestion that the numerical returns of underfed children are very vague figures to deal with, says: "Very. I think all attempts to get at the actual percentage of children are altogether vain"; and certainly a comparison of the evidence given on this point, by the various witnesses examined by the Committee, strongly supports his opinion. In London an immense amount of trouble has been taken to obtain statistics giving the number

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of underfed children in the Metropolitan elementary schools; and for the last four years returns from the provided schools have been published by the "Joint Committee on Underfed Children" in their annual reports.

These tabulated returns present an imposing appearance, but in fact their accuracy is affected not only by the absence of any consensus of opinion as to the precise meaning of the term "underfed," but also by the widely divergent views taken by the teachers of the moral effect of this form of charitable relief. How this divergence of opinion affects the number returned may be judged by the fact that it is not unusual to find schools in which lavish relief is given in one of the departments whilst little or none is given in the others, although the children come from the same neighbourhood and frequently from the same families. It is a curious fact that this difference of treatment does not show itself as might be expected in a difference in the physical appearance of the children. Thus in the Johanna Street school, which has lately been so much in evidence, very liberal relief has for years been given to the boys, but comparatively very little to the girls, yet when Sir John Gorst and his friends paid their historical visit to this school it is reported that they "found the girls to be in better case." There is indeed abundant evidence to show that, however generous may be the view taken of what constitutes an underfed child, the numbers publicly quoted are largely in excess of the truth, and when (as has been done in many cases) a thorough investigation has been made into the home circumstances of the children upon the dinner list of a school by efficient inquirers the result has always been to show that only a small proportion (not more than a third at the outside) of the children on the list can be truly described as being in want of food, and that even in their case the provision of meals alone cannot be considered an adequate or satisfactory remedy for their distress.

No trustworthy inference as to the extent of under-feeding can therefore be drawn from the published returns, and it is

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unfortunate that these figures, incapable of proof and based upon vague assertion, should be quoted by public men of position, with no warning as to their unreliability, and made use of to induce the public to call for exceptional legislation to relieve the distress they are thus led to believe exists to so vast an extent.

The experience of the Joint Committee on Underfed Children, established by the London School Board, and continued by the London County Council,[1] has shown conclusively that there is no ground, so far as the Metropolis is concerned, for the assertion that private charity is unable to meet the demand, even when it is swelled by the inclusion of large numbers of children not really in want of the relief given. Nor is there any reason to think that the case is different outside the Metropolis.

Mr. Barrow himself seems to have found no difficulty in relieving the distress in his own schools, and the description he gives of his own work is a convincing proof that even in so poor a district as that to which he refers, and when so large a proportion of the children are considered by him to require meals, private charity is quite able to meet the demand.

It is clear, therefore, that those that say that legislation is necessary, owing to the vast number of school children suffering from want of food, have entirely failed to make out their case, whilst on the other hand there is abundant evidence to show that the numerical statements on which they rely are grossly exaggerated, and that private charity properly organised is fully capable of dealing satisfactorily with the distress arising from under-feeding.

Secondly.—Would the scheme have the desired effect?

Shortly stated, Mr. Barrow's scheme appears to be that a list of underfed children should be compiled by the Managers' Attendance Committee, assisted by the School Visitors; that

[1] See an interesting article by Sir Charles Elliot on "The Gratuitous Feeding of School Children," *Empire Review*, May 1905.

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the Local or Educational Authority should provide a kitchen and cooking, and should send the meals to the schools; and that two paid and two voluntary assistants should receive the food and distribute it.

It is also suggested that a guild of servers should be formed to supply the voluntary workers required.

The essence of the plan is said to be that the State would supply funds, authority, and a guarantee of continuity, "while charity would supply the personal interest and enthusiasm to soften the harshness of the law, and to adjust the machinery to the circumstances of each case."

So far as State assistance is concerned, this scheme is very similar to that suggested in the report of the Physical Deterioration Committee, and would, no doubt, secure that all the children attending school would receive food at school if not at home. The want of food, however, is by no means the only or even the principal cause of suffering, and the relief provided would be but partial, and would fail to accomplish in any real sense the object aimed at, namely, the relief of suffering children.

Incidentally Mr. Barrow gives a striking example of the way in which his system of school feeding may operate to the detriment of the children themselves. Writing apparently with the object of illustrating the "severity" and deficiency of the methods of the Charity Organisation Society and the inadequacy of the Poor Law as a resource, he gives five instances in which the provision of occasional meals seems to him to be the only appropriate remedy, "short of forcibly deporting the whole family to a farm colony." As the parent referred to in each of these cases is the mother, the fathers being either dead or absent, it is not easy to see what advantage would be gained by deportation to a "farm colony."

In all these cases the position is the same, the widow or the deserted wife is making a gallant effort to perform an impossible task; we are not told the sequel in the last case, but in all the others the end is the same; after a struggle more or

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less prolonged some of the children are taken by the Guardians, and in place of the whole family dragging out a miserable existence the children taken by the Guardians are well maintained and those remaining with their mothers are receiving adequate nourishment; in each of the cases described the only result of the gift of meals was to prolong a hopeless struggle at the expense of the children.

Now in such cases as these the Charity Organisation Society would first ascertain whether there was any possibility of securing that the earning power of the mother could be made equal to the adequate support of her children, and failing this she would be advised to apply to the Guardians to take one or more of her children, leaving her with those only which she could properly maintain, assistance being refused in the event of her declining to make the application.

However deeply one may sympathise with the mother, it is surely mistaken kindness to assist her to prolong a hopeless struggle at the expense of her children, and yet this was all that was accomplished by the provision of meals!

Thirdly.—Would such a scheme be dangerous to the social well-being of the community?

The proposal involves acceptance of the principle that, apart from the poor-law, it is the duty of the State to provide for the feeding of school children neglected by those responsible for their maintenance.

When once this principle is admitted, it is difficult to see what limit can be placed on its extension. The suggestion made by the Physical Deterioration Committee and adopted by Mr. Barrow assumes that if the State would supply the buildings, appliances, and service, private charity would supply the food, but voluntary contribution would soon cease when it became known that public funds were being used, and before long the State would certainly find it necessary to supply the food as well as the means of preparing it. The fact that meals were being thus provided for the children supposed to require them would rapidly become known, and

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would be a standing temptation to the parents to avail themselves of the relief offered. Many parents who would struggle to fulfil their duty rather than apply for "charity" would feel no hesitation in availing themselves of aid offered by the State, which they do not consider to be "charity," and to which they are so frequently told they have a "right," and the difficulty of a just discrimination between the applicants for this relief would be insuperable, and could not be efficiently performed. The natural and inevitable result would be that a continually increasing number of parents would avail themselves of the assistance offered by the State, and thus the tendency of the measure would be to weaken and destroy family life and the sense of parental responsibility.[1]

It would soon become apparent that occasional meals are far from being all that is required to effect a real improvement in the condition of the children, and it would be recognised that insufficient clothing, want of boots, overcrowded dwellings, and many other causes of distress call for remedial treatment fully as much as under-feeding.

The difficulty that would be met with in attempting to limit the assistance when once the principle is admitted, is well shown by the following extract from a pamphlet recently issued by the Social Democratic Federation. Commenting upon the scheme for the State feeding of school children, it is said: "The proposal is a most revolutionary one, since its adoption would be a step, impossible to retrace, towards the establishment of the Great Commonweal which is the goal of Social Democracy."

There is, indeed, no logical answer to arguments for extending the relief, and the pressure, certain for political reasons, to be steadily applied, would ensure the gradual extension of the principle of State assistance. Nature has her own methods

[1] The importance of the "family" as a factor of social well-being and stability, and the danger of its injury by a system of free meals for school children is admirably described by Canon Barnett in an article on the "Public Feeding of School Children" in the *Independent Review* for June 1905.

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of securing the due observance of her laws; methods slow in operation, but inevitable and irresistible. The well-being and progress of a nation and its position in the world depends upon the qualities of the individuals of which it is composed, and legislation that tends to undermine the independence and self-respect of its citizens must endanger the position of the nation which adopts it.

Such legislation as is proposed would, however safeguarded, make it easy for parents to repudiate their responsibilities for their children, thus tempting them to violate one of the most important of natural laws, and the children of these parents would from their earliest years be taught by an impressive object-lesson that the most sacred responsibilities, voluntarily incurred, may be safely repudiated. Nature thus flouted will have her revenge, and the nation which disregards her teaching will have to pay the penalty.

Apart, however, from consideration of the effect such legislation would have upon national character, it seems to be constantly forgotten by those who propose it that all burdens added to the rates must fall ultimately upon the poorest self-supporting classes, and that one result of such legislation would be that the burden repudiated by neglectful and vicious parents would be largely borne, either in the shape of increased rents or diminished demand for their labour, by their almost equally poor but self-supporting and self-respecting brethren.

The scheme under consideration is a type of many similar proposals for dealing with the question of underfed children, all of which contain in some form or other a demand for State aid, and to all of them the same criticisms are equally applicable, namely, that there is no necessity for them, that they will not effectually relieve such distress as does exist, and that they are socially dangerous.

Mr. Barrow's objection to the methods of the C.O.S. in dealing with this question seems to show an incomplete comprehension of the procedure advocated by that society.

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The main difference between its methods and schemes such as those recommended by Mr. Barrow is, that whilst the latter offer a temporary and partial remedy for one of the causes of child distress, the C.O.S. endeavours, not only to relieve distress arising from want of food and other causes, but also to prevent the recurrence of the distress in future by striving to arouse the feelings of responsibility in the parents, and by assisting them to attain or regain the power and the will to maintain their children.

A striking example of what may be accomplished by these methods is afforded by the result of the work done by a school relief committee in Tower Street, one of the poorer London schools drawing its children from the streets and courts of the Seven Dials district, and having about 850 children on its roll. For years about sixty dinners on four days a week had been given in this school during the winter months. No systematic visiting of the homes of the parents of the children thus assisted had been carried out, and no real amelioration of distress resulted from the relief given.

This system ceased after Easter 1897, and since that time relief has only been given after complete knowledge of the home circumstances has enabled the Committee to judge of its necessity, and of the kind of relief required adequately to remove the distress. The result of the change of system has been that friendly communication with the parents showed their ability and willingness to feed their children, and that in very few cases has it been found necessary to give meals (the report for 1908 states that "in the past year only four children were fed"), but no complaints of the cessation of free meals were made, either by the parents or by the children; the health of the children has remained good, the attendance has improved, the inspector reports very favourably on the work done and the good tone prevailing in the school; the nurse inspecting the school stated "it was the cleanest out of fifty-one schools visited," thrift has been encouraged, and the school savings bank and boot club have flourished.

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What has occurred in Tower Street will occur elsewhere, and the history of what has happened in this school surely indicates a more satisfactory way of relieving the distress of children than the establishment of a system which offers so strong a temptation to parents to neglect their duty.

ARTHUR CLAY.

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THE QUESTIONABLE PARENTAGE OF BASIL GRANT

THE only occupants of the office of the Disentanglers' Company were the lemon-coloured sunshine and the rare thinness of a long black cat. The office was furnished by Mr. Andrew Lang, and needs no describing, being as familiar to those who read as is a Maple advertisement to those who travel—always remembering the inner chamber used for the seclusion of the third party or the typewriter. Mr. Logan, the partner who was not investigating the interesting distresses of an aristocratic client in an historic country-house, was lunching somewhere off galantine and gorgeous Burgundy.

The bell tinkled, and the diminutive office-boy ushered into the room two gentlemen of length and breadth. The gentleman of length may be described from a contemporary portrait by an eminent author-artist (I do not mean D. G. Rossetti). Length was his: the length of his huge furred overcoat, the length of his legs, the length of his nose, the length of his curly red hair, the length of his pale face, the length of his friends' patience: all were visible as he set these lengths together collectively upon one office chair. The same eminent artist-author has left a portrait of his companion. Breadth was his: breadth of his waist, breadth of his trousers, breadth of his face, breadth of his views: they stared you out of countenance as he piled these cumulative breadths on the clients' chair, which Mr. Andrew Lang upholsters sympatheti-

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cally in the colour of hope. The black cat of a rare thinness rose and stretched himself; then, with the diabolic intuition of his race, walked deliberately across the floor and rubbed his sides against the trousers of the gentleman of breadth, as the more fervent cat-hater. The breadth of view came automatically to the front, and the cat-hater nonplussed the subtle beast, and cleverly disguised his own disgust, by stroking its fur the wrong way and addressing it in sentences of idiotic pity.

The duel between cat and man was progressing, watched in a lordly manner by the gentleman of length, when Mr. Logan returned. He held two cards in his hand, and with an air of pleasantness bowed, saying "Mr. Rupert Grant, Mr. Gully-Swinburne?"

Both rose, and the gentleman of length said with swift directness, "I am Rupert Grant, and this is my friend, Mr. Gully-Swinburne. We have ventured to call upon you, Mr. Logan, well knowing, through your excellent magazine advertisements, the success you have had in unravelling the most uncompromising facts."

"Ah," said Mr. Logan, with the same pleasant look of alertness, "you mean Lang. Good old boy, he did start us off well. I see you hate cats," he went on, turning to Mr. Gully-Swinburne. "That one is called Gowmys. Queer name, is it not? Portmanteau for Gowrie Mystery—because he's lang, ye ken! I'm a Scot mysel'—and so are you, Mr. Grant, from your name."

Mr. Grant had evidently a good deal of the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament, for his face paled at the question, and he answered, with grave emotion:

"The romance of life is its unexpectedness. You are a poet, I perceive, Mr. Logan. What was I saying to you, Swinburne, as we came along?" (turning to the gentleman of breadth with a manner of swaggering success) "Didn't I bet you half a crown that before we had been ten minutes in this room Mr. Logan would have put his finger on the very reason

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of our visit, and we have now been here nine minutes point five!"

"A most extraordinary coincidence," said Mr. Gully-Swinburne in his second-best voice, "and one which we might turn to immediate account by giving Mr. Logan some idea of what lies under his finger."

"All right," said Rupert Grant. "Mr. Swinburne, at my request, is collecting materials for a biography of my brother Basil Grant, of whom you may have heard."

"Mr. Justice Grant?" said Logan with interest. "Of course I have heard of him; and perhaps to his brother I may say that we happen to belong to the same club."

"Oh yes," said Rupert with quick impatience, "the C.Q.T.—I know all about that. I'm a detective myself, and in the exercise of my profession I have come pretty constantly across its members—always in disreputable circumstances too," he added grimly.

Logan laughed gaily. "'Queer' is not a word in the dictionary of respectability. But I am delighted to hear that such is Mr. Swinburne's project. How can I help you?"

"My friend, Mr. Cosmo Burden, told me that your firm was of the greatest assistance to him in his genealogical researches concerning the origin of his family, and that you established its identity with that of the noble family of the same name through the coat of arms borne by both. Now, as it happens, my brother has always passed as 'of Chesterton,' and it has been accepted as an unquestionable fact that he is closely related to the gentleman from whom he received that modest and respectable estate. My brother's personality is such as to swamp an abortive question as to his origin. You might as well question the existence of the Deity." Rupert's voice took an awed tone and his face paled with excitement as he talked of this brother, who always seemed to him a mysterious cross between a Winchester schoolboy, a Red Indian medicine-man, and the editor of a Liberal Review.

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"It is extremely kind of Mr. Cosmo Burden—" began Logan.

"Not at all, not at all." Rupert Grant waved his hand in the air with a hawk-like hovering of his long fingers. "To come to the question. As a matter of fact—" here he stopped. "What the deuce does that mean?" he said distractedly. "Swinburne, what is Basil always saying about facts?"

"Then sighing said the Queen hersel',
'That thing's too high for me!'
But she applied to an auld woman,
Who had mair skill than she,"

murmured Logan, while Mr. Gully-Swinburne circuitously extracted a notebook from his coat-tail pocket, and read aloud with ponderous emphasis, "'Facts obscure the truth. Facts point in all directions, like the thousands of twigs on a tree. It's only the life of the tree that has unity and goes up—only the green blood that springs, like a fountain, at the stars.'"

"Marvellous, Mr. Logan, marvellous!" commented Rupert Grant eagerly.

Logan, who had sat with a dazed expression, assented, and murmured politely, "Family tree, I presume, or else perhaps the Golden Bough?"

"Just so!" cried Grant in a delighted way, "didn't I tell you you were a poet? As I was about to say, our father's name was Florizel Grant; that much we know for certain. There is a vague echo in my mind that we have an Edinburgh judge in the family, two back. Oh," he cried in distress, "if I could only ask Basil! He knows everything worth knowing by intuition, and would make you a genealogical tree as soon as look at you—correctly, too. No trouble at the Heralds' Office—in fact, Scott-Gatty has sent Americans to him before now. But you see," he went on with that impetuous earnestness which, together with his romantic appreciation of every situation, was his greatest charm, "I can't ask Basil, for the

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book Mr. Gully-Swinburne is going to write about him is to be a birthday surprise, and it would spoil it all if he knew."

Rupert Grant looked wistfully at Logan, who smiled like the sympathetic Scot that he was at the fascinating donkey, and said, "You want us to undertake to collect the data for the genealogical part of Mr. Gully-Swinburne's book, is that it? But pardon me, do you think you need trouble about Mr. Justice Grant's parentage? Such a man is his own ancestry," he finished up grandiloquently, but wondering what he really meant.

"O yes, yes!" said Mr. Gully-Swinburne and Mr. Rupert Grant in quick syncopation.

"Mr. Emmanuel Burden's life began that way, and I cannot have Basil's family and mine considered of less importance than his," said Rupert Grant with simple dignity.

"As you will," said Logan. He took up his note-book and wrote hurriedly, as they do on the stage. Then he pushed the writing across the table to Mr. Gully-Swinburne, who, having balanced his glasses on his nose, read it and passed it on to Rupert Grant.

"That's the situation in two lines, Mr. Logan," said the latter. "'Father Florizel Grant, dead, Edinburgh judge two back, mother unknown, Mr. Kay of Chesterton in Essex distant relative.' I can add one fact, though. Our mother's origin is as yet unknown to us, but I must tell you the painful fact that shortly after my birth she left my father."

"Ah," said Logan with more vivid interest than he had hitherto shown," any tangible reason?"

"Basil once told me," said Rupert Grant reluctantly, "that she was eccentric and had a peculiar passion for mysticism and the open air. Basil is like her in the first, but he hates open air life. He says it's made up of rude birds and fiendish hedgerows."

"Hysterical, I suppose," said Logan in a businesslike tone. "When did your father die, and where?"

"May 24, 1888—Bohemia," answered Rupert Grant with

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a kind of vehement slam. With all his romanticism he did not like to be cross-questioned on his family.

"Thank you," said Logan, after he had added the date and country to the other two lines in his note-book. "We shall communicate with you when we have discovered a promising clue."

His clients rose and bowed themselves out, received at the door by the diminutive office-boy, in response to Logan's ring and his murmured

> "Oh where are a' my porter boys
> That I pay meat and fee,
> To open my gates baith braid and wide. . . ."

"'Tisn't an interesting case in itself," thought Logan. "But Basil Grant's name would make a full-grown Norman castle, portcullis and all, out of a box of bricks. Queer sort he is too. Went off his chump the same way as Dr. Caliban, not long after. And so Rupert is a detective. Fancies himself a kind of Sherlock Holmes, I suppose, or, rather, probably considers Holmes a bungler, as Holmes did Lecoq. By George, that's a curious thing, now—a very curious thing! Rupert and Basil, Mycroft and Sherlock! Jolly old coincidence!"

"It was perfectly simple," said Logan airily. "I just went to the office of the Hardy Coffee Pension Company and looked up their list of widows."

"Why, you told me that you were going to the Scottish Widows' Assurance, as I advised you," said Merton, rather aggrieved. He had returned the night before from his historic country-house entanglement (which still remained one) to proffer counsel in the new case which Logan immediately laid before him.

"I know I did. But just think, my dear chap, what millions of Mrs. Grants they must have on their books. It simply made me shudder when I thought of it. Besides, you did mention the Hardy thing, too. So directly I got out of reach of your eagle eye I went there."

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Merton lit a cigar. "Well?"

"They made objections at first, but I talked about a distinguished client and gave the clerk what newspapers call a gratuity, and he fetched me the G. book. It was fat, but alphabetically arranged, and Florizel being a somewhat unusual name, I found his widow in a minute."

"She's alive then?"

"She's alive, and receiving a Hardy pension this very minute. She has done so for years. I've got her address. Now how's that for a morning's work? I wish all our cases were as easy. And to think that it never entered Mr. Rupert Grant's red head to go and look there! Detective forsooth! *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* 'Tis not he shall play Elisha to the late lamented prophet of deduction."

"Nor you either," observed Merton drily, striving to bridle this exultation. "You're an infernally lazy beggar, and you go bounding to conclusions like the swiftest kind of kangaroo, *hinnuleo similis*. Suppose this is the right Florizel Grant, how do you know that the woman was really his wife? and if so, what was her maiden name?"

"If you were as well up in present-day literature as in the French or Homeric," retorted Logan severely, "you would know that the very newest detective work is done by intuition entirely, by what you'd call being lazy and kangarooing to conclusions. You rely implicitly on your own God-given convictions, beg the question without flinching, and talk about atmosphere like the veriest reviewer. Mr. Basil Grant says—so Mr. Swinburne read out yesterday—that 'Facts are the green life-blood of the stars,' or something of the sort (I can't remember the whole piece), but he seems to think pretty poorly of them all the same. Well, as I looked over those dry pages, each with its average record of five bereavements and compensations, I felt, as surely as I was sitting on a very hard office stool—I felt that she was the right woman." His cheerful voice sank for an instant into a misty minor key of awe, as of one who recalls and venerates a strange moment of bacchic

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possession. "But of course," he went on in his usual tones, "I took the ordinary precautions, too. When Mrs. Florizel Grant applied for her pension—I forget the year, but I've got it down—she sent up her marriage lines, as they all have to do. Naturally, though, the Coffee people didn't keep them. And as for her maiden name, when I asked the clerk he said, 'We have 16,000 widows on our books, and we couldn't possibly keep 16,000 maiden names on the premises too; ground rents are too high here.' So I just murmured, 'My maiden name's Tamson, but they ca' me Breeks,' and came away."

"Not straight back here though," remarked Merton suspiciously.

"*Connu*," said Logan. "I went and had lunch at the British Museum."

The impassive Merton leaped up in his chair "Lunch—the British Museum," he gasped. "Logan, this has been too much for your brain!"

"Not at all," returned his partner serenely, pleased with the effect he had created. "As a matter of fact, I did not trek to Great Russell Street for the purpose of consuming those buns so suitably placed by the authorities amid the contemporaneous sarcophagi of the Egyptian Department, but to meet a client. Are you aware, Merton, that unless things look up a bit we shall have to resign our membership of the C.Q.T., and that you will be forced to part at last with your first editions of Lang?"

"I took my 'Ballades in Blue China' to Tregaskis just before I went away," said Merton grimly. "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* They said they preferred books in better bindings."

"You might show them your school prizes then," suggested Logan, grinning. "But to continue. My noble client had exacted absolute secrecy, so that not even to you can I reveal his identity, but he's sib to McCallum More himself, and a forbear on the spindle side left a black mark on the darkest page of Scottish history." A justifiable patriotic pride pierced through

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the narrator's voice as he made this statement. "He is a very rum old party, and when we had finished our interview he insisted on my lunching with him—there. After the Lucullian feast was over it came into my mind that I had never properly inspected the Watson Bequest, which has lately been installed in one of the upper galleries, so I went to have a look at it." Logan paused.

"Well?" said Merton. "Well?"

His partner got up and took a turn round the room. "Merton," he said, impressively, "do you remember hearing Mr. Basil Grant say at our last club dinner, that coincidences were 'the sole splendid certainties of life, the warp of romance but the whole web of reality?'"

"I don't think you've got it quite right," returned the person addressed, "though he certainly used the word co-incidence. For heaven's sake don't walk about like a hyena."

"Well, whatever it was that he said," proceeded Logan impatiently, "I never felt the truth of it so strongly as when I bent over that case of relics. I've seen them before, and you've read about them in the *Athenæum*, so you know what's there—Holmes's monograph on the multitudinous varieties of tobacco ash, and some of his old pipes, and Irene Adler's photograph. It is always impressive to come into contact with the master-minds of the past, and a thrill ran through me as I gazed upon those trivial possessions of a personage whose name and influence, with all their splendid traditions, will endure, I am certain, as long as the illustrated periodicals of our island race. Yes," said Logan reflectively, though Merton showed signs of restiveness, "we must acknowledge, after all, how much our generation—nay, you and I ourselves—owe to that great man. In my madder moments I feel that we owe him our profession, almost our very existence, and that only you and I are thus indebted, but——"

Merton stretched out a wrathful arm and seized from the sofa a ponderous cushion, weighty as the spear of Turnus. To

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avoid this Logan, jumping up, trod with violence on the tail of the long black cat, who manifested both anger and surprise.

"There, you've hurt Gowmys' feelings," said Merton, when placidity was restored, "and I am sure it was less with your boot than with your silly havers. In the name of all that's merciful, let's have some solid healthy facts, if you have any to give."

Logan, lifting Gowmys to his knee, resumed with magnanimous freedom from resentment.

"My remarks, you gomeral, were nicely calculated to lead up to the climax of my story. Now I shall curtly inform you that when Dr.—I mean Sir James—Watson left the bulk of the Holmes MSS. to the Public Record Office, that eminent biographer picked out one or two for the British Museum, and they've got them in the case with the other things. And when, on the open page of the Adventure of the Greek Interpreter, my eye was caught by the name Mycroft, my transient idea of yesterday rushed back upon me twofold more potent. Do you remember Mycroft Holmes, Merton? He was the even more gifted brother of that gifted man, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, as the late Horace exclaimed of another occasion and relationship, but he lived in retirement, scarcely stirring from his rooms, or his select club, the *Diogenes*, of which he was a founder. But when Sherlock could not solve a case he went to his brother, as to an acknowledged master. So, I very strongly suspect, acts Mr. Rupert Grant! Do you see what I mean?"

"You mean, I suppose, to institute a parallel between the two sets of brothers," returned Merton placidly. "Yes, it's quite striking."

"I mean more than that," said Logan, the wild blood of Restalrig aflame in him. "I mean to institute a relationship!"

Merton stared at him. "Unless you refer to the Blood Covenant as practised by many savage tribes, I don't see how you can. The Holmeses are dead, unmarried—for nobody (save perhaps the class of persons ensnared by Mrs. Gallup) can believe the preposterous drama on that subject to be other

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than apocryphal. And for the matter of that, don't you quarter the Grant crowns yourself?"

Logan had drawn his note-book from his pocket, and paid no attention.

"Just listen to this," he said hastily. "It's what Watson says of Mycroft Holmes, reporting Sherlock's own words: 'The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft one of the queerest men. . . . If the art of a detective began and ended in reasoning from an armchair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. . . . What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante.' Then Watson himself gives a description of this paragon. 'Mycroft Holmes was a much stouter man than Sherlock. His body was absolutely corpulent, but his face, though massive, had preserved something of the sharpness of expression which was so remarkable in that of his brother.' Watson subsequently goes on to relate how in this particular case the elder brother surprised the younger by suddenly turning up in his rooms to help him, though, as a rule, he never went anywhere except from his lodgings in Pall Mall to his work at Whitehall, and to the Diogenes Club. Now, if that doesn't fit Basil Grant—allowing, of course, for the idiosyncrasies of his own stupendous character, and for all the influences of the other side of his parentage, about which, as yet, we know nothing—if that doesn't fit him, as I say, I'm—I'm a Protectionist!"

"To me," said Merton reflectively, "it is just that other side which is of interest. Of the late Holmes *je ne suis pas le fervent*. But Florizel Grant, now? What does the name Florizel suggest to you?"

"The music-hall stage," replied Logan flippantly, "hair-restorer, or possibly even the divine Williams, as the Frenchman called him. And by the same token the name of the gentleman's lost love should be Perdita—Mrs. Perdita Grant, *née—née—what?*"

But Merton was not listening to him. "Florizel, Florizel,

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Florizel," he kept repeating to himself, in a kind of passionless invocation, and at last, with a catch of the breath, "Prince Florizel of Bohemia!"

Logan sprang to his feet, and the black Mystery on his knee went headlong to the carpet.

"Do you know what you've said?" he cried excitedly. "By Jove, you've got it! Another shining coincidence! And Florizel Grant died in Bohemia!"

There was trembling silence for a space, while Merton, leaning back in his chair, looked thoughtfully up at his fellow Disentangler. "I fancy we've got into rather deep waters," he remarked quietly at last. "I'd like to think this over. It does open up vistas, doesn't it? I wonder—I wonder— Do you think Basil Grant has ever heard of the Suicide Club?"

Logan gazed at him without answering, and sank slowly into his chair again. "I think I understand Mr. Rupert Grant a bit better now," he said thoughtfully. "I think I see now why he plays at being a detective, Jacobites being out of date, pirates *vieux jeu*, and the 'bright face of danger' hard otherwise to get a glimpse of. Yes, you're right; the other side's the more arresting. And the Scotch judge? *Que sais-je?*" He went off into silence, knitting his brows.

Merton was the first to recover himself. "This speculation," he said with an effort, "is all very well, but it is not our business at present, I suppose. To-morrow, perhaps, we may set forward on the main of discovery, *cras ingens iterabimus aequor*, and finally, by the help of Dr. Caliban's invaluable 'Guide,' write up a piquant family history for the Napoleon of Lambeth. *Mais à l'heure qu'il est*, what are you going to do about finding this interesting widow?"

"I shall merely send one of our people to look her up," said Logan carelessly.

"And if she's not at the address given?"

"She'll just have to be. If she isn't, we'll e'en pursue her, as d'Artagnan the fair Constance. Isn't it nearly time to shut up shop? Where's that cushion you shied at me?"

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"In the far corner," said Merton, "on top of 'The Religions of the Dead' and 'Totem-Worship in a Future State.' And by the way, you shouldn't bring those books to the office; they frighten clients."

"Precious few clients to frighten," grumbled Logan as he picked up the fallen missile. "I say, Merton, if things worked out as they do in magazines, instead of our having to hunt up the lady she'd come here a' her lane, and tirl the pin, like Annie of Lochroyan."

"Why should she?" asked the practical Merton, putting away letters in an enamelled casket, emblazoned with the arms of Hepburn.

"They always do," said Logan sighing. "Just at the psychological moment, when the sleuth-hound is off the scent, and his creator can't for the life of him see how he is to pick it up again, comes a ring at the bell, the missing link is propelled into the room by the long, long arm of coincidence, and the readers in a billion middle-class homes lightly draw untrammelled breath once more."

"That must be convenient," observed Merton, not unsmilingly. "Ring then, and tell the boy to show Mrs. Grant up."

"*D'accord!*" said his partner, grinning. "But remember I'm neither a popular writer nor a judicial mystic." And without awaiting further comment he pressed the bell with Sadducean but unfaltering finger.

Merton uttered a sentence containing the word *idiot*, and locked the casket with a key of antique design. In the very act the door swung fatefully open, and the diminutive office-boy flattened himself against the wall to give passage to a female figure.

"A lady to see you, sir," he piped, and shut the door behind her.

The lady advanced into the gaping silence. Merton was the first to recover his presence of mind, coming bang out of his

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amazement into a kind of calm courtesy, but Logan remained in a half-way state, a purgatory of choking laughter, which he sought to escape from the more quickly by depositing Gowmys upon the sofa with exaggerated care.

The lady for whom Merton was now placing a chair on the clients' spot on the carpet, directly in the light, was somewhat remarkable to look at. Fifty years ago her dress and expression would have suggested genteel poverty of the low-living, high-thinking order (the upper and the nether millstones of the intellectual poor), but to-day they might have belonged to the head of a women's college or a C.O.S. worker. She had a general air of strenuous high principle—which her straight, white hair and pale face accentuated, but which was at variance with her Medicean nose—at once intellectual and businesslike. For the rest, her figure was stayless but upright, and her dress suggested a practical concession to climatic possibilities rendered incoherent through the influence of Ashmolean lectures on Minoan art. An archaic smile turned the corners of her mouth and gave an air of benevolent detachment.

As she seated herself she raised her eyes and looked keenly at Merton, who, disillusioned Oxonian as he was, felt like a school-boy at fault before this splendid vision of sea-blue originality.

"Mr. Merton, I presume?" she said in tones of gentle authority.

Straight there fell madness from the gods on Merton, and he found himself answering, "No, madam, I am Mr. Logan."

"Don't tell me!" said the lady, smiling into his face like a mother. "Mr. Logan is a Scot and you are not, for there was some joke between you two gentlemen as I came in, and I never yet met a Scot who could get the brake on his laughter when once he had seen the joke and it had taken charge. No, you are the other gentleman of the firm, from the way you brought your coach up at the moment. I don't belong to my family for nothing?" she added proudly.

Logan, the Scot, had by this time come out of his fit.

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"In what way can we be of use to you, madam?" he inquired in the thin frayed voice he kept for the traducers of his nation.

"All in good time," said the strange old lady. "Furnished by Andrew Lang, evidently," she said to herself, looking round. "You smoke Melachrino No. 4 cigarettes, Mr. Logan," shaking a playful finger at him, "and Mr. Merton, Borneo cigars. Mr. Logan lunched at the British Museum to-day and forgot his umbrella."

"Bless me," said Logan, "are you a witch?"

"Not yet; we know what we are, but know not what we may be," said this mysterious and elderly Ophelia, nodding her head. Then, with a sudden change to a business tone, "I understand this firm undertakes the solving of genealogical difficulties, heraldic tangles as well as matrimonial. They referred me to you at the British Museum."

Merton bowed in a bewildered way.

"I am a professional research agent," she went on, "and I would like to offer you my services, for I have only a small weekly insurance in a somewhat unstable company as my means of living."

Merton took a long breath and glanced at Logan, who was staring moodily at a cracked crystal ball. "We make it a rule," he said gently, "to know our staff personally, or else to have them recommended by our friends. Have you any testimonials, and will you be good enough to supply us with a few personal details?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "but I think you have probably heard of my immediate family, whose talents did not lie in the money-making line, or else—— But it's no good, Marion," she went on, giving herself a shake.

Logan was wide awake now. "Thank God!" thought Merton, "he's finished saying that ballad."

"My maiden name," said the old lady, "was Marion Holmes. My brothers were Mycroft and Sherlock, and I am now dependent on a Hardy Coffee Insurance for my only

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means of support—10*s.* a week, or rather 8*s.* 10*d.*, for I have to continue to buy my half-pound a week."

"God bless my soul!" nearly shouted Logan. "In Heaven's name don't tell me you're a widow and your name is Mrs. Florizel Grant?"

"And why should it not be, I'd like to know?" said Mrs. Grant in amazement.

Now was a racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, that is, Logan was pirouetting on one leg in the middle of the room crying, "I say, Merton, who's the kangaroo fool now? Mrs. Perdita Grant!"

Merton had sprung to his feet in horror at his partner's sudden seizure, and stood like a rock half in sunshine, half in shadow, smiling reassuringly on the old lady, who had risen with an affronted air, and frowning on Logan, who was spluttering to a close.

"Pray, pray forgive my friend's conduct!" he exclaimed in a distressed tone. "He is a Celt, and those hielan' loons are not bred to conceal their emotions. It's only joy at seeing you, for you happen to be a necessary factor in the case we were discussing when you were announced."

The old lady reseated herself, and in so doing revealed the fact that the stout and ancient umbrella she had been clutching firmly for possible self-defence concealed a sword. The handle had worked loose, and at that moment parted from the stock and fell to the floor, leaving her with the naked blade in her hand. The extraordinary appearance presented by Mrs. Grant, seated thus with her waterproof cloak thrown back over her right shoulder, had a homœopathic effect on Logan, and reduced him to sobriety, while Merton, his brain being now only capable of reflex action, stooped, and with a polite air returned the unusual sheath to its owner.

"Thank you," she said simply, as she slipped back the blade. "Perhaps Mr. Logan will explain *now*," she added severely.

"I apologise," said he penitently. "Please forgive me,

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Mrs. Grant, if you can. I have been horribly rude. You see we had been wishing you would appear, as necessary clues do in magazine stories, and in you walked."

"But," asked the old lady in a bewildered way, "what is this affair in which I seem to be mixed up? Am I wanted for anything, Mr. Merton?" She appealed to him as the more normal of the two partners.

"The case is Mr. Logan's," returned he, "and I think he will now be able to give you what particulars he has collected."

Logan had already taken out his note-book, and hurriedly scanned several pages of stray notes. "Perhaps," he said nervously, "if you will be so good as to answer some questions, I may afterwards be able to describe the case with greater coherence. Do you know anything of a gentleman called Mr. Rupert Grant?"

"Mr. Rupert Grant?" repeated the old lady. "No, I don't know any gentleman of that name, but thirty years ago it was the name of my infant son."

"This Rupert Grant has an elder brother called Basil," went on Logan with an effort to preserve his conventionality of demeanour. He felt a little more would make him stand on his head (as he would already have done had he not feared Mr. Lang). "And Mr. Rupert Grant has just told me that his father's name was Florizel Grant, and that his mother's name was unknown to him. She left his father when he was a mere baby, and her name had evidently never passed Mr. Grant's lips from that day."

"Then," said Mrs. Grant with no undue excitement, "I suppose I must be their mother. But I trust to your honour, young gentlemen, to keep my secret. You can easily produce official proof without mentioning that you have seen me. I've lived a free woman, and such I shall die, hampered by no sons. Before Nora was, I was."

"Nora! Who's she?" exclaimed Logan.

"Nora Helmer, who lived in a bijou residence called The Doll's House," said she grimly.

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The Disentanglers were horrified to see the smile of a fanatic creep about her lips, and the bright keenness of independent womanhood light up her splendid blue eyes.

"Why couldn't Logan have let her alone—the fool! She's as bad as his ballads," thought Merton desperately.

The enthusiast went on in a kind of chant. "I lived for facts, ignoring their foundation, dreams. One day my feet touched the bed-rock of life, and I saw the great cosmic vision, which is—that facts obscure the truth. I whispered this to my first-born, Basil; I sang it to him as he lay in the cradle. I meant to make it the foundation of his moral and intellectual life. And I *did*. He became an impossible member of the Bench and of society. Where he is now I know not, but that is an obscure detail. The routine of female life had become abhorrent to me. I stifled in the fœtid atmosphere of domestic economy. My husband, Florizel Grant, an incurable Romantic, could not understand the mysticism stirring within me. Romance cloaks facts; mysticism strips them bare and turns them out of creation. Life became unbearable—one long misunderstanding in a London flat. One day I just went away—quietly, no fuss, kissed Florizel and left him, it being understood that he was to make no effort to reclaim me. The children were his; that was the law——"

Here Merton and Logan, who had listened gravely to the confessions of the old lady, simultaneously took advantage of a natural breathless pause in her monologue to inquire: "What was the name of your husband's father?"

"Weir Grant of Hermiston," said the enthusiast mechanically, adding hurriedly, as she mounted and set off again at a canter—"It was Nature I wanted, not human nature. How does a larch grow to straight and strong maturity? It shoulders others down. I wanted to shoulder, to trample on, if necessary to destroy others that *my* life might be perfect. I have shouldered, but now, alas, I am shouldered."

Her voice fell, and there was no sound in the office. Logan's pen worked noiselessly. Merton sat with the expres-

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sion of a man who has his head bent against a sharp shower of hail. Mrs. Grant was absorbed in her thoughts, and he was afraid to move for fear of setting her off again.

"Who is Mr. Kay of Chesterton?" suddenly said Logan.

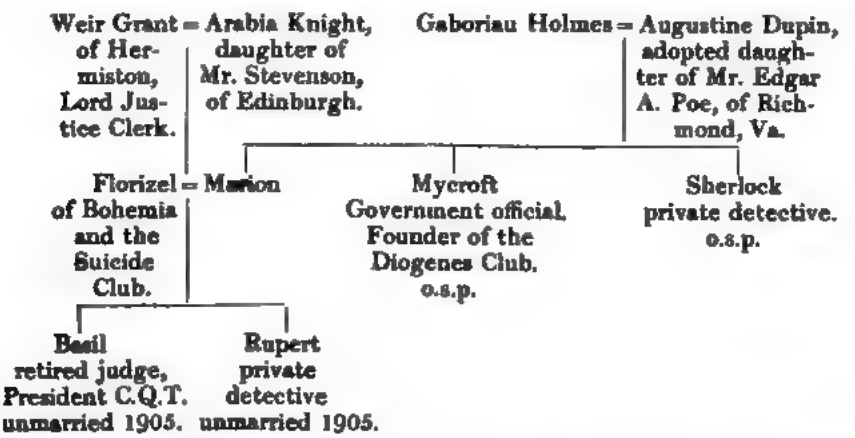
"A friend of Mr. Grant's. He brought up Basil. My husband as a Romantic found two boys too great a burden and handed over Basil to Mr. Kay."

"Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
Given him to nurses nine;
Three to sleep and three to wake,
And three to go between,"

hummed Logan, who was quite himself again.

"Mr. Weir Grant of Hermiston was as remarkable on the Bench as Basil has been," volunteered Mrs. Grant, still mechanically. "He married Arabia Knight, daughter of Mr. Stevenson of Edinburgh, of the lighthouse family."

"Thank you," said Logan gravely, and he wrote in a name on what seemed a genealogical table. This he passed to Merton. Mrs. Grant's mind, with the disordered impetuosity of old age, was still absorbed in some other problem, and this gave the firm a chance of consultation. This was what Merton read:


Weir Grant of Hermiston, Lord Justice Clerk.
= Arabia Knight, daughter of Mr. Stevenson, of Edinburgh.
Gaboriau Holmes
= Augustine Dupin, adopted daughter of Mr. Edgar A. Poe, of Richmond, Va.
Florizel of Bohemia and the Suicide Club.
= Marion
Mycroft Government official. Founder of the Diogenes Club. o.s.p.
Sherlock private detective. o.s.p.
Basil retired judge, President C.Q.T. unmarried 1905.
Rupert private detective unmarried 1905.

"Good," he said. "Now, if we dared, we need only submit it to Mrs. Grant for verification."

"Chuck it here," said Logan; "I'll do it."

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"For heaven's sake don't let on that you're related to the Grants," said Merton anxiously.

"Mrs. Grant," began Logan loudly, "may I trouble you to look at this?"

The old lady recovered her original businesslike attitude with a suddenness that startled Logan. "What is it worth?" she asked shrewdly.

Logan was still further taken aback, but, when he saw the drift of her question, burst out laughing. "Oh, that'll be all right. We'll give you five per cent. on our client's fees and the next genealogical case we have."

"Done!" said the strange old woman. "Give it to me. Yes, it's quite correct. Now I shall leave you my address, and you can send me the percentage in a postal-order. Good day, young gentlemen."

"One moment, Mrs. Grant!" said Merton, jumping up, too late to open the door for her. "Who is Mr. Gully-Swinburne?"

"His mother was a Boswell of Auchinleck. I thought every one knew that," came faintly through the closing door.

Logan, exhausted but satisfied, was stretching himself in the middle of the room. "By the help o' the Lord we hae loupit ower a stane dyke," he observed with reverence; adding hastily, "Let's pour libations!"

R. Bostoun Cromer.

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GUSTAVE MOREAU

I

IN two pictures of Chassériau in the Louvre we see the origin of both Gustave Moreau and Puvis de Chavannes. *La Chaste Suzanne* does what Moreau tries to do, with a certain artificial but attractive grace; the conception much more pictorial, the drawing much more sensitive. The colours are a little faint, dry even, but this slender, romantic figure in a romantic landscape makes a picture. In the fresco which hangs beside the Botticellis on the staircase, there is the suggestion of a fine decoration, anticipating Puvis. Both followers went further, each on his own way, than Chassériau, and have eclipsed his fame; and for the most part those who accept Puvis reject Moreau, and those who exalt Moreau, like Huysmans (to whom he owes the wider part of his reputation), can seem to themselves to have said all when they have said scornfully: "Comparer M. Puvis et M. Gustave Moreau, les marier, alors qu'il s'agit de raffinement, les confondre en une botte d'admiration unique, c'est commettre vraiment une des plus obséquieuses hérésies qui se puissent voir." With which it is possible to agree, in a sense not Huysmans'.

The art-criticism of Huysmans is remarkable as literature, and it is Huysmans who was one of the first to fight on behalf of Degas, of Forain, of the impressionists. But, just as he has written a book on the cathedral of Chartres, and Rodin can say of it, "One does not get much benefit by reading it";

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just as he has written of religion without convincing most Catholics that he is really a sincere Catholic; just as he has written elaborately about plain-song without making it clear that he understands music; so, in his eloquent and picturesque writing about pictures, it is rarely from the painter's point of view that he approaches them. In the first edition of "Certains" there was an essay on a picture in the Louvre, a *Virgin and Saints* of Bianchi, a mediocre picture, which seems to have interested him solely because, as he says, "de cette toile s'exhalent pour moi des émanations délicieuses, des captations dolentes, d'insidieux sacrilèges, des prières troubles." In an essay on Félicien Rops, finer as literature than any of the designs about which he writes, he overlooks all that is cold, trivial, and mechanical in this "diabolic" art, in his delight in its homage and learned eulogy of evil. He writes of Odilon Redon as one would hardly be justified in writing of Blake; and, finally, seems to find in Gustave Moreau the painter of all others best suited to evoke his own eloquence, a painter at last really palpable, a mine of literature, and he has praised his *Salome* with this elaborate splendour:

A throne, like the high altar of a cathedral, rose beneath innumerable arches springing from columns, thick-set as Roman pillars, enamelled with vari-coloured bricks, set with mosaics, incrusted with lapis lazuli and sardonyx, in a palace like the basilica of an architecture at once Mussulman and Byzantine. In the centre of the tabernacle surmounting the altar, fronted with rows of circular steps, sat the Tetrarch Herod, the tiara on his head, his legs pressed together, his hands on his knees. His face was yellow, parchment-like, annulated with wrinkles, withered with age; his long beard floated like a cloud on the jewelled stars that constellated the robe of netted gold across his breast. Around this statue, motionless, frozen in the sacred pose of a Hindu god, perfumes burned, throwing out clouds of vapour, pierced, as by the phosphorescent eyes of animals, by the fire of precious stones set in the sides of the throne; then the vapour mounted, unrolling itself beneath arches where the blue smoke mingled with the powdered gold of great sunrays, fallen from the domes.

In the perverse odour of perfumes, in the over-heated atmosphere of this church, Salome, her left arm extended in a gesture of command, her bent right arm holding on the level of the face a great lotus, advances slowly to the sound of a guitar, thrummed by a woman who crouches on the floor.

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With collected, solemn, almost august countenance, she begins the lascivious dance that should waken the sleeping senses of the aged Herod; her breasts undulate, become rigid at the contact of the whirling necklets; diamonds sparkle on the dead whiteness of her skin, her bracelets, girdles, rings, shoot sparks; on her triumphal robe, sewn with pearls, flowered with silver, sheeted with gold, the jewelled breast-plate, whose every stitch is a precious stone, bursts into flame, scatters in snakes of fire, swarms on the ivory-toned, tea-rose flesh, like splendid insects with dazzling wings, marbled with carmine, dotted with morning gold, diapered with steel-blue, streaked with peacock-green.

. . . . . .

In the work of Gustave Moreau, conceived on no scriptural data, des Esseintes saw at last the realisation of the strange, superhuman Salome that he had dreamed. She was no longer the mere dancing-girl who, with the corrupt torsion of her limbs, tears a cry of desire from an old man; who, with her eddying breasts, her palpitating body, her quivering thighs, breaks the energy, melts the will, of a king; she has become the symbolic deity of indestructible Lust, the goddess of immortal Hysteria, the accursed Beauty, chosen among many by the catalepsy that has stiffened her limbs, that has hardened her muscles; the monstrous, indifferent, irresponsible, insensible Beast, poisoning, like Helen of old, all that go near to her, all that look upon her, all that she touches.

In these pages of "A Rebours" the art of Moreau culminates, achieves itself, passes into literature.

II

Gustave Moreau is haunted by the image of Salome, and he paints her a hundred times, always a rigid flower of evil, always in the midst of sumptuous glooms or barbaric splendours: a mosque, a cathedral, a Hindu temple, an architecture of dreams. She is not a woman, but a gesture, a symbol of delirium; a fixed dream transforms itself into cruel and troubling hallucinations of colour; strange vaults arch over her, dim and glimmering, pierced by shafts of lights, starting into blood-red splendours, through which she moves robed in flowers or jewels, with a hieratic lasciviousness. A sketch (painted, almost carved, on wood) shows her swathed in savage fripperies, advancing on the tips of her toes, her feet and ankles tattooed

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with jewels, holding the lotus in her right hand, her head crowned by a tiara ; cloths, ribbons, all sorts of coloured streamers swing heavily about her, heavy as lead, the image of an idol. He sees her always with flames, flowers, and blood about her.

And he is haunted by other tragic women : Delilah, Judith, Messalina, Cleopatra, Helen on the walls of Troy ; he sees even Bathsheba tragically. Unachieved as pictures, coming into existence through all manner of borrowings, they remain graven images of the spectral women that haunt the brain of the student. Helen becomes an image of stone or salt, greenish-white against stone pillars and a sky with white stars ; the face blotted out, a spectre seen by the brain with shut eyes. He paints Cleopatra, and you see an explosion of fierce colour, a *décor*, and then, vaguely, a mere attitude, the woman. He paints Francesca da Rimini, and you see an immense room, with a black window at the back, menacing with light ; then, gradually, a red spot huddled in a corner, which is Francesca. It is the theatre of life which interests him, not life, and not nature : an architecture of the brain, an atmosphere called up out of unrealised space.

Moreau is the mathematician of the fantastic, a calculating visionary. In his portrait of himself one sees a sickly dreamer, hesitating before his own dreams. His effects are combined mentally, as by a voluptuary who is without passion. His painting is sexless and yearning, and renders the legends of sex with a kind of impotent allurement. Leda and the swan recur as a motive, but in the rendering of that intense motive there is no more than decorative toying, within landscapes crackling with ineffectual fire. Sometimes colour is sought, sometimes line ; never the kernel and passion of the story. And it is the same with Helen, Bathsheba, Messalina, Eve and the Serpent, and the eternal Salome : always the same strengthless perversity, fumbling in vain about the skirts of evil, of beauty, and of mystery. What he tries to suggest he has not realised ; what he realises he has not seen ; his emotion is never fundamental, but cerebral ; and it is only when he shuts it wholly

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within his colour, and forces his colour for once to obey his emotion (as in a little *Magdalen on Calvary*, with the three crosses black against hills corroded out of sunsets) that he is able to produce a single imaginative effect, that he is able to please the eye by more than some square or corner of jewelled surface, into which life comes surreptitiously.

Moreau, I have heard Rodin say, was a man of science, a great combiner, one of a generation which was taught to study art in the galleries, and not from nature. Out of this art life is rigorously excluded. His figures, prettified from the antique, are uninteresting and express nothing; interest comes into the picture from the surroundings, and in the wake of the title. His landscapes are made of rocks, trees, water, hills, and chasms, neither drawn nor coloured after nature, nor composed on any of nature's plans. His light is neither that of the sun nor of the moon, but a light imagined in a studio, and fitted into the pattern of a design. And this artificial world is peopled with reminiscences. He does not even choose among schools or among ages; but will be Greek or Hindu indifferently, and with an equal incapacity for reflecting any faithful image. He seems to look through coloured glasses, and when I stand before his pictures I am reminded of those travellers who, when they cross the sea, put on red spectacles that they may not see the moving waves as they are, but after some unnatural and comforting compromise of their own.

Moreau has this in common with all visionary artists, that he sees in nature only what he brings into it. But is it really vision which he brings, and under what imaginative light has he seen these feeble shapes and arbitrary brilliances? Are they not laboriously sought out, made to order, in a sense, not even records of a fever or of a delirium (as in the vast and violent canvases of Henry de Groux), but painstaking fantasies, the rendering of moods in which all the excitement has come mechanically, by the mere "will to dream"?

When Blake fails, it is the failure to translate a thing seen into a visible thing. Moreau's failure is not that of a vision

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unachieved, but of a plan imperfectly carried out. Geometry breaks down, a bit of the mosaic has been wrongly placed; patience or skill has given out before the end is reached. When he paints in pattern, as in the Chinese architecture of his *Chimères*, I cannot feel that he really sees in pattern, but that he has worked it out by a kind of dovetailing, square inch by square inch. He says, I will paint Venice in a symbol; and he sets towers and domes against the sky, and fills the foreground with a nude figure, clay-coloured and with folded wings, lying at full length among inexplicable bushes. He paints a *Fée aux Griffons*, and it is a Bouguereau transposed into the terms of enamel. He takes a subject of Blake, and paints *Christ in the Garden of Olives*, with a similar flame-winged angel in downward flight. But even here the Parisian ideal of prettiness cannot be driven out of his head, nor the Paris art-student's timid correctness out of his hand. Beauty, to him, is bounded on the one side by prettiness, on the other by the fantastic and the unnatural. At a touch of nature his whole world of cold excitement would drop to pieces, scatter into coloured fragments of broken glass.

The world of Moreau is made of coloured glass and jewels. His colour is always startling, sometimes intense; like his whole work, it aims at effect, and it is that portion of his work which most often or most nearly succeeds. He encrusts his canvases with gesso, with metal, and with glass. In the Palazzo Martinengo at Brescia there is a quaint picture of *St. George and the Dragon*, attributed to Giovanni Donato Mont' Orfano, which is like an anticipation of this part of Moreau. The armour is of actual steel and iron, the lance of iron, and pointed with steel; there are brass and steel knobs and nails and circlets on the horse's harness. Thus, in Moreau's *Fleur Mystique* there is a design built up like Le Puy with rocks and halos and jewelled crowns and tiaras and petals of tin and stems of coloured glass. But with Moreau nothing is painted for its own sake, but for the sake of some enigmatical transformation. He paints a tea-rose, and the flower petrifies, turns

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into a jewel. The cactus, which should be his favourite flower, becomes a menace of rosy flame; but he tries to make the leaves mysterious, not by painting them as they are, and thus loses much, softening what is sharply artificial and unreal in the actual thing. He is at his best, nearest to imagination, when he sees almost nothing but colour, setting mass to cry against mass. Thus it is only in his small compositions, his sketches, that he makes any genuine appeal as a painter. In the "Grande Salle" of what was once his house, and is now the "Musée Moreau," he has let in daylight on vast canvases, and that light shows us all that is threadbare in them, their cold frenzies, their gaudy commonness. In the small, bright, sombre things, in the lower rooms, there is the effect, strange, disconcerting, attractive, of a kind of transposition of whole picture-galleries of pictures. All are translated into another language, in which they speak with a fascinating foreign accent.

III

In one of the rooms of the Musée Moreau there is a copy of Carpaccio's *St. George and the Dragon*, and by its presence there it seems to make criticism easier. By the side of what is youthful and naïve in Carpaccio's realising imagination, all these laboured inventions seem to drop away into some sick region of no-man's land, where an art of spectacular illusion sets a tragic ballet, tragic and Parisian, posturing uncertainly across the footlights of picture-frames. A note which I deciphered on the margin of one of the drawings indicates enough of the aim: "Orphée mourant, toute la Nature en pleurs, tous les animaux—les satyrs, les faunes, les centaures, &c., toutes les créatures des poètes—dans des mouvements de déséspoir. Nature en deuil." The stealthy snarer is seen setting his traps for attitudes.

It is not in this way, from the outside, that great art, above all great visionary art, is made. There is equal need of "fundamental brain-work" in a picture and in a poem, if either is

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to be properly imaginative. All Moreau's pictures are illustrations of legends; it is only rarely, as in the eternal Salome, that they create a new, personal form for legend, and even Salome is for the most part seen meagrely, a costumed doll, to whom Huysmans must add meaning as he adds a rarer colour. At times the painter can produce an effect of actual hallucination, but the effect is superposed upon a purely Academic groundwork; his drawings are all of studied poses, carefully and unsensitively copied; colour is called in to give heat and singularity to a structure at once cold and commonplace.

When Moreau is at his best, when his colour is almost a disguise, and the conventional drawing, the doll-like figures, the forced emphasis, the prettiness, are buried out of sight under clots of paint, out of which the sunlight sucks a fierce brilliance, there are moments when it is possible to compare him with Degas, the painter of modern things, whose work is to be seen not far off on the walls of the Luxembourg. What Moreau does with colour combined outside reality, Degas does, and more discreetly, with colour caught in real things: a hanging on the wall, a carpet under the feet, a frame of theatrical scenery, which becomes a vision as he looks at it, and the equivalent of imagination. And in Degas the beauty is a part of truth, a beauty which our eyes are too jaded to distinguish in the things about us. Degas finds in real things, seen at the right moment, all the flames and all the jewels of Moreau. And thus, in his acceptance of reality, he has created a new and vital form of art; while Moreau, in his rejection of time and space, has but combined pictures out of other pictures. His art was sterile from the first, and but repeats the ineffectual spells of a solitary magician. But at least he lived his own life, among his chosen spectres.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE PATRIOT DUKE OF SERMONETA[1]

IF in 1848–9, a prophet's voice had risen above the crash of falling thrones to predict the unification of Italy under a king and of Germany under an emperor, such a man would have been regarded as a dreamer of dreams. In Europe the principle of monarchy was fairly discredited: democracy had come to stay, and in those States which had suffered shock so much was disorganised, and so little had been re-organised, that anything was rendered possible, from the reddest of red republics to the *coup d'état* of some pretender of the hour. In France the return of her periodical convulsions was ever to be expected, and the emissaries of revolutionary committees, furnished with French gold and having their headquarters in Paris and in Switzerland, managed to spread a propaganda of unrest from Madrid to Moscow, from Mount Etna to Siberia. How, in spite of all their endeavours, and of endemic local jealousies an empire did arise under a Hohenzollern and an Italian kingdom under a Prince of the House of Savoy, are tales that belong to the history of the nineteenth century, and to the history of a civilisation which however modern is not yet absolutely

[1] "Epistolario del duca Michelangelo Caëtani, di Sermoneta," vol. I. Firenze, 1902. "Alcuni ricordi de Michelangelo Caëtani, duca di Sermoneta, raccolti della sua vedova," vol. i., Firenze, 1904. Edizioni non venali. (Published for his Centenary, and for private circulation only.)

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converted to Atomism, in either politics or religion. In both countries we have seen the hard-won sceptre devolve on a third generation, and to Italy a son has recently been born. The boy has the best wishes of the world that he may live to manhood, and, in the power of his hereditary monarchy, defy the demoralising and disintegrating forces at work in the Peninsula.

Italian unity had been won by the efforts of all classes in all parts of the country—by pens, by sermons, by tears, and by swords. It was wrung from Fate by the extraordinary sacrifices of which a nation is capable when possessed by a deep sense of injury under foreign rulers, and when it is animated by radiant ideals. Yet no sooner was the goal in sight than the difficulty of difficulties presented itself. By whom was this newly launched *Italia una* to be steered?

How was the unity to be maintained, where a dozen small States preserved different idioms, and cherished memories of old grudges in a very varied past? Nor was the Roman question the only gulf that threatened to open. There were many sensibilities to be considered, many claims to be met, or quashed. Was Italy to become a vast field for small ambitions, the happy hunting-ground of a place-seeking middle class? Garibaldi was its popular idol, yet he, as an American citizen, had done and dared things that would have been impossible for him had he started with a commission in the army of Piedmont. What now was to be done with Garibaldi? and what was to be done without him? Then there were the journalists, so full of patriotism, but full, alas! of those frothy and sonorous abstractions about light, liberty, and virtue which entail no duties. They taught dangerous ideals, and it had come to pass that the word "DUTY" was cited much more rarely in Italy than the word "*Rights*." On looking closer it was too apparent that these rights were not all for civil and religious freedom, nor solely for the free and happy exercise of each man's gifts for the common weal; they were rather claims for a state-conducted regulation of capital and labour; to say nothing of

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an equal participation in material prosperity. A slippery foundation this on which to build a new commonwealth! and liberty so easily passes into licence that that must be a very exceptional Revolution which, along with many necessary reforms, does not also bring up a crop of undeserved hardships and of short-sighted measures. The whole object of the political life of the patriot Duke of Sermoneta was to achieve those reforms, and to prune away those exaggerations. To accomplish this it behoved the provisional governments, the Senate at Turin, the Giunta in Rome, and all the true friends of Italy, to walk warily among the falsehoods of extremes. They felt that a stable, limited, and hereditary monarchy was necessary, and that such a monarchy was ever secured was due to the passionately courageous ambition of Victor Emmanuel, who succeeded where his father failed, to the statesmanship of Cavour, to the devotion of Costa and Azeglio, to the prudence of Pantaleoni, and to the personal influence of the best of the Roman princes, of Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani, Duke of Sermoneta. Of course, these men, who not only thought out the problem but carried out the programme, made many enemies. All the doctrinaires and members of secret societies in Italy and abroad were scandalised; all the demagogues were furious. Why was Mazzini not in power? Why was the Fiery Cross of Republicanism dropped? Was the struggle for freedom and equality to end in a common and commonplace reverence for a crowned head? Was it for *this* that they had fought with kings and kaisers, with archbishops, field marshals, and grand dukes: that they had deprived Jesuits of their pupils, and monks of their convents, and were now as ready to rob St. Peter of his patrimony as they had been to deprive the Duke of Parma of his life? It was hard, they said. It was so hard that Milan is to this day a hot-bed of dissatisfied Socialists; that Italian assassins still stab kings, queens, and presidents, and that in social life the old rancour of *bianchi* and *neri* parties has by no means died out. So much is this the case that the correspondence of the Duke of

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Sermoneta cannot yet be published *in extenso*. Between Vatican and Quirinal there is a gulf fixed. A large party feels itself outraged by the loss of the territory, and consequent freedom of the Pope. The race of monopoly-loving cardinals is still represented, and by no clerical could the pages be relished in which Sermoneta wrote about misgovernment in the Romagna, or about the mistake (as he considered it) of mixing up the highest spiritual authority with temporal powers. The Republicans would be still less edified to see all their portraits drawn by that caustic pen which had no good to say of their improvised constitutions, and of what he called *les anthropoids parlants*, the talking patriots of clubs and senates.[1] The very powers that be, owing as they do, their pride of place to revolutions in the Peninsula, are unable to deny their democratic parentage, and they must prefer to let the closer degrees of it become obliterated, not only by time and by the services that the House of Savoy has rendered to Italy, but by those semi-paternal traits which are surely the true ideal of kingship.

It follows from these considerations that the "Epistolario" and the "Ricordi" are full of lacunes, and only on some other day, and by some other hand, can the life and times of the patriot Duke of Sermoneta be written. He fully deserved that title. From revolutionary changes he gained nothing, for he had nothing to gain. Such as he had—time, health, strength, reputation, and influence—he gave them all to his country; and he gave them that she might reap what was, in his opinion, the best result of her passage from the old *régime* into the new. He lived sparingly, almost penuriously, and only those who knew him best were aware how, out of the limited means at his command, he not only built up the fortunes of his children, but year after year supplied the wants of multitudes of the poor *artisti* and priests of both Rome and Florence.

[1] Cardinal Antonelli said one day to a liberal member, "I am delighted to hear that Don Michel-Angelo now speaks of *you* in the same terms that he used to apply to us."

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Almsgiving was the tender side of a nature inclined to a sarcastic pessimism, and his duchess, besides continuing his private charities, has done well to preserve these characteristics of her husband in her too slender volume of "Ricordi."

The large volume of the "Epistolario" is pleasant reading, while in the correspondence with the late M. de Circourt, we have the answers to the Duke's letters, and so get, as it were, the picture of one scholar as he appeared to another nearly as gifted. His letters to Lady William Russell have not been included in this volume. It is to be hoped that they are reserved for the next issue, for as iron sharpeneth iron, so Sermoneta's wit, always acute and amusing, must have flashed its brightest when he wrote to the remarkable woman of whom Baron Hübner said that he did not think it was possible to have more intelligence than she possessed.

The depth of Sermoneta's family affections was remarkable, and so was the strength of his friendships. Let us take the family first. Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani, Prince of Teano, and Duke of Sermoneta, was born in Rome in 1804. His house was illustrious. Out of it had come three Popes—Gelasius II. and Boniface VIII., while the mother of Paul III. was a Caëtani, who had contracted, with a Farnese, a marriage that in those days was regarded as more or less of a *mésalliance*. There had also been seventeen Caëtani cardinals, one of whom was in France as legate when Henry IV. was asking himself whether Paris was worth a Mass? As for the laymen of the house some had been governors and some viceroys in Sicily. These had generally intermarried with their equals, with a Chigi, or a Corsini, only occasionally permitting themselves an unequal alliance, say with a man of business, like Di Pietro (the father of the Cardinal), or with the daughter of a man of letters, like Gherardo de' Rossi. Don Michele was the grandson of Rossi, and there can be no doubt but that to this maternal grandfather he owed the intellectual resources which distinguished him from the Roman nobles of his day, and prepared a solace for his blind old age.

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His father was born and died poor. He let the second floor of their palazzo Caëtani to Cardinal Consalvi, and when the Cardinal went into exile there succeeded him, as an *inquilino*, the General Miollis who had been with Buonaparte in Egypt.[1] Before the handsome young heir of the palazzo Caëtani issued from boyhood the Napoleonic terror had blown away in the smoke of Waterloo, yet no public career seems to have been thought of for the lad. He grew up in plain living and high thinking; learnt goldsmith's work, collected knowledge at its varied Roman sources, and in the house of Dante's great enemy, Pope Boniface VIII., he committed to heart the whole of the *Divina Commedia*. It was his first love and his last; his intended commentary never saw the light, for blindness prevented its accomplishment, but in all the serious schools of Italy those curious *Tavole*, which he drew up to illustrate the Heaven and Hell and Purgatory of Dante, are now in use as a classic. Don Michele was good-looking, with a finely shaped head, and a voice that could thunder with anger, but that was also so sweet and so sonorous as to add a charm to his recitations of some favourite *Canto*. English institutions early attracted him, and the best English in Rome were in their turn attracted by this scholarly young patrician. Among his friends were Lord Beverley, and the family of Miss Bathurst. The fate of that lovely girl, betrothed at the age of seventeen to Algernon Percy (sometime Secretary of Legation at Berne), was tragic indeed. She was drowned when out riding at the Acqua Acetosa. The body was found later by another of her admirers, and these incidents, along with the mysterious disappearance of her father, Mr. Bathurst, after the peace of Schönbrun, and finally the death of the bereaved Mr. Percy from cholera, in Portman Square, in 1833, naturally made a great impression on Don Michele, and served to deepen the friendship between himself and the Percy family. In 1830, the circle in

[1] Miollis was the brother of the saintly bishop of Digne, whom, under the name of Bienvenu, Victor Hugo has described in his "Misèrables."

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which he lived was as cosmopolitan as it was brilliant. There were the Dalbergs, Horace Vernet and a daughter, the Duke of Rovigo, M. de la Ferronays, the two brothers Henry and Edward Cheney; Lord Lovaine and his family, the Bunsens, Mr. Morier, and Lord Compton, and Sir William Gell. Through this company of gifted and sympathetic people passed, in May 1830, Sir Walter Scott. He was weary and sick already, well-nigh unto death, for this was the year of his decease; as it was also that of Cuvier and of Goëthe.

We have said that public life had not been thought of for Don Michele, yet in 1838, he found a scope for his energies as well as for his love of mechanics. He was named to the command of the Fire Brigade, the *Corpo di Vigilie*, so called in memory of the ancient *Vigili Romani Augustuli*. The rules of his corps, and the purchase, in England, of new engines, pumps, and fire-escapes were not only a perpetual source of interest to him, but they prompted his first visit to England. At one time he personally rescued a woman and her child; and during the siege of Rome he had, so to speak, the safety of the Eternal City in the hands of his *Vigili*. His widow writes:

> While other Roman princes were to be met on the Corso, or at church *funzioni*, or in the theatres, this good public servant was ever present where there was a work of salvage to carry through. The populace adored him, and used to say, "perhaps there have been many Dukes of Sermoneta in Rome, but *never* another Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani."

On one cold night in January 1839, happened the eighth fire at the Palazzo di Venezia, at which the Emperor of Russia was present. There the conduct of the *Vigili*, under their fearless captain, was watched by a beautiful Polish girl, who lived in the Torlonia Palace, on the other side of the street. When Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani and Countess Callista Rzeweska met, admiration already existed on her side. It grew to mutual sympathy, and in spite of a lack of fortune on the bridegroom's part, it ended in a marriage that was ideally happy as long as it lasted. A daughter, Ersilia, was born in 1840. She has inherited her father's learning. Then the heir,

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Onorato, came, who was to inherit much of his mother's beauty, but six months after his birth Duchess Callista died. In the same year Sermoneta was fated to lose his mother and his favourite sister, and from this epoch (though total blindness did not overtake him till 1867) dates the sober and saddened tone of the Duke's mind. It had been formed on no trivial lines, bnt by sorrow, by hard work, by the study of Dante, and by the consciousness that for a quarter of a century Italy had been striving, now in one way and now in another, to achieve unity and freedom. In England he found the most congenial correspondents, and his letters are full not only of public or literary matters, but of grave anxiety about his two children, about the most judicious ways of investing their moneys, about their ailments, and about his own. These domestic themes occupy him till a public charge was added to his already considerable burdens. He was elected President of the Roman Club, no small compliment to his popularity; and he was named Minister of Police to Pius IX. in 1847. There was by that time no love lost between the Liberal leaders and Mastei Ferretti, whom they had once acclaimed as one of themselves, but whose temper had become distinctly reactionary. A curious courage ever animated the Pope and served to blind him to the coming storm. There was a riot one day. His Minister of Police judged this outbreak to be grave—even dangerous. The Pope waved his hand and said, with a smile: "They are making a demonstration!" but Sermoneta replied, drily: "His Holiness, who is afraid of reforms, has no fear of revolutions!" Revolution had come, and Cardinal Bofondi's Cabinet, of which Sermoneta, like Pasolini, was a member, fell in April 1848. The manner of Don Michel-Angelo's rupture with his master was characteristic, and he was fond of relating it.

One day a *sospetto* desiring to come to Rome on family business asked for and got, through one of the heads of the Liberal party, a safe conduct, good for this occasion only. The same intermediary waited ere long on the Minister of Police, and complained bitterly of the want of probity by which

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his friend had, in spite of the *pass*, been arrested. "Not with *my* leave, or by any connivance of mine," replied the Minister, who immediately ordered an inquiry which proved the complaint to be founded on fact. Then without loss of time, Don Michele sought the Pope, from whom, not so long before, the *pass* had been obtained, and asked how such a thing had happened? "Be at ease, I have given the order." "But, your Holiness, how *can* this be. I had given my word that this man might enter Rome unchallenged—my honour is at stake." The Pope then showed him an anonymous letter, which said that the man in question was dangerous. "Does your Holiness know who wrote this letter?" "I don't know. It came from London: but I had an inspiration." "But if your Holiness acts on inspirations a Minister of Police becomes a superfluity"; and so they parted.

A letter of February 14, 1848, speaks for itself.

I beg you then, my dear friends, Henry and Edward (Cheney), not to accuse me of coldness or of ingratitude, as I may tell you that for more than a month I have again and again set myself to write to you, and have always been turned from it. This last most distasteful post of Minister of Police has oppressed my spirit to the last degree, so that even the body has been ill for some time. Seen from abroad, and from the newspapers, you would certainly suppose that my office was a possible and a useful thing; but I would have you know that it is just the contrary. My presence is only apparent, and even that would be no such great harm if that presence were not a terrible fag, and of no real importance as far as obtaining from the government the improvements which are of absolute necessity in my department. It was through courteous force that I was compelled to become minister, but in return I have not been enabled to force the Government to amend its condition. I hope soon to go back to my old post, and to attend to my health, which gets daily worse, and then I may be able to write to you with less haste and confusion, and then I may be able to describe to you the state of our affairs, which is very much more grave and difficult than it appears to you abroad. At the present time a Ministry of Police is an anachronism. In Rome, what is worse, is that the police is just a barometer to mark the degrees of political weakness. The old Government resists secretly, as if rather in expectation of anarchy than of those constitutional reforms, which would oblige it to renounce its old arbitrary action. I am without the power of doing any good, were good still possible to be done, nor can I see where we are getting to; so much has the old Government fought, and still fights. You can picture to yourself, among so much irresolution, and so much dubiety, what anarchy reigns in our state, and if you consider what a grave cause exists in this old Government, you will grant that any disorders that arise are yet less by far than what might reasonably be expected . . . Speaking of this Ministry of Police I will tell you that it was put upon me as by force: I not accepting it; and that in less than a month's time

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I had to exhort the Pope every day to receive my demission. I wish to leave, because at all times, and especially in those which are upon us, I detest heavy public charges which place you between the people and the rulers. Now I detest them very especially because I grow more and more ill, and there are but few hours in which I can endure this fatigue, now of spirit and now of body. From now I must tell you that our political situation has reached the acme of difficulty, because of its complications. The old Roman abuses are known to you, and to all the world. I need not enumerate them. The populace is ill governed, and worse educated, never warned, and often unjustly punished . . . These are conditions full of terror for the present, and for the future . . . What Ministry of Police could exist among such circumstances and such passions? Pius IX. will be always loved, and will often triumph, but alone among the rest. His goodness will render him ever beloved and accepted, but this universal affection for him is a fatal condemnation for those who do not resemble him. This perfect goodness of Pius IX. is also the cause that just as the lay liberals and in like manner the most illiberal clericals both trust in him, so do the Christian and exemplary virtues of Pius IX. seek to bring about a harmony between the most opposite principles and the most marring personalities. Pius IX. is a rare model of heroic and Christian virtues, and he is worthy of a country less given over to politics than is our own. Pius IX. has no political knowledge, and every determination that he forms is mystical and provisional. You will then easily understand that the doings of the present Cabinet oscillate between the mysticism of our most pure-minded Head, the *curialism* of a secret *camarillo*, and the exasperated fanaticism of a public that is tinged with many colours, and stained by many passions . . . When this letter reaches you I trust that I shall be no longer a minister but a spectator.

It was as a spectator that Sermoneta retired with his children to Florence for a time, but he retained his charge of the *Vigili*, and thus, in June 1849, was brought in contact with Garibaldi. In a letter, dated San Pancrazio, the General demanded twenty firemen, and this obliged the Duke to go out and confer with Garibaldi, and to judge for himself both of the useless ruin being brought on the city by the French bombardment, and of the cruel martyrdom of more than one poor priest. He says that about fourteen of these were shot and shovelled into the ground without any ceremony by the soldiery and the rabble. It was not to be supposed that the ex-minister of police, so clear-sighted where the Vatican was concerned, should be much more easily pleased with the Liberal

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theory and practice. But as time went on another factor was added to the sum of Italian hopes and fears. Louis Napoleon, ex-conspirator and ex-*carbonaro*, was Emperor of the French, and the question was, what would his attitude be towards his former friends? Would he be Napoleonic and dream of wars and laurels? Would he exhibit conservative and clerical tendencies, after the manner of *possidenti* who have achieved position and fortune? Or would he show sympathy with the secret societies of which he had originally been a member? We know that he arrived at trying a little of all these methods; that Orsini's bomb and Pianori's pistol reminded him of what his old friends were capable should he disappoint them; that he led French troops into Italy to assist in Italian unification, and seemed disposed to revenge on Austria the old grudge of the *parvenu* to whom the address of "*Monsieur, mon frère*," had been refused; and that, finally, having fought beside the flag of Piedmont he demanded, and received, Nice and Savoy as the price of his intervention. For obvious reasons the *Epistolario* does not contain letters treating of these campaigns, of the men who arranged them, or of the men who fought in them. Sermoneta's mind was not military in its bent. Yet unmilitary as were his instincts he did not fail to perceive that after the campaign on the Adige, and the cession of Lombardo-Venetia, the occult and irregular forces of Italian democracy had not been gainers. Here is an extract:

> It is said that Lamoricière will take the command of the Papal militia. I do not think that he can do much . . . If the old rulers conquer new, and always new, revolutions will arise: and if the Revolution run its course I do not know where it may think right to stop.

Sometimes he dilates sadly on the painful theme of public life in Rome; sometimes he sums up his impressions in such satirical sentences as: "*Our Government moves by the opposition of two contrary and contrasting factions, secure in its place between them of the aversion of the whole country.*"

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. . . Every throne is eaten by the worms of democracy . . . the only ideal political position possible is that of a limited monarchy; but the real difficulty lies in finding the person who could be universally acceptable, without having recourse to military violence.

In these lines is contained, so to speak, the political testament of the patriot whom M. de Circourt used to call "the best and most valuable citizen in Italy."

In some respects the Italians might possibly reproach him for being English rather than Italian in his social leanings. In the first place he was a stranger to the old pathetic and narrow patriotism of the petty States, and his admiration for English constitutional government he certainly retained to the last, even when years of acquaintance with parliamentarianism in France, Spain, and Italy might have tempted him to exclaim, with Baron Hübner, that "parliamentary government is but democracy under a fresh disguise." Then in 1854, Sermoneta married an English woman, a Miss Knight; his son, the Prince of Teano, following his example, married Miss Ada Wilbraham; and, finally, in 1875, when the Duke married for the third time, he chose Miss Harriet Ellis, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, so long British Minister at Brussels. He was happy in both his English alliances, and his *salon* was frequented by the best and most intellectual foreigners. Lady William Russell and her sons, the Duchess Castiglione Colonna[1] (the *Marcello* of the studio) and her family, Lady Marian Alford, the two brothers de Circourt, Mr. Hare, and Dr. J. P. Richter, with Mr. W. W. Story, and Mr. Nassau Senior, were among its *habitués*, to say nothing of the Père Hyacinthe Loyson or the Padre Curci, two of those "strange bed-fellows" that the *scomunica* (like adversity) supplied. A Senator since 1848, the Duke had been not only a member of the Provisional *Giunta*, but he it was who was chosen, albeit stone-blind, to carry up to Florence, and place in the hands of Victor Emmanuel the result of the solemn

[1] Adèle d'Affry, of Fribourg, widow of Don Carlo Colonna. She bequeathed her sculptures to her native city.

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plébiscite. Master and man remained excommunicate, *ipso facto*, because of their respective shares in that day's jubilation, but that sentence of excommunication Sermoneta considered to be as the seal of his exertions for an Italian monarchy whose "relations with the Holy See it would require time and the ecclesiastical lawyers to arrange."

With Pius IX., under whom Sermoneta had once served, no reconciliation was possible, and many faces in Roman society were turned away from the Duke and from his third wife when he brought her from Florence to the Palazzo Caëtani. After both the King and the Pope were dead, Leo XIII. was approached by one of the cardinals, and asked to render sacramentally valid the Duke's union with Miss Ellis. His Holiness replied that this was the first favour asked of him since his election, and that it would give him extreme pleasure to do what might be agreeable to so distinguished a Roman; and a nuptial benediction, at the villa of the Cardinal, followed in due time.

The Duke of Sermoneta, captious and *frondeur* as he had ever been, and endowed with a Voltaire-like power of seeing the laughable side of serious things, was never an irreligious man. He had drunk too deep of that Pierian spring, the philosophy of Dante, to have missed those principles which Dante had imbibed from the Angelic Doctor. He was also wont to notice that children brought up without religion will soon tire of duty, and are wanting in tenderness; while a populace that does not believe in immortality is peculiarly ready to be liberal with the property of others. About relics and miracles he was a sceptic, but nothing provoked him more than flippant atheism. To a man who had been contending, with the most cheerful assurance, that there was not, and never could be, any proof of the existence of God, Sermoneta replied angrily:

> Are you mad? When I arrive at an inn, order my dinner and eat it, does it ever occur to me to argue about the existence of a cook? Any man, who is not an idiot, knows quite well that where there has been a dinner there must have been a cook.

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When this redoubtable descendant of Boniface VIII. lay on his death-bed he received from Pope Leo XIII. a message of fatherly concern for his sufferings. The Duke was infinitely touched, and words passed that day between the Roman Pontiff and the Roman Prince that must have been soothing alike to the dying man and to his devoted nurse. Once during that last illness there had been a rally that gave hopes of recovery, and the Duchess said to him, "If this goes on we shall soon betake ourselves, as is wont, to return thanks at St. Peter's." "No," he replied, "but at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. They say that they possess there a relic of the true Cross. I do not know if it is genuine, but that is a quiet little church, and I should prefer to go there to return thanks." No recovery was vouchsafed, and the patriot Duke of Sermoneta died about sunset on December 11, 1882. His widow adds: "The last thing that I did before leaving Rome after his death was to go alone to that church, and there ask God for the strength required to bear the desolation of so great a loss."

Harriet Caëtani has not only lived to put together these *Ricordi*, but she has founded, in her husband's name, a *Sala di Dante* at Or San Michele in Florence. It will serve to keep the Duke's memory green, while as the *Cattedra* and seat of study it will assist all such scholars as may be possessed of a noble curiosity to know more and more of the mind of Dante.

C. L. H. Dempster.

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ON THE LINE

IT is not very often the case that after reading a history book we wish for another volume. But Mr. George Trevelyan's **England under the Stuarts** (Methuen & Co., 1904) is at once so solid and so brilliant a piece of work that we wish it had been expanded into a more detailed account of the facts and personages which he treats with so much clearness and estimates with such mature judgment. Generalisation is an easy pitfall for the impressionist, the maker of paradoxes or the mere mare's-nester, and we are disposed at first to withhold assent from a writer who generalises so much as Mr. Trevelyan. But our confidence increases as we read on, and we find that he has bottomed his subject, and can reason from one part of it to another, and is misled neither by Puritan or Cavalier sympathies, nor by respect for a majority or a minority to do injustice to the age of James I. or William III. Such impartial treatment brings with it the danger of monotony, as if black + white = grey were a true formula. But Mr. Trevelyan keeps his blacks and whites distinct enough, as becomes a kinsman of Macaulay, and is by no means an indifferentist. If heroes and villains do not play so great a part in his history as in some others, this is not because he denies them their due proportion, but because he regards the game more than the pieces, and sees that the match played and won by England was part of a larger game

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in which the Thirty Years' War and the War of the Spanish Succession are the decisive passages, the transfer of preponderance from Spain to France, the rivalry of France and Germany, the rise and fall of Lewis XIV.'s empire, the establishment of England in the Mediterranean, are the successive stages, and Richelieu, Gustavus Adolphus, Maximilian and Lewis XIV. the chief players. The English actors occupy a smaller place, on account not of their own greatness, but of the *rôle* for which they are cast. England is growing into greatness. Her domestic quarrel with the Stuarts is the shaking of Samson's locks, her ousting of James II. is the prelude to the birth of constitutional liberty and the death-knell of absolutism; when Oliver burst into the Mediterranean he opened a door never to be closed again, and founded England's sea power; when Laud's persecution drove the Puritans to New England the little man sowed a mighty seed; when Marlborough cheated the Dutch and marched upon Bavaria he saved Europe from a century of despotism.

The events seemed small at the time, but the greatness of England was in them, and Mr. Trevelyan's history is an epic on that theme. The nation is always before him in its country life and city business, its religious and political health and sickness, its internal growth and European position.

We have no space to select passages; but we would mention as especially worthy of notice Mr. Trevelyan's estimates of Cromwell, Strafford, Pym, Charles II., Marlborough and William III.; his appreciation of political atmosphere (as, for instance, if we compare the despotism of 1628–1641 with that of 1683–5), his summaries of military epochs, especially the wars of Marlborough. As we said above, he has the power of generalising well, and this will make his volume acceptable to those who in reading history desire not merely facts and pictures, but consideration of causes and effects.

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Mr. Trevelyan is a considerable master of style. But his style is not equal—he sometimes allows himself to be careless, and slip on the one side into colloquialism, on the other into fine writing. At his best, which is very often, he is eloquent, dignified and pregnant, and touches a height to which not many writers of to-day attain.

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his wife. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 1905.)—Some books are more interesting than their writers. But we are inclined to think that the supreme interest of "John Inglesant"—and that is no slight thing to say of so notable a book—is John Henry Shorthouse. How comes it that a man, born in Birmingham in the early Victorian era, nurtured in the ceremonial baldness of the Quaker worship, surrounded by men who were leading the narrow commonplace lives of the commercial middle-class of the provinces, himself immersed by day in the mechanical routine of business, should have been from the first instinctively conscious of the world of mystery which he so vividly realised? What innate impulse forced the boy out of the groove in which circumstances seemed to conspire to imprison him? From what internal source sprang his passionate delight in beauty of colour, sound, or form? What voice, heard almost in childhood, interpreted to him the secret glamour of the historic past, and emancipated him from the individualistic detachment of the Society of Friends? What inborn aspirations lifted him out of his prosaic circumstances into the region of poetry and romance, taught him to discern the Divine reality in material facts, trained him to read the spiritual symbolism of familiar and domestic occurrences.

A similar problem confronts us in the case of Sir Edward Burne Jones who, amidst the same uncongenial surroundings, came into the world an Italian mediævalist. The ordinary solution is that the ways of genius are incomprehensible.

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With that explanation, inadequate though we know it to be, we are in the last resort obliged to be content. Yet there is a fascination in trying to supplement the incompleteness of the answer from biographical details. That is the opportunity which Mrs. Shorthouse gives in her suggestive record of her husband's life. "John Inglesant" is the vehicle which Shorthouse chose as the expression of his own reading of the seventeenth century and of its influence on the thought of his own times. In the first of her volumes Mrs. Shorthouse gives us "John Inglesant" in the making. The second volume contains a number of miscellaneous essays and articles which, here and there, illustrate trains of thought and feeling habitual to Shorthouse; but they will not enhance his literary reputation.

A patient hearing for an original and thoughtful observer in the crowd of writers on Russian and Japanese warfare is what the reviewer must claim for the volume entitled **With the Russians in Manchuria.** (Maurice Baring. Methuen & Co. 1905.) There are so many volumes now appearing about the heroic struggle in the East, the struggle is so big, and the war jottings are so small—or shall we say the subject is so tedious, and we are so sensitive?—that we inquire closely into the qualifications of our war correspondent before we read this book. Let it be said at once that Mr. Baring is a master of the Russian language. He was living in Moscow at the outbreak of the war, with the intention of writing a book about Russian literature, when he was sent to the front as war correspondent of the *Morning Post.* In this capacity, with unusual opportunities for good and intimate relations with Russian officers and soldiers of all ranks, he displays a remarkable power of seeing facts about men and events and then describing them so as to make the facts live for us, and in such a plain and unexaggerated

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narrative that the volume is filled with sketches of nature of rare beauty and truth.

In the first page of his modest Preface, in which Mr. Baring expressly bids us not look for the judgments of the serious student of war, nor expect him to go beyond his *métier* as war correspondent, he gives a Russian trooper's justification of that *métier*:

> The man who rode beside me asked me if I was a doctor. I said I was a war correspondent. He remained pensive for a while, and he then explained to me the nature and the first cause of war correspondents in the following terms: "War correspondents," he said, "are people who are sent to see that neither side *add* anything." He meant that war correspondents were there to check the military authorities, lest either side should invent a furious exploit or an imaginary battle. (Pp. ix., x.)

In a subtler sense Mr. Baring does not "add anything" to his impressions. He is endowed with truthful insight, originality and simplicity, so that we get the very truth of landscape and of human nature in a novel world of men and races, it is the *page arraché à la nature* of the faithful impressionist. Clear observation and clear thinking combine to give a view at once personal and complete of the campaign which began for him with General Samsonoff's division of the First Siberian Army Corps at Ta-shi-chiao, and unrolled itself before the eyes of the world in the vast and prolonged battle of Liao-Yang. This battle was fought over an area corresponding in extent to that of the Thames valley. Here is an impression received amidst the roar of artillery:

> From the spectator's point of view everything was spoilt by the dense, tall kowliang, or giant millet: from a hill you could see the infantry disappear into the kowliang; you are deaf with the noise, and the battle seemed to be going on underground. One seemed to be in a gigantic ant-heap where invisible ants were struggling and moving. In the evening the result became apparent in the streams of wounded and maugled men who were carried from the field to the ambulances. At sunset, if one could have had a bird's-eye view of the whole field, it would have given one the idea of a hidden and bleeding heart,

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from which, like the spokes of a wheel, red arteries composed of the streams of wounded on every road, radiated in every direction.

The following are portraits of Russian artillery-officers in this battle; they are chosen out of many portraits of soldiers in Mr. Baring's book.

On the side of the hill was Colonel Philémonoff, and with him Lieutenant Kislitzki. The Colonel was too ill to do much himself, and during the greater part of the day it was Kislitzki who gave out the range. Kislitzki was not second in command. He was a young man twenty-five years old; but his knowledge of gunnery, and his talent, amounting to genius, in discovering the enemy's batteries and estimating ranges were so exceptional that when the Colonel was too ill to work he put everything into this young fellow's hands. The Colonel lay wrapped up in a Caucasian cloak on the side of the hill, and every now and then, as he gave out, checked, or slightly modified Kislitzki's orders . . . I cannot conceive it possible to be pluckier than the Colonel was both in his utter disregard for dangers and in the manner he endured terrible suffering without giving in . . . He created the battery, the officers were his pupils, and his personal influence pervaded it. He was always there, and ready, if things went badly, to surmount any physical suffering to deal with the crisis. He also loved his profession, and was at the top of it; and it was bitterly ironical that now, when he had such a good opportunity for exercising his skill, that he was too ill to avail himself of it. Once, as he was lying on the hill with his battery in action and had sunk back exhausted on the grass, he said to me, "I love my business; and now that we get a chance of doing, I can't; all the same, they know I'm here, and if any difficulty, any crisis arose, they know that no physical pain would prevent me from doing all I could."

Kislitzki, however, equalled him; the Cossacks used to say he was an "eagle." He was certainly the most brilliant officer I saw; the most cultivated and thoughtful; he knew his business and loved it. It was an art to him, and he must have had the supreme satisfaction of the artist when he exercises his powers and knows that his work is good. He was also absolutely fearless and without the suspicion of thought for himself, or his career, or what would be advantageous to him. He was responsible for the battery's splendidly accurate firing in nearly every engagement; but he has not got the credit, nor does he need it; his wages are fully paid to him while he is at work.

We follow Colonel Philémonoff and Kislitzki after Liao-Yang on to the second great battle fought by Kuropatkin last October, that of the River Shaho, when the

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battery was successful (in driving the Japanese away) at Lonely Tree Hill. The names all remain in our memory after reading Mr. Baring's book, with some of the clearness and reality of the portraits and landscapes of the great Russian masters of narrative whom he has not studied in vain; but to quote is to spoil the portraits, which are completed only by the narrative, saturated with his own sense of what is both grand and servile in military service.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXIV

MEN AND A WOMAN

MY lady Sunderland remarked that my lady Laleham had done better to put off her rout till the Day of Judgment. Ladies and gentlemen would then be more at their ease. For that famous rout was upon the night of the day that saw King James clap seven Bishops in the Tower and his Queen delivered of a son. Wherefore wild looks and rushings to and fro and whisperings, and my lady Laleham in despair.

M. de Beaujeu was at once assailed by ladies and gentlemen who desired to know why monsieur was adorned with bows of white to his breeches. Monsieur blandly explained that a Prince of Wales was born, and he dutifully rejoiced. The ladies and gentlemen looked at each other sideways.

"You believe it, then?" said my lord Manchester.

"*Corbleu*, my lord, I believe in miracles, I. I remind myself of the late Abraham. He was a hundred years when he rejoiced in the little Isaac. One tells me that no Protestants were admitted to the chamber of her Majesty." (M. de Beaujeu caught lady Sunderland's eye, and bowed and smiled.) "One talks to me of a warming-pan capacious to bear another woman's babe to her Majesty's bed. One tells me the butter-woman of Jermyn Street had the honour to have her son born

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a two hours only before the Queen." (Mr. Wharton was heard to snigger.) "One says *enfin* that the Prince of Wales, he is to be seen, but the butter-woman's boy, he has vanished!" So, M. de Beaujeu, creating consternation. "*Bien, bien, cela se peut!* I say. But remind yourselves always of father Abraham and his little Isaac." M. de Beaujeu passed on to publish his gospel. My lady Sunderland made eyes at him, but Beaujeu, like an honest Huguenot, would have nought to say to a renegade's wife. He vanished with some fair Tory dames.

And Mistress Helen d'Abernon, having no taste for these pleasant debates, had escaped from her mother (who enjoyed them vastly), and attained to the honour of her cousin's society. Mr. Dane—he was always a gentleman of admirations—affected M. de Beaujeu in his dress. His round face looked out of a black periwig, he had the violet velvet of Beaujeu. A stiff soldierly air was oddly wedded to his sturdy plumpness. He endeavoured to bow with Beaujeu's favourite exaggeration.

"Mistress Helen d'Abernon? Nay, 'tis Mistress Helen of Troy!" says he, with a smirk.

"'Tis just plain Nell," said she, and held out her hand, and her big grey eyes laughed at his airs.

Mr. Dane took her hand delicately with the tips of his fingers, made another great bow, and kissed it. "I amend the phrase," says he. "'Tis nothing less than Venus' self."

Venus pulled her hand away. "Why will you talk as if we were two fools?" says she.

Mr. Dane made a gesture of despair. "You kill me with a sentence—it is, ma'am, a sentence of death."

"And 'tis the like of that you have learnt in town," said Nell, and her little full lip curled. "Do you know, Jack, you were more of a man in the country."

"These censures break my heart." Mr. Dane smiled at her benignly, and arranged his lace cravat.

"Oh, 'tis still the fashion to have a heart?"

"I have one for every fair lady, ma'am."

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"And never a head withal."

"'Tis lost," says Mr. Dane amorously, "while I look—" and looked at her bare throat, where a single row of pearls lay pallid against the pure warm tint of life.

"For the sake of your poor wits then—a good night, Mr. Dane," cried Nell.

"I am left, ma'am, desolate," says Jack with another sweeping bow, and smiled after her. At the moment Beaujeu passed. Without looking at him Beaujeu murmured, "*Chez moi. Vite!*" and was gone.

Mr. Dane walked across the room, exchanged a jibe with the Marquess of Twyford, and slid out unostentatious by another door. At which precise moment my lady Sunderland sailed up, a stately marvel in rose-pink, to Mistress Nell. My lady was a thought flushed: "La, child, what roses!" says she breathless, tapping Nell's cheek with her fan. "I must have your receipt for them. Tell me now——" Nell was drawn away to an alcove. "You are fond of your cousin, child?" says my lady in another tone. "He is in danger." She glanced round and dropped her voice still lower. "He and his friend Beaujeu. Like to be hanged. I dare not speak to them before this crowd. Tell him—spies are abroad. Bid him give that to Beaujeu." She slipped a scrap of paper into Nell's hand, and closed the girl's fingers on it. "At once! Let none else know or see. 'Tis life and death." Then, more loudly, "So 'tis goat's milk you use for a wash? Lud, I must have one goat more in Whitehall!" She rustled away, leaving Nell wide-eyed and eager.

Twice Mistress Nell searched the rooms. Finding a friend at last in Twyford, she was told that Mr. Dane had gone. My lord Twyford, however, professed himself her most devoted. He was desired to get her some tea. When he came back Nell was gone.

She had slipped out, and bidden one of the footmen call her a hackney coach. As he handed her in, she bade the coachman drive her home; but, once out of St. James's

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Square, she stopped the coach and gave the direction of Essex Street. Letters at least had found Jack there. And the coachman winked at his whip.

But M. de Beaujeu was not gone to Essex Street. Passing through a crowd that was roaring "Lilliburlero," he came to Adam's in the Piazza.

> Hoo! All in France have taken a swear,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la,
> Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la.

—it rose thunderous on the air as M. de Beaujeu passed up the stairs and into a shuttered room.

"Damn that song of yours, Wharton," says he.

Wharton laughed and whistled the chorus, beating time with his hand. "You take things so devilish hard, Beaujeu. Begad, you eat plots and drink plots and sleep plots—but—

> "'Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a la!'"

he broke off with the comical tune—"why not plot like a gentleman?" Beaujeu started: he was very white and grim. "Zounds, man, do you never laugh at yourself?" cried Mr. Wharton.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders: "I have not the time."

"Oh lud!" Mr. Wharton groaned over this humourless soul with a humorous twitching of his ugly mouth. "I like your butter-woman of Jermyn Street, though. How little of that was true?"

"The butter-woman of Jermyn Street, who was expecting a child, has mysteriously disappeared. I sent her to the country for her health." He smiled and nodded at the street, whence rose still loud the roar of treasonable songs. "But I infer 'tis thought the affair looks very ill for the King."

"So we are all to rave at the King for a lie of yours?" said Wharton, looking him in the eye.

"I am vastly honoured."

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"Damme, but you know how to hate! Humph! Well, I could near be sorry for the King."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed in the light. "I think that he has not killed your father, Mr. Wharton," he said coldly.

Mr. Wharton, having no answer to that, made none; and without rose loud his song. The mobile was marching up and down Covent Garden shouting it:

> "But if Dispense do come from the Pope,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la,
> They'll hang Magna Charta and ourselves in a rope,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la!"

Into the room came stamping a lusty gentleman, plump and rubicund, and slapped down his hat on the table, and, "Zounds, gentlemen, the country will never bear this!" he cried. "What is to do?" thus my Lord Bishop of London.

"Te hee," says Mr. Wharton. "The country has borne much."

"But never aught like this, sir. Seven of my brethren, seven Bishops of the Church, seven of your fathers in God——"

"You embarrass me, my lord," says Mr. Wharton.

"They lie in chains in the Tower, sir!"

"Where many a good Whig has lain before them, my lord. But, begad, I do not recall that you had any zeal for them."

"Ah, but now we have all forgot the little disagreements of the past," cried Beaujeu.

"Your own forgiving spirit has taught us," says Mr. Wharton, with a grin—and there appeared the magnificence of my lord Devonshire, with the most handsome Earl of Shrewsbury and Mr. Russell's lean scowl to support him.

The Bishop, a lamb among wolves, one Tory among many Whigs, appeared uncomfortable. But a figure came in, thin as a lath. He gave one quick glance round the room, then took off his hat, and they saw tiny bright eyes and sharp features seared with wrinkles. "M. de Beaujeu, your obliged," says he. "Gentlemen, your most obedient."

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And the Bishop, one wide smile, sprang to clasp his hand, and,

"Danby? The devil!" muttered Mr. Wharton. For the Earl of Danby was Tory of all the Tories, and Mr. Wharton had of old been active to impeach him.

"Pardon, gentlemen all," said M. de Beaujeu. "You did desire me to visit you. Eh, I could not visit you all at once—so I have asked you to visit me. And if also you visit each other—perhaps, *tant mieux*."

The company studied the face of M. de Beaujeu, and at last: "You mean we are all in one ship?" growled Mr. Russell.

"Ah, ah! I mean nothing. Gentlemen, you know whom I serve. You have said all that you want me. *Bien.* I am here. What do you want?"

A silence succeeded him—no gentleman was anxious to be the first to want. But my lord Bishop (it was plain) restrained himself difficultly, and at last, purple in the face, "Gentlemen, shall England be vassal of Rome?" he burst out.

"Those who be of that opinion say 'Aye,'" murmured Mr. Wharton.

"I conceive, gentlemen," says my lord Danby, "we are agreed that to-day has changed all. While the Princess Mary was heir to the throne we could endure, we could wait until nature worked our freedom. But now that the King seeks to give us a base brat as his own so that his Papist tyranny may not end with his life, now, gentlemen, I say——"

"To hell with the King!" growled Mr. Russell.

"Why, I would leave that for my lord Bishop," said Danby smiling. "I say, M. de Beaujeu, you spoke of one who knew how to wait. Does he know how to act?"

"*Bien*, my lord," cried Beaujeu. "And, I say—ask him!"

"I take you," says my lord Danby, and took snuff. And again came silence.

"Gentlemen, I owe no loyalty to one who persecutes the Church!" cried the Bishop.

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"Nor I none to a King that would put the crown of England on a butter-woman's brat," said my lord Devonshire haughtily. Mr. Wharton, who was looking at Beaujeu, was heard again to snigger.

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton. "A curst ingenious King, indeed."

Then my lord Shrewsbury, with his air of saying something vastly noble: "I for one would see England free, gentlemen," and was answered by the roar of the mob without:

> The English confusion to Popery drink,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la!

"I think," says my lord Danby, and his little eyes twinkled, "I think we are all in one ship, gentlemen," and he held out his hand. There followed much wringing of fingers, to the small edification of M. de Beaujeu, who at last tapped my lord Danby on the shoulder.

"*Enfin*, my lord, if you desire a guest you invite him," says he.

And so at last my lord Danby took pen and paper and therewith implored the Prince of Orange to come and to come soon. Honour was put in pledge that those who signed would aid him and bring many more to aid. One by one they signed; one by one, each with some private message for the Prince, they took their leave of Beaujeu. Mr. Wharton alone was left, leaning on the mantel, eyeing Beaujeu. To him Beaujeu turned, and "At last!" says he, and tapped his breast where the precious paper lay and laughed.

"Begad, Beaujeu," Mr. Wharton drawled, "James was a knave and a fool by right divine, but I doubt we'ld have thought him a decent rogue but for you."

"What?" cried Beaujeu.

Mr. Wharton grinned. "You make Sunderland set him on the Bishops; you tell us he has given us for Prince a brat of the kennel; and so we are mightily moved and we pull the poor devil down." Mr. Wharton chuckled. "But I trust

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I'll be there when you and Black James settle accounts in hell."

"Have no fear," Beaujeu sneered, and then gripped Wharton's shoulder: "Man, is it you ask mercy for the King of the Bloody Assize?"

"Mercy? From you? Oh, damme!" laughed Wharton. Then drew back a little, and looked curiously at Beaujeu. "But, begad, I never heard you excuse yourself till to-night," says he, in a tone of surprise.

Mistress Nell's hackney coach made its way eastward slowly. All the good people of London were out in the streets, cheering for the Seven Bishops, groaning for the Pope and King Louis of France, and, failing all else, howling "Lilliburlero." So they were too much occupied to make way for Nell's coach readily, and as it jolted through the press Nell lay back on the musty linsey-woolsey, a little frightened, a little excited by the noisy crowds, and most heartily anxious for her cousin.

Mr. Healy had worked out Turenne's last campaign with Montecuculi, and was devoting his own mind to making a picture of the ideal garden. He held his paper at arm's length, he put his head on one side, and regarded his artistry with some complacency. Then, judging it too gaudy, put it down, and bent over it to mitigate the splendour with patches of saxifrage, and as his pencil worked he hummed or sang:

> It was a lover and his lass,
> With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
> That o'er the green corn-fields did pass,
> In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
> When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
> Sweet lovers love the spring.

To whom Mr. Dane entered swaggering and nodded. "Beaujeu not here they tell me?" says he, tossing down his hat. "D'you know why he wants me, Healy?"

"Sure, 'twill be for the pure joy of your presence," said Mr. Healy meekly; and Mr. Dane, after thinking it over,

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concluded to laugh. He crossed the room to Mr. Healy's small library—vainly essayed Cæsar and the Georgics, and found at last "La Fontaine"—which appeared to Mr. Dane very childish, and which he read with a pleasant feeling of superiority, stimulated by some glasses of the excellent Burgundy of Beaujeu.

Dubois appeared in the doorway. "Pardon, Mr. Dane, a lady."

Mr. Dane struck an attitude. "Dubois, a miracle!" says he. Mr. Healy looked at him curiously. "Well, Dubois, well, the wench's name?"

"The lady desired herself to give it to monsieur."

Mr. Dane laughed. "Begad, Healy, the wenches give a man no rest," he remarked, looked in the glass to settle his cravat, and went out.

"Beaujeu, my dear," says Mr. Healy to the void, "I do not admire your family."

Mr. Dane, with his swaggering strut, with his practised cynical smile, strode into the lady's presence, and then "Nell!" he cried in pure amazement: and for a moment the smile was gone. She was very lovely in her frightened blushing grace as she sprang to meet him, holding out her hands. Mr. Dane accepted them.

"Dear heart, you make me proud," says he.

"I could not help but come, Jack," she murmured, and looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"*Ma belle*," said Mr. Dane, smiling. He put his arm round her, and made her sit on a couch close beside him. "Art incomparable sweet, Nell," said he, bending close. She blushed and drew away. Then looking into his eyes:

"You have another tone now, Jack," she said, very quietly.

"I doubt I am a cruel tease," says the complacent Mr. Dane. "Dear, forgive me!" and he pressed her hand and clasped her closer.

"I looked for you, and then—then you had gone—and I could not but come." Mr. Dane was smiling still, and his

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eyes agleam. Under her drooping head the light shimmered and fell about the pearls on her neck. He could see her white bosom rise and fall.

"So you came, sweeting!" he whispered and laughed, and caught her to him and kissed her face and neck. She struggled to free herself, but he held her and laughed and kissed her again and again. "Nay, nay, will you deny yourself now?" he laughed.

Her cheeks were hot and dark: with all her strength she forced herself a little away. "Coward, Jack!" she cried fiercely. "Coward!"

"Mr. Dane, I had supposed you a gentleman!" the voice rang sharp. M. de Beaujeu stood in the doorway.

Mr. Dane's arms had dropped limp. He sat with hanging head and crimson cheeks, a boy ashamed. Nell had sprung away from him and stood breathless, pale now and defiant, turning flashing eyes from one to the other.

"M. de Beaujeu!" she cried, "Lady Sunderland bade me tell you spies are abroad. You and Mr. Dane are in danger. I was to give you this." M. de Beaujeu received the paper with a bow. "That is why I am here."

"I do not know how to thank you," said Beaujeu, simply. "I am ashamed."

Nell made him a curtsey. "It needs not, sir. By your leave—my coach waits."

"Do you permit me the honour to escort you?"

"I thank you. I had rather be alone."

Beaujeu bowed gravely, and moved to take her hand. Jack stepped back out of the way: "You think no worse of me, ma'am, than I of myself," he muttered. But Nell swept on, with her head borne high.

On the stairs the mellow voice of Mr. Healy was uplifted.

"This carol they began that hour:
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring-time——"

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with that ringing in his ear, with a very white face, Beaujeu bowed to kiss Nell's hand.

He returned to find Jack looking through the curtains at the departing coach, and Mr. Healy with a whimsical smile looking at Jack. Jack started round: "I make no excuses, monsieur," he said sharply, looking Beaujeu in the eye, and Mr. Healy's eyebrows rose up.

"You have none," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, and went on: "You will go at once to the Hague, Mr. Dane. The cutter waits you at Blackwall:" and he held out the precious composition of my lord Danby.

Jack started back: "No, by God! I must see her again!" he muttered.

"Is she like to desire it?" said Beaujeu, sneering.

Jack stared at him, flushed, and then: "Give it me!" he muttered, snatched it and flung on his heel. They heard something like a groan. The door slammed.

"I'll have been contemplating a romance?" Mr. Healy inquired with a smile—and was surprised at the pallor of Beaujeu's face, who turned and said:

"The fool insulted his cousin Nell."

Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders: Mr. Healy permitted himself a sneer. "It would grieve and surprise you," he said, with some scorn.

Beaujeu appeared moved. He flung out his arm in a gesture of disgust. "Oh, you have told me already I am mightily like him," he cried.

"You perceive a similarity?" says Mr. Healy, improving the situation. "Sure 'twas the same bad education for you both." Beaujeu turned away, biting his lip. "But what would his cousin Nell be doing here at all?"

Beaujeu started. "*Mordieu*, I had near forgot. That from the Sunderland." He held out to Healy the scrap of paper.

Mr. Healy smoothed out its creases: "'Hide or fly.—S.,'" he read aloud, and stared.

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But Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien*, my lady, I fly," says he, and took up his hat and went out.

CHAPTER XXV

M. DE BEAUJEU LEAVES BY THE WINDOW.

M. DE BEAUJEU was honourably received by my lady and my lord Sunderland with an impressive display of agitation. My lord's face was livid. He palpitated. My lady flushed, and wide-eyed met Beaujeu at the door, and pushing it to in her negro's face: "You?" she cried. "You, and did you not get my note?"

"*Pardieu*, yes," Beaujeu admitted, smiling. "'Hide or fly.' *Bien*, I have flown—to you."

"You are mad," muttered Sunderland.

"On the contrary, I am most admirably sane," says Beaujeu, and sat down between the agitated pair.

"Have you forgot Sherborne?" cried my lady.

"I remember him in my prayers."

"He has had you spied upon——"

"I am aware of it," says Beaujeu blandly.

"Lud, have you a devil?" cried my lady aghast.

"My lady, I am a bachelor."

"Your admirable wit," says Sunderland, showing his teeth, "will have opportunity soon in hell."

"Let us practise our repartees, my lord."

"Oh, will you play the fool now?" cried my lady. "I tell you he has spied on you—he has found out your secret meetings with Wharton and the Whigs——"

"Not with the Sunderlands I do trust?" Beaujeu inquired, with an air of great anxiety.

My lady frowned. "He brought the news to my lord here first—my lord promised to carry it to the King——"

"Can I ever repay?" Beaujeu murmured.

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"To-day Sherborne charged my lord that the King had not been told——"

"Ah, heartless! Ah, cruel Sherborne!"

"Ay, fool it to the end!" my lady snapped. "Well, the end is that my lord Sherborne is with the King at this hour. So the devil help you now!"

"You refer," says Beaujeu blandly, "to my lord?"

"Fool, will you go?" snarled Sunderland.

Beaujeu leant back in his chair. "I applaud the comfort of your furniture," says he.

"Will you be so mad?" cried my lady. "How can we save you when the King himself acts?"

"I have wondered myself how you will do it," Beaujeu, smiling, confessed.

"Fool! fool!" my lord Sunderland's voice rose high. "If you are taken here it is death to us all."

"And if I were taken otherwhere, death only to me. You perceive clearly why I am here."

"Why could you not fly?" cried my lady.

"It did not fall with my plans."

"And where are your plans if you are taken here?"

"I have not inquired. For, you see, I shall not be taken here." My lady drew away from him. Her cheeks grew paler, but brighter yet shone her grey eyes, and her quick breath came slower. My lord's fingers clasped and unclasped. He looked all ways. "Pray appreciate the situation," says Beaujeu, in his passionless voice. "'Tis fixed now the Prince of Orange will come. I despatched the last invitation before I came here. In two months your King James will be in exile. Where you will be, my lord, depends quite entirely upon where I am. For, my lord, if I am taken now there will be found in my breast a letter from the Prince of Orange to my lord Sunderland——"

"You brought that here?" screamed Sunderland. "Fool! fool! fool!" and he wrung his hands.

"I see that you do appreciate the situation. *Bien*, if I am

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taken, my lord Sunderland is hanged. If I am saved, I have the honour to save my lord Sunderland." He paused to laugh. "Believe me, I anticipate salvation."

My lord could only wring his hands and mutter: "But what can I do? Tell me that! What can I do?" and Beaujeu smiled upon him. But my lady had drawn away and stood very still by the mantel. Her white arm lay along it, and she gazed down at Beaujeu and her eyes sparkled. Then the door opened a little, the scared head of a waiting-maid appeared.

"My lady, my lady, the King!"

"The King?" my lord gasped.

"He is crossing the court!"

Beaujeu threw back his head and laughed. "'Tis a situation full worthy your wits, my lord."

But my lord had fallen into a chair and gasped and stared wildly round. He spake, but was not articulate.

Then: "Save you?" cried my lady. "Ay! I'll save you. But I'll shame your very soul!" Beaujeu stopped laughing. My lady sprang, a whirl of drapery, across the room: "Nanette! Take a coach—drive madly——" the rest was a murmur in Nanette's ear, who vanished. Then my lady whirled round on her lord, and whispered fast in his ear. My lord put up his head: his pale lips curled back from his teeth, and he looked for one instant straight at Beaujeu. Then nodded to his wife and looked down into his breast. My lady stood up bright-eyed, smiling.

"'Tis vastly impressive indeed," says Beaujeu coolly.

My lady gave a curious laugh. "It will be more so," says she. "Lud, I never knew a man my master yet."

"Oh, my lady! My lord blushes!"

There were footsteps in the corridor, and, "M. Lucifer, come!" cried my lady, and caught Beaujeu's hand and drew him after her through one door while the footman knocked at the other. M. de Beaujeu found himself in darkness perfumed with roses. He was gently compelled to a seat, then saw my

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lady's white arms moving against the wall. The faintest creak of a panel, and he heard with great clearness the usher announce his Majesty.

Beaujeu turned to my lady's dim presence. "My compliments," says he, and laughed.

My lady's hand fell swiftly on his lips, and she murmured in his ear, "*Bête, bête.*"

My lord Sunderland was discovered by his Majesty reading the *Imitatio Christi.* His Majesty indeed was twice announced before the sound pierced my lord's devout thoughts. Then he started up, his lean face all a smile, and "Pardon," he said, "pardon," bowing with the book in his hand. "I am oft lost in this good gift of your Majesty."

Majesty scowled at Thomas à Kempis from the doorway. Majesty's big mouth was drawn downward, and his lean sallow face even uglier than it need be. "I have to complain of you, my lord," says he, in a high peevish voice.

"At least not before lackeys and my lord Sherborne, sir?" Sunderland inquired blandly, and bestowed a small bow on Sherborne in the background.

"Before whom I will, my lord," cried his Majesty.

Sunderland bowed his head: "I am your Majesty's man—to shame if you will so," he said meekly.

"I tell you that my lord Sherborne must be here," said the King, with the voice of an angry child. My lord Sunderland bowed and set two chairs. His Majesty sat down, my lord Sherborne on a nod from him also sat down, and the pair of them glowered at my lord Sunderland, who remained meekly standing. "Sit, my lord!" the King cried.

"In my lord Sherborne's presence? Oh, sir, 'tis honour indeed!" Sunderland murmured, and sat on the edge of a chair.

"What does that mean, my lord? My lord Sherborne is my friend."

"Your Majesty is more fortunate than I," says Sunderland, bowing.

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"And why is he your enemy? Because, my lord, you ——"

"—— would not assist him in his amours, by your leave, sir," Sunderland said quickly, and Sherborne flushed.

"What?" Majesty twisted round upon Sherborne. "You did not tell me that, my lord, you did not tell me that," he said querulously.

"Because it is a curst lie, sir," cried Sherborne.

The King's sallow face darkened: "You forget our presence, my lord," said he.

"Then pardon, sir. I will say it is one of my lord Sunderland's truths."

"Oh, my dear lord," says Sunderland, shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger, "oh, my dear lord, what a bad memory you have!"

"Have I that, my lord? Zounds ——"

Majesty was again shocked: "My lord Sherborne!" he cried.

"Oh, sir, I must speak my own way or not at all. I say, my lord Sunderland, I remember, at least, that I told you of a traitor and his treason—and you did nought, nor even warned the King."

Majesty nodded to the words. "Nor even warned us," he repeated shrilly, "nor even warned us. 'Tis of that I complain."

My lord Sunderland appeared to struggle with mirth. "Indeed, sir. I did not desire aid my lord Sherborne to make your Majesty ludicrous."

Majesty started up flushing. "Ludicrous, my lord, ludicrous?" he cried.

"Why, sir, if you declare it treason to make love to my lord Sherborne's mistress, is there another word?"

"Do you tell me I am ludicrous?" cried his Majesty.

"Nay, indeed, sir. But that my lord Sherborne would have you be."

Majesty sat down to think it over. "I shall not deny,"

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says Sherborne glaring at Sunderland, "that the fellow Beaujeu is my private enemy."

"As your rival for the possession of Mistress Charlbury—why, now we have it," says Sunderland, smiling.

"But you did not tell me that, my lord Sherborne!" cried the King, angrily.

"My lord has so bad a memory," Sunderland murmured.

"I think, sir, a man may be my enemy and a traitor none the less," said Sherborne bluntly.

"It is so," says Majesty, nodding wisely; "it is so."

"And I say, that whether he be my rival for a woman or not, 'tis still no excuse for him to be hand and glove with Wharton and all the snarling Whigs in England."

Majesty nodded again, and Sunderland cried, "Oh, faith, I've no love for the gentleman's choice of friends, but I should be a butt for the town if I arrested a fellow for dining with Wharton."

"You would, my lord, you would," Majesty again agreed, and looked from one to the other and rubbed his forehead.

"I told you, my lord, and I tell you again," cried Sherborne, "there is more than dining here. I doubt the fellow's name is not his own. I doubt he is no Frenchman at all——."

"My dear lord," says Sunderland blandly, "you may doubt he is the devil. But 'tis in no sort evidence against him." Again Majesty nodded.

"Well, my lord, and did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight——" my lord Sunderland's footman entered, and Sunderland with a bow to the King beckoned him nearer, and the footman spake to my lord's ear and withdrew. "Did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight, and again on Friday, the fellow Beaujeu met Wharton and Russell and Lumley at Wharton's house after midnight, and that after that second meeting Lumley rode away post to the country? Did I tell you that? Is that evidence?"

"Why certainly you told me," says Sunderland smiling.

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"Well, my lord, well! And is that not cause enough to lay the knave by the heels?" cried Sherborne: and turned to his Majesty. "Sure, sir, for your own sake you will make the rogue give account of his practices?"

Majesty nodded. "I am obliged to you, my lord." And twisted round on Sunderland. "And you, my lord Sunderland, I complain of you," he cried. "Make me a warrant for the knave speedily. I am displeased that you did nought in the matter."

Sunderland put up his hand. "Nay, by your leave, sir. I have done something," says he smiling. "I feared that my lord Sherborne would dare to deceive your Majesty thus——"

"Deceive, my lord?" Majesty's voice was uplifted.

"Zounds, my lord Sunderland!" Sherborne roared, springing up, flushed. "By God! do——"

"Silence, my lord!" cried austere Majesty.

"And so," Sunderland continued quietly, "I have summoned Mistress Charlbury—who also may have some evidence concerning M. de Beaujeu."

Sherborne grew pale. He looked askance at Sunderland. And on the other side the curtain my lady Sunderland had come very close to Beaujeu and put her hand on his shoulder. It was stiff and still. "Sir," says Sherborne in a low voice turning to the King, "I will swear that of any treason Mistress Charlbury is guiltless. I will put my life on that."

"La, his chivalry!" my lady murmured in Beaujeu's ear.

"Her story is then quite beyond suspicion—you confess it, my dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, and lifted the bell.

"Enters Delila," my lady whispered: and felt monsieur move under her hand, and smiled in the dark.

Rose came with her easy grace, and stood a moment a tall white statue, then curtseyed to the ground before his Majesty. Majesty, who appeared vastly puzzled, nodded without dignity. My lord Sherborne set her a chair, but she scarce bent her

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head to thank him, and stood with her hands clasped before her, fronting them all.

"I shall be plain with you, Mistress Charlbury," says Sunderland (my lady tittered genteelly), "you are summoned to tell his Majesty what you know concerning a M. de Beaujeu, who is accused of treason by——" he paused.

"My lord Sherborne, doubtless, my lord," cried Rose.

"How! You knew it?" cried Majesty, and Sunderland smiled.

"I knew, your Majesty, that my lord Sherborne would accuse M. de Beaujeu of anything."

"And why, ma'am?"

"Because my lord is jealous of monsieur, sir." Majesty nodded wisely.

"And who is this M. de Beaujeu?" said Sunderland.

"A Huguenot gentleman from Auvergne."

"Huguenot? Huguenot?" cried Majesty angrily.

Sunderland turned to him laughing: "Indeed, sir, between a Huguenot and a heretic," the renegade indicated Sherborne, "the lady is ill bested." So Majesty looked gloomily at Sherborne.

"Ay, ay," sighed Majesty, "my lord, I must speak with you on these matters. I will commend you to Father Petre." But Sherborne only scowled at Sunderland.

"I am no renegade, sir," he growled.

Sunderland appeared horrified. "My lord Sherborne! Do you dare this?" cried Majesty, dark with wrath.

"Your Majesty perceives the depth of my lord Sherborne's loyalty," murmured Sunderland.

"I do, I do!" said Majesty nodding.

"Sir—" cried Sherborne.

"Enough, my lord!" Majesty turned his back, and was going. Then, "Nay, but the other was heretic too," he muttered, and stayed to rub his puzzled brow, while Sunderland watched with narrow eyes. At last he put his hand on Sunderland's trusty shoulder. "Come, Sunderland, bring me

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the truth out," says he wearily. My lady again tittered. There was the pause of a moment while Sunderland sucked in his breath. Then, "Mistress Charlbury, have you ever supposed," Sunderland put his finger-tips together and looked at them, "that M. de Beaujeu might be other than he declares himself?"

"I, my lord? No, indeed!"

"Oh, Delila, Delila!" my lady sighed in monsieur's ear.

"Ah. Never thought that he might be concerned in plots against his Majesty?"

Rose seemed amazed. Then she laughed. "M. de Beaujeu, my lord? Oh, if you knew him! 'Tis a gentleman concerned only with his pleasures and himself!"

"Neatly true, faith," my lady murmured.

"It appears you know him well?" said my lord sharply.

Rose blushed: "I have cause," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, has he wronged you?" the King asked curiously.

"I make no complaint of him, your Majesty."

"Then if you know him well," cried Sunderland, "how do you dare say he is not intent on treason?"

"'Tis because I do know him well that I say it, my lord."

"What?" Sunderland drew down his narrow brows. "When my lord Sherborne tells us that he spent Wednesday se'nnight and Friday till the small hours plotting with Whigs?"

"It cannot be," Rose murmured: and Sherborne laughed.

"Nay, we have it on my lord Sherborne's word. Do you answer that, Mistress Charlbury?"

The three men stared at her, and she at the ground a moment: then a blush rose swift from her bosom. "I know well why my lord Sherborne should say it," she said. Then looked up defiant: "I know well, my lord!"

"So, ma'am, so. Why?" says Majesty, much interested.

"On those nights M. de Beaujeu was with me." Her voice was clear, and she met Majesty's eyes, but her cheeks flamed.

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"A lie!" roared Sherborne, starting up.

"Your Majesty!" says Sunderland hastily. "Your Majesty!" in polite horror.

"Another such word, my lord Sherborne," cried Majesty, rising too, "and you leave the Court for ever. Back, my lord. Silence, my lord. Know your place." He was shrill and dignified. Then he turned, frowning on Rose. Majesty was stern to the peccadilloes of subjects: "You are his mistress, woman?" he cried. The girl's bosom heaved, and she made no answer.

And behind the curtain my lady, clinging affectionately to Beaujeu, said in his ear: "You had settled accounts with Delila, I think?" and laughed low.

"You are his mistress, woman? Answer me!" cried impatient Majesty.

"Your Majesty has said it!" the girl murmured, hanging her head.

"Delila—to the last, Delila!" whispered my lady, but monsieur started away from her.

A casement creaked. M. de Beaujeu had left by the window.

(*To be continued*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

AUGUST 1905

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE GOVERNMENT, THE ARMY, AND THE NATION

IT is a fact of some significance that, in the newspapers and in the weekly Press and in the magazines, articles suggesting that the British Army should be reformed are perpetually appearing. One does not remark a like evangelical interest in the Navy. The inference is that we are satisfied on the whole with the state of the Navy; and, conversely, that we are troubled concerning the welfare of the Army. The reformers number among them both civilians and soldiers. Needless to observe, they differ considerably among themselves. But, in one point all agree; for, all are profoundly convinced that there is something inherently wrong in our military system. The general public, which, taken in the gross, does not exhibit a deep concern for military affairs, is vaguely impressed by the same conviction. It is probable that the most of us would fail to give a lucid statement of the reasons upon which that vague conviction reposes; for, the multitude of counsellors bewilders; and nearly all the arguments posited presuppose the existence of a general and an historical knowledge which, in this unmilitary nation, can but seldom exist. So that it is the point of unanimity which impresses us. There is something wrong with the Army, or with the system upon which it is administered, or both.

It is not my design to add to a possible confusion of mind by advancing a new theory, or even by tracing in detail the

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historical aspect of the case. That is the business of the specialist. By a specialist I mean one who has devoted his whole time for many years to the study of war. It matters not whether he be a soldier or a civilian; for, one who gives his life to the mastery of a given subject must not be regarded as an amateur because he does not wear the King's uniform. His authority, so far as it goes, carries a professional weight. And in the same way a soldier, merely because he is a soldier, has no overruling power of opinion, unless he is conversant, not only with the range of his practical duties but, with the theory of his profession. The works of such a writer, for instance, as Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, who has won for himself an European reputation, must rank with the treatises of the great military authors; just as the opinions of Lord Roberts must needs be fraught with the unique and inestimable value of long and various experience and of great achievement. If the words of these, and of such as these, be disregarded or neglected, lesser men may talk in vain.

It is rather my modest purpose to endeavour to discover the point at which the national interest and the military interest touch and interfuse. If we can discover and define such a point of contact, it may be possible further to establish a clear principle which may serve to guide the plain man, who has no time to study war and policy and details of military organisation, towards a right working comprehension of his own relation to the whole matter. For, it must be evident to the least observant, that there is a certain indeterminate but actual line of cleavage between the life of the nation and the Army. The Army, owing to certain reasons, one of which I propose to suggest, is held somewhat aloof. It will perhaps be conceded that such a condition—assuming that it exists—cannot be wholesome either for the nation or for the Army. It may indeed be, that in this separation which we seem to observe lies the origin of that unnamed evil which we are all agreed in lamenting. For, it cannot be well for a nation to pay a certain class of men to give their lives in national defence, and, with

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that somewhat inadequate payment, to disclaim all further concern in the matter. Nor can it be well for the class that is so dealt with. There must be some blindness here, some lack of understanding; there must be a principle involved, which we have hitherto ignored, and which, if we could but grasp it, might help us towards that unity of the body politic without which national health is impossible. For we are all agreed that there is something wrong. Let us proceed upon that basis.

First of all, we may inquire for what purpose we require an army at all? The obvious answer is, that we require it for defence against aggression. But a little consideration of the phrase will reveal its incompleteness. Aggression presumably signifies an interference by some outside Power or Powers with that line of conduct, which, rightly or wrongly, the nation has determined to pursue. Such a line of conduct we call a national policy. It is a part of national policy, for instance, to hold India; it is another part to pursue our avocations in these islands, unmolested. We must therefore amend the phrase. It will convey our meaning more precisely if we affirm that the use of an army is to enforce the national policy. In that case, it is clear that every British subject is concerned in the matter; for, a national policy must be a national concern. It would follow that every British subject who was able to do so would naturally bear arms, in order to be able to enforce, in case of need, that policy in which he has a part. But, for the sake of convenience, we prefer to set aside a certain sum of money, in order that a proportion of the community only may give its whole time to the business of national defence, while the rest of the community works and plays, marries and gives in marriage, untrammelled by any military obligations. It may be observed, at this point, that war, being an evil—though necessary, still an evil—the fewer persons concerned in that affair, ethically speaking, the better. Assuming such a proposition to be sound, we have, however, still to remark that the commutation of an indubitable

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obligation for a money payment, must necessarily involve a corresponding relaxation of the sense of individual responsibility. So rich a country is this of ours, that the provision of the requisite money is hardly felt. Among the wealthier classes, it is not felt at all. And so it is, that the very means which enable us to avoid what might be a disagreeable duty, does at the same time kill that individual sense of obligation and of responsibility, which alone can certainly and permanently ensure the duty being adequately performed by any one whatever. Responsibility was transferred to the Army itself; and, with its transference, arose that singular and ugly attitude of the civilian towards the common soldier, which he was not slow to perceive and to resent. At bottom, perhaps, the feeling of the civilian was due to the operation of the mysterious law which ordains that he who wrongs another shall also mislike him. For, the civilian was paying another to do his duty for him. If such a form of words appears to state the case too strongly, it none the less conveys a truth. The soldier did in consequence undoubtedly occupy the superior position. Human nature demanded redress. It attempted to obtain it by the nearest way—a resort to an assumed superiority. The common soldier learned his lesson. His was the real superiority, and he dimly knew it. But he had his duty to do, and he did it.

Let us track the clue of transferred responsibility a little higher. Being a commercial nation, we do not pay more than we can help. We buy in the cheapest market. We underpay the private, and we also underpay the officer. Since there were plenty of wealthy men who had a taste for soldiering—the number is now diminishing—the nation allowed them to gratify their desire at their own expense. The officer was, therefore, in the position of doing the nation a favour. Therefore, if there were ever cases in which the British officer regarded his duties lightly, it was not for the nation to take him to task. The transference of responsibility was accomplished, it is true—but, on what terms? It was transferred as

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a matter of business; but, on such terms that the nation could not decently enforce its own bargain. To do it justice, it has recognised the fact, and has meanly relied on the honour of the Army to save its face. In a lesser degree—because of the more patently obvious national interests involved—it has so dealt with the Navy.

Let us go one step further. The responsibility for both war and policy rests, in the last resort, upon the Cabinet. The Secretary of State for War is responsible for the state of the Army to the Cabinet, which is responsible to the country. Should the country, as represented by Parliament assembled, express its disapproval of the War Minister, his resignation involves the resignation of the whole Cabinet of which he is a member. Unless, therefore, the nation disapproves of the policy of the Government as a whole, and consequently desires its removal, it has no means of fixing responsibility upon any individual Minister. The result we know. We know that Lord Lansdowne ignored the advice of Lord Wolseley, and of the disastrous consequences of his action; we know that Mr. Brodrick declined to follow the advice of Lord Roberts, and of the result of his experiments in Army organisation; we cannot but suppose that Mr. Arnold Forster prefers to override the opinions of the Army Council, since his policy is quite opposed to the suggestions, as recorded by Royal Commission, of the distinguished officers who sit on that Council. We are all perfectly aware that no civilian, whose profession is politics, can possibly be competent to manage an army. Yet there is no question at all, scarce even a suggestion, that a Minister should be held personally responsible for the right performance of his duties. I am not to be understood as proposing impeachment, or anything disagreeable. I am merely stating the plain fact. How, indeed, can a people that has bought relief from civic duty—though it may have been justified in so doing—enforce responsibility to itself? Responsibility, the notion of civic duty, is a thing it has partly lost. How should the governing class not lose it also?

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Here is a commentary on the present posture of affairs. Lord Kitchener, in India, demands, what every capable soldier and every serious student of war and policy has always demanded, the right of the Commander-in-Chief to the supreme executive power. Lord Curzon objects. But Mr. Brodrick, whilome Secretary of State for War, admits the justice of Lord Kitchener's demand—which, after all, is pathetically modest; for a great soldier and administrator is only asking to be allowed to do his work properly. And at the same time, Mr. Arnold Forster at home is attempting to administer the Army without a Commander-in-Chief at all, and under the powers of an Order in Council which secures to him absolute autocracy over his professional advisers on the Board, which is called the Army Council, Here are two members of the same Cabinet acting on precisely opposite principles with regard to the same matter; yet a vote of censure directed at either would involve the fall of the Government.

As an instructive commentary on the whole matter, we have Mr. Balfour announcing that an invasion of these islands is impossible. I make no comment on that extraordinary assertion, other than to observe that, as it directly contradicts almost the whole body of expressed professional opinion, it furnishes a remarkable instance of extreme and ultimate irresponsibility.

The principle, in fact, of which we have been in search, the principle the understanding of which should serve to guide us towards a right working comprehension of our personal relation to the whole matter, this principle may be expressed in a word—Responsibility. We may be perfectly justified—or we may not—in paying others to fight for us; but, we cannot thereby transfer responsibility. If we cannot bear arms, we can at least ensure that those who do, are adequately paid and rightly organised; that the system of administration which the greatest authorities advocate (with an admirable patience) is established; and that, finally, if a man, whether he

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be a private soldier or a Minister of the Crown, has a duty to perform, that he performs it rightly, under what penalties soever may be requisite.

I have but ventured to indicate what I conceive to be the first step upon the right road. To follow that road may take us long and far—a far way from where we are halting now, irresolute; but we are to consider the end, rather than the journey. We must either go forward, or go back; and if we go not forward, one sometimes thinks that the place to which we shall return is named the city of Destruction.

The same idea is, perhaps, present in the mind of one who has earned and won the respect and affection of the nation and of the Army alike. I mean Earl Roberts, V.C. In the face of Mr. Balfour's amazing pronouncement, the veteran soldier stands suppliant, asking humbly and gently for—what! For a pitiful hundred thousand pounds with which to buy rifles and to rent little ranges that will not encroach upon vested interests. And for what purpose? If invasion of these islands be impossible, clearly for none. But Lord Roberts, believing that the nation should be prepared, conceives it his duty to ask for what he may reasonably expect to get. The inexpressible significance of the terms of that request has apparently passed unregarded. It may however be suggested in a mathematical formula. As a hundred thousand pounds is to the national income, so is the deliberate estimate of a tried and time-honoured servant of the Crown of the value of the sense of responsibility, the ideal of civic duty, to the sum of the population of the British Isles.

L. Cope Cornford.

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SOME OF MY VISITORS[1]

BY THE LATE PROF. F. MAX MULLER

MOST authors, unless they are very easily satisfied, would, I believe, be very willing to admit that the best time for writing a book has come when the book is finished, printed, and published. It is too late then, and all that can be done is to wait for a second edition, if it ever comes.

Ever so many things emerge from the memory when it is too late, ever so many notes turn up from various note-books which all had a right to be inserted. Some of these seem really essential to make an argument quite clear and clinching, and to prevent those more or less wilful misunderstandings, without which the office of the critic or the reviewer would indeed be difficult or impossible.

A man who writes, writes generally for himself, and takes certain things for known and granted, which, therefore, he need not mention again, while the critic naturally tries to make out that the author ought to have mentioned everything at once, even though he may have fully discussed the main subject on former occasions. An author should certainly read his book as strangers read it. He would then see how much might have been added, how much might have been more fully explained, or slightly modified, in order to prevent many of those cheap objections which delight the hearts of many reviewers.

No wonder, therefore, that in looking over the pages of my

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"Reminiscences," published some years ago under the title of "Auld Lang Syne,"[1] I should often have said to myself, "What a pity! I ought to have mentioned this or that; I might have guarded against any possible misapprehension by simply putting in a word or two to qualify a too general statement, but I thought that everybody would understand what I really meant."

What the French in their telling way call the *esprit au bas de l'escalier*, comes to every author, I believe, even if he has waited the Horatian nine years before publishing his manuscript. Who does not remember those thoughts, those clever or pretty sayings, which crowd in upon us at the foot of the staircase, that is, when an interview is over, or when a book is printed, while the best things which we ought to have said have remained unsaid? We cannot run back and say what we wish we had said, nor can we print an appendix to a volume and give in a supplement all that would have made our meaning so much more clear or more impressive.

In the second volume of my "Reminiscences" I spoke chiefly of my Italian friends; but now, when looking over that volume, I see how many of my Indian and Eastern friends were left out, because they did not present themselves to my memory at the time, or, it may be, because I was afraid they would not interest my readers as much as they once interested me.

I have had constantly at Oxford people not only from India, but from China, Persia, Japan, from Central Africa, even Red Indians from North America, such as the last of the Blackfoot tribe, who came to me, fortunately with an interpreter, to discuss any problem, religious or political, which interested them, and on which I was, often very wrongly, supposed to be able to throw some new light.

I often pitied those Eastern visitors when they came from the railroad station in their native attire, or in something

[1] "Auld Lang Syne." Vols. i. and ii. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1898.

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resembling it, as far as that was safe. I remember a Mohawk, who came in his paint and feathers, though he had prudently thrown a cloak over his native costume. Some of the Indian Rajahs and Maharajahs came to me in shooting jackets and billycock hats, switching their riding-whips with all the nonchalance of a true undergraduate, and with no more of darkness in their skin than would have suited an Italian or Spaniard, No one would have taken them for exotic products.

Others, however, come in their native costume, splendidly draped in costly shawls, with turbans and jewels that make one's mouth water. They generally are wise enough to drive from the railway station, and the little street-boys can only shout when they see them step in and out of their carriages or when they leave my house again.

Woe to the poor Oriental who does not know these boys nor the many curious loungers of our streets. With all their Oriental dignity and repose, they cannot always help being annoyed by their admirers. I remember so well a Chinese gentleman, evidently of the highest rank, with a splendid tail hanging down from his head, and clad in the most gorgeous purple brocade, who called on me, having walked the whole way from the station to my house in his thin slippers. Of course he was the object of a perfect ovation on the part of the Oxford gamins, though he seemed hardly to notice the crowd that followed him.

Fortunately he brought an interpreter with him, and soon began to explain to me the object of his call, namely, the elaboration of a universal language. To no one does such an idea seem more natural and feasible than to a man who speaks and thinks in Chinese. I was perfectly amazed at his clear perception of the difficulties of such an undertaking, and at the truly philosophical spirit in which he had approached the problem. It was a real pleasure to listen to such thoughts on the nature of language as he uttered through his interpreter, evidently sometimes very impatient with him for not always seizing his thoughts or giving them their right and accurate

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expression, though I doubt whether many of our own philosophers could have seized and followed them.

His familiarity with the Chinese language and the Chinese system of writing gave him no doubt a great advantage, because that language, with its peculiar system of half-pictographic and half-classified writing, might well suggest the idea and the possibility of a universal language. And yet a Chinese from Canton would hardly understand a Mandarin from Nanking, because they each pronounce the same written signs so differently. If an Englishman and a German saw in an astronomical work the signs ☉ ● ⊕, they would know at once that they meant sun, moon, and earth. But the German would pronounce it *Sonne, Mond,* and *Erde;* the Englishman, *sun, moon,* and *earth.* That is the difference in the pronunciation of Chinese writing, in the south and north of that country.

Again, a Frenchman who saw the Chinese signs or words ☉ 月 口 犬 would say at once, *soleil, lune, montagne,* and *chien,* but the Englishman would read, *sun, moon, mountain,* and *dog.* When an Englishman pronounces 899 as *eight hundred and ninety-nine,* a German would read *achthundert neun und neunzig,* but both would understand just the same thing. However, this subject, though it is very clear and simple, would carry us too far at present, and I can only say that I shall not easily forget the intelligent sharp eyes of my Chinese visitor when he perceived that I understood what he meant, and when he began to see the difficulties also which I pointed out to him in his great undertaking, difficulties which had frightened even Leibnitz, and made him say that he would want the help of several academies to enable him to carry out his scheme of a universal language.

An equally startling visitor was a Buddhist monk that came to visit me at Oxford. He was a splendid-looking man, tall, strong and very handsome, nay beautiful. He wore an unspotted yellow silk dress, that fell like a Greek tunic from his shoulders to his feet. His face had all the Greek nobility, but

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suffused and softened by true Buddhist kindness. He might have sat for a statue of Buddha himself, and certainly have looked better than most Buddhist statues.

In the streets from the railway to my house all the urchins of Oxford, boys and girls and grown-up people also, followed him, as if he had been the Pied Piper of Hamelin. But his benevolent smile never forsook him, and at last he turned round in the street, and said to his small persecutors,

"Now, my children, if you will be quiet, I shall tell you a story."

And he began to tell them the story of a boy who always tortured and killed flies, and at last was punished by a wasp stinging him on his nose. He then asked them, "Will you promise me never to torture or kill a fly?" and some of them gave him their hands as a promise that they would never kill any living thing again.

This was his Buddhist sermon at Oxford; it was preached very near St. Mary's, and may have done as much practical good as many of the academic sermons preached in that church.

I walked home with my guest, and, after he had settled down in my study, he began to explain his work to me. Of course I was not so inhospitable as not to ask him to have luncheon first, but there was hardly anything he would touch. Wine he had forsworn once for all, but there was hardly anything that had not had life in it, whether fish, fowl, or meat, and all that was taboo. Not even eggs or milk found favour in his sight, and yet, with his scant meal of vegetables, he looked stronger and rounder than many of the young men of Oxford.

He had been engaged for some time in preaching more correct views about Buddhism in Ceylon and India. He had also been actively engaged in rescuing a temple of Buddha's, the Mahâbotho temple, from the Hindus, who had bought it and, who, for a long time, had prevented the Buddhists from worshipping their great saint within the

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walls of his own temple. He carried on his propaganda, or rather his reformation, chiefly by sermons as a travelling Buddhist friar, by leaflets and pictures. Of these pictures he gave me one which I have had copied here, and which, even in spite of the Sanskrit verse beneath it, certainly requires interpretation. It says: "The happiness in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures is very small, smaller even than a mustard seed; but the misery of men is very great, as may be seen from (the picture of) the drops of honey and the man."

My friend was not a little surprised when I, as a mere outsider, recognised at once a well-known Buddhist parable in this picture. We see a tree and an elephant trying to uproot it. One of its branches is bent down and a man clings to it, evidently anxious not to be drowned in a well beneath him. If we could see farther down in the well, we should see at the bottom a dragon, ready to swallow the man. We can see on each side of the well serpents peeping forth ready to bite him and kill him. The branch to which he clings is being gnawed by two mice, black and white (night and day) while the man himself, neglectful of all these surrounding dangers, keeps his mouth open, eager to catch some drops of the honey that fall down from the tree.

A Buddhist preacher stands by the side of the well, and what does he teach? He says that the tree is the world, the branch the thread of life clasped by a man who does not see the dragon or the serpents or the mice or the elephant, and thus is sure to perish, unless he can be torn away from the drops of honey, and labour for his own salvation like the Buddhist monk that comes to preach to him.

But how did I know this parable? It does not, as far as I remember, occur in any Sanskrit work, but yet I have little doubt that it had its origin on Indian soil, and was carried to Europe through that well-known channel in which stories current in India from time immemorial had been collected and carried on from stage to stage, from translation to translation, from India to Europe. These stories had been largely used by

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the Buddhists in their endeavours to teach the lower classes of the people, and had therefore been mixed up with many of the ideas peculiarly Buddhistic.

The collection known to us under the name of *Panchatantra* became very popular, and finally by means of well-known translations, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek and Latin, reached the principal countries of the East and also of the West. The earliest collection of the fables and parables was no doubt made in Sanskrit, but of that collection we possess at present an abbreviated text only the *Panchatantra* or *Pentamerone*, of which another abridgment has reached us as the *Hitopadesha* or Wise Counsel.

I cannot here explain all the stations through which the original and perfect text of the *Panchatantra* reached Persia, Syria, and last, Europe also. A full account may be found in my collected works, "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. iv., p. 440. At present I can only say that this book of Indian fables became known to the King of Persia, Khusrau Nushirvan (531–579 A.D.), who had it translated into Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia, while the Chalif Al-Mansur (754–775 A.D.) had it rendered into Arabic. That translation was again turned into modern Persian (914), Greek (1080), Hebrew (1250), and Latin (1263–78), and afterwards into all the languages of Europe—Italian, German, French, &c., till it fell into the hands of La Fontaine, many of whose charming *fabliaux* are taken directly from that source.

Of course, in their progress from India to Europe many changes took place. Even in India itself every narrator felt himself at liberty to vary his story. Thus the Abbé Dubois in his "Mœurs, Institutions et Cérémonies des Peuples de l'Inde," 1848, tells what is evidently our story such as he often heard it in the South of India:[1]

A traveller, having missed his way, was overtaken by darkness in the midst of a dense forest. In fear of wild beasts, he decided that the only means

[1] "Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies." Vol. ii. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois. Translated by Henry K. Beauchamp. Oxford: 1897.

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of escaping them would be to spend the night in the branches of one of the largest trees which he could find. He therefore climbed into a tree, and without further thought of the dangers which might befall him, fell fast asleep, and awoke only when the rays of the morning sun warned him that it was time to continue his journey.

As he was preparing to descend, he cast his eyes downwards, and espied at the foot of the tree a huge tiger, eagerly and impatiently watching, as it were, for its prey. Struck with terror at the sight of the beast, the traveller remained for a while transfixed to the spot where he sat. At length, recovering himself a little, and looking all round him, he observed that near the tree on which he sat were many others, with their branches so interlaced that he could easily pass from one to another, and thus escape the danger which threatened him below.

He was on the point of making his escape in this way, when, raising his eyes, he saw a huge snake hanging to the branch immediately over him, with its head nearly touching his own. The snake was apparently fast asleep, but the slightest noise might rouse it. At the sight of this twofold danger to which he found himself exposed, the poor traveller lost all courage. His mind wandered, his trembling limbs could hardly support him, and he was on the point of falling into the clutches of the tiger which was watching for him below. Chilled with fright, he remained motionless in fear of the cruel death that awaited him, expecting every moment to be his last.

The unfortunate man, however, having somewhat recovered his senses, once more raised his eyes, and perceived, on one of the topmost branches of the tree, a honeycomb, from which sweet drops of honey were trickling down at his side. Thereupon he stretched forward his head, opened his mouth, and put out his tongue, to catch the drops of honey as they fell, and in this delicious enjoyment he thought no more of the awful dangers which surrounded him.

The Abbé Dubois, the famous missionary in the South of India, calls this and similar stories "shepherd stories," which shows that they existed not only in books, written in the Southern dialects, such as Tamil, Telegu, or Kanarese, but that they were freely repeated by shepherds and similar people. Thus it happened that they were modified in various ways, as we see even if we compare the parable presupposed by our picture and the shepherd story preserved by Dubois. Still greater variations appear when we read the Arabic, Hebrew, Latin, German, Spanish, and Italian versions of the old collection of fables first translated from Sanskrit for the benefit of Khusrau Nushirvan, who was King of Persia from 531 to 579

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A.D. At that time, therefore, we may be certain that the original Sanskrit collection of these stories had long been finished.

Of course, this one collection, or this one great channel of stories, running from India to Italy, France and England, does not contain all the popular stories of the countries through which it passed. But it forms one large artificial channel which explains the presence of a large body of stories in the literature of all the countries. The discovery of this channel and its various ramifications, though it had long been suspected, was ultimately proved by the late Professor Benfey, of Göttingen, and his work called "Panchatantra," 1859, was indeed, as it is called in Germany, a *bahnbrechende—i.e.*, way-breaking—work which has given a firm foundation and properly-defined limits to what is now called the science of folk-lore. Let no one dabble in folk-lore who has not read and mastered this book.

There is plenty of unknown land still to be explored by the student of folk-lore, but there is one plot cultivated like a garden, namely, the cycle of stories collected in India at least before the sixth century B.C., and known in Europe as the "Fables of the Sago Pilpay or Bidpai," well known to most of us in the *Fabliaux* of La Fontaine.

The last I heard of my Buddhist friend Dharmapâla was in a Japanese journal, the *Orient*, vol. xiv., No. 10, p. 89. Here it is said that the Anagarika, that is, the homeless Dharmapâla, left Calcutta for Madras to begin the work of a Buddhist propaganda in Southern India.

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NELSON AND THE TRAFALGAR CENTENARY

"ENGLAND," says Southey, "has had many heroes; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow countrymen as Nelson." He is altogether a hero after Britain's own heart. Neither the lapse of a century, nor the modern critical spirit, powerful solvents of popular hero-worship, have affected the pride and love that the nation has always felt for the victor of Trafalgar. His achievements were the most brilliant and complete ever known in naval war; he saved England from all possibility of invasion; he won for her the undisputed dominion of the seas; he enabled her to come to the rescue of prostrate Europe; and to his exploits she owed that position which has given her the means of developing for herself the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. But the spell which he still exercises upon the imagination of his country is due even more to what he was than to what he did. He was endowed in greater measure than any other English hero with that quality of personal magnetism, that power of attraction, which endures even after the death of its possessor, and which existed in so pre-eminent a degree in the great Napoleon. The charm he exercised over his captains and his seamen is well known. How he affected the nation at large is best seen in those crowds, kneeling with arms outstretched towards him on Southsea beach, on that memorable September morning when he bade England his last farewell. His eager,

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ardent, restless, impulsive nature, his audacious and vehement spirit, his enthusiastic love for his country, his pride and belief in her greatness, form a combination of qualities irresistible in its attraction for his countrymen, all the more that it is not the precise combination generally regarded as typical of the race. Of his military genius it is hardly necessary to speak. Grand in conception, bold in design, swift in penetration to the point of intuition, instant in decision, terrible in action, he was beyond all contradiction the greatest naval warrior the world has ever known. The nation is well warranted in discerning in him the sum of all that is greatest in her maritime history. Sea power is England's passion, and is indeed the first condition of her existence as an Empire or as a great nation ; and Nelson is, in Captain Mahan's phrase, the embodiment of England's sea-power. It is congruous therefore that he should be beyond all others, what Southey called him, the hero, the darling hero of England.

Nelson, unlike most great and successful men of action, owed singularly little to good fortune. It may indeed be true that the man of talent is he who has the wit to use his opportunity when it comes, while the man of genius creates his opportunity for himself. Still most of the world's greatest men of action have now and then owed something to fortune's kindness. Napoleon's belief in his star was due to his perception of this in his own case. Wellington, deservedly no doubt, but none the less certainly, was generously treated by fate both in Spain and Belgium. Marlborough experienced few of fortune's frowns in his great campaigns, and Cromwell too made proof of her favours. Certainly these, and most men of conspicuous genius, met during their career with dangers, difficulties and obstacles insurmountable by lesser men. But having been tried and found worthy they received unexpected largesse from fortune's hands. Nelson, like Columbus, found to the end of his career that if he would attain success he must command it. Deserve it as they might, both the world's greatest naval captain and the world's greatest mariner found that it would

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evade them if it could. Columbus indeed had to suffer to the end the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Nelson for once was favoured at the close of his days. Life could hardly have held much for him in the future had he survived Trafalgar. Truly he was "felix opportunitate mortis"; and as Southey, his most eloquent though not his most useful biographer, says: "If the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory."

It is, however, remarkable how persistent was his ill-luck even in those three great campaigns which he carried to so triumphant an issue—those of the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. In 1798 he was placed in command of the fleet in the Mediterranean that was to ascertain the object of the expedition fitting out at Toulon under Napoleon, and at all costs to defeat it. Its destination had been kept secret except that it had designs upon Malta. Nelson, who possessed an insight into political and strategic combinations not inferior to that of Napoleon himself, quickly discerned that Egypt was Bonaparte's real objective. For Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Before this his frigates had become separated from him during a severe storm in the Lion's Gulf, and had been unable to find and rejoin him. Owing to this misfortune he had no means of obtaining information. Though within an ace of crossing the French armament he missed it, outsailed it to Alexandria, where he found all safe, and no account of the French, set sail again for Europe and again missed the enemy, and returned unsuccessful to Sicily. Had the telegraph been invented then there can be little doubt that he would have been superseded. His sagacity, insight, and rapidity of movement had, together with the loss of his frigates, been strangely enough the cause of his want of success. But he was as ready to fight fortune as the enemy. He waited neither for further orders nor for more definite information, but as soon as he was refitted he hurried once more to the East; found his suspicions as to the enemy's destination confirmed, and

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finally annihilated the French fleet in Aboukir Bay. It was not a victory, as he said, but a conquest.

In the Copenhagen expedition it was not so much ill-luck in the ordinary sense of the term of which he had to complain, as the extraordinary fatuity of the Government, which gave the command to Sir Hyde Parker, and placed Nelson in the position of a subordinate. It was a real misfortune both to the country and to Nelson, who would undoubtedly have obtained an even more overwhelming victory at less cost in men, money and damage, had he been able to work his will. The stranding of no less than a quarter of his fleet before a gun was fired at Copenhagen, which handicapped him so severely in the action, was an additional mishap, and, as Dr. Fitchett observes, spoiled Nelson's exquisitely perfect tactics. Considering the checks and disasters which he had to face throughout this expedition, the victory of Copenhagen is a greater monument to his overpowering genius than the Nile or Trafalgar.

During his last and most memorable campaign he experienced once more the most cruel mortifications. The escape of Villeneuve at the end of March 1805, after the two years' blockade—or rather observation—was indeed invited by Nelson, whose great desire was to destroy him on the high seas. But Nelson missed him, and he vanished into space. Sir John Orde, who commanded independently at Cadiz, could but did not afford Nelson valuable information. Winds were contrary, "dead foul," he plaintively said. When at last he finally sailed for the West Indies the French commander was more than a month in advance. Nevertheless he was almost within Nelson's grasp, when false information, which seemed so authoritative that he could not possibly ignore it, wrested the opportunity from him. On the return voyage to Europe he outsailed his adversary and got back first; but it was reserved for Sir Robert Calder to encounter, though not with the "Nelson touch," the much-hunted allied fleet. After such unparalleled efforts and such unbroken disappointments he was owed the counterpoise of Trafalgar.

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In the career of Nelson and its results may most fruitfully be studied the meaning and value of sea-power. The paramount importance of the Navy to secure us from invasion and to protect our commerce has of course long been understood by the country. It is only within the past generation that we have begun to understand the more abstract view of sea-power as a fundamental principle of national growth and expansion and of a vigorous national life. We have learned something of it by precept from such writers as Captain Mahan and Professor Seeley; and by example from the growth of Germany as a naval power, from the incidents of the Spanish-American war, and notably during the last eighteen months from the war between Russia and Japan. These things have made the doctrine of sea-power "current coin"; the doctrine, that is, of sea-power as a principle, not merely an accident of our insular position, to which other nations need pay little attention. But though we may have been somewhat lacking in our appreciation of the theory of the question, there have been times when the country showed considerable understanding of it in practice, and some of its rulers displayed real insight into the principle involved. The Elizabethan age, though it produced many men of great nautical and naval enterprise, is disappointing in this respect. Cromwell, however, regarded a strong navy from a far higher point of view than as a mere first line of defence—a matter of less importance in his day, when foreign armies were comparatively small, expeditions difficult, and the most terrible fighting force in existence was the Puritan army of England. King James II. too, in his appreciation of the importance of this question, was, like Cromwell, far in advance of his day. It is a matter for poignant regret that this monarch, instead of devoting his energies to the development of England's sea-power and maritime commerce,—a sphere in which he was admirably qualified to shine, in which he might have rendered his people incalculable services—should have made such miserable shipwreck of himself over the royal prerogative and

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the religious question—delicate subjects both—in the handling whereof he displayed appalling incompetence and more than Stuart wrong-headedness. Near the end of the eighteenth century it is a question if the French did not show a better appreciation of the importance of sea-power than ourselves. Louis XVI., as is well known, paid great attention to his navy, and during the war from 1778 to 1783 his fleets fully upheld the honour of the French flag, and contended on equal terms with our own. D'Estaing, D'Orvilliers, Guichen, and De Grasse (despite his defeat by Rodney) proved themselves worthy antagonists of our best commanders; while De Suffren was a naval leader of whom Britain herself might well have been proud. Louis XVI. left the question of maritime supremacy undecided. He bequeathed to his sanguinary successors a fleet which could vie with that of Great Britain, manned by first-rate seamen and commanded by efficient and intrepid officers. The Republic was totally incapable of using this weapon, nor did it in the least understand the maritime question. The result was that in a very few years the supremacy went decidedly to Britain. Napoleon thoroughly appreciated the paramount importance of sea-power: no ruler ever understood it better than he. Great though his ambitions were in Europe, they extended far beyond it. He designed a World-power grander and more commanding than that of Charles V., which should make him the unquestioned arbiter of all the earth. But an Empire on which the sun never set was possible only for the mistress of the seas. A dual control of the sea, such as Louis XVI. may be said to have possessed with Great Britain twenty years before, was quite inadequate for the attainment of his ends. He must be supreme. But Britain blocked the way. "Delenda est Britannia" therefore became the fixed purpose of his life. Only so could the absolute command of the ocean, so essential both for the accomplishment and maintenance of his vast designs, be transferred from her hands to his own. The Republic, however, had dissipated the fine naval force

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which it inherited from the monarchy. Napoleon might build and equip great fleets, but he was well aware that the *personnel* of his navies was and must be for a considerable time inferior to that of the navy of Great Britain. No one knew better than that most wonderful man that "it is the man behind the gun that counts." There was little prospect therefore that his fleets alone would drive the flag of Britain from the ocean. The only means of attaining the desire of his heart was to strike at the vitals of his adversary, and to destroy by one overwhelming blow both her national greatness and her maritime supremacy. This was the meaning of his remarkable design for the invasion of England. It was no wild nor hare-brained project, the absurd threat of a reckless adventurer. It was really the only road at that time open to him for the achievement of the great object of his life. Daring and hazardous as was his plan, it was by no means impossible of accomplishment. In point of fact, despite the scorn which some writers have cast upon it, the expedition in all its details was planned with incomparable skill. The difficulty was to transport an invading army across the Channel to the shores of this country at the very time when she possessed the undisputed command of the sea, and to wrench from her that maritime supremacy by conquering her at home. He applied his own first principles of strategy to the problem, which were simply this—to acquire by skill in combination an absolute superiority at the point of attack, albeit inferior on the whole in power and numbers to the enemy. His combinations were directed to this end, to secure the complete control of the Channel for the space of time necessary for transporting the invading army, although the control of all the seas was in the possession of his adversary. Dr. Fitchett, in his excellent work "How England saved Europe," remarks (vol. iii. p. 168) that "St. Vincent and Barham at the Admiralty, Nelson and Cornwallis and Collingwood off Toulon and Brest and Cadiz, somehow read Napoleon's profoundest combinations," and "out-planned and out-manœuvred as well as out-fought" him.

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This, however, is not correct. Not a soul at that time penetrated his real design—Collingwood apparently came nearest to do so, but he too was deceived by Napoleon. The great scheme was frustrated by Nelson; who, without fathoming the precise intentions of the French Emperor, applied to the occasion with an energy, vigour and skill unexampled in naval war, those first principles of maritime strategy which he more thoroughly understood and more brilliantly made proof of than any naval commander known to history.

After fourteen months of peace, or, to speak more truly, of breathing space, following the Treaty of Amiens, the war between the two irreconcilable Powers broke out again in May 1803. Napoleon at once resumed the design of invading England, towards which he had made some preparations at the close of the previous war. Nelson was in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and proceeded at once to contain the French Fleet at Toulon, while Cornwallis sealed up that at Brest. These blockades lasted for two years, during which time Napoleon was collecting his immense flotilla in Boulogne and the neighbouring harbours for the purpose of transporting 150,000 men to the coast of Kent or Sussex. Nelson was of opinion that the Mediterranean would be the chief seat of operations. He doubted the reality of the designs of invasion, realising, as he did, its enormous difficulties while England was in command of the sea. Moreover, he saw that French policy normally must be to control the Mediterranean and thus secure the domination of the Continent. Nelson had not forgotten the Egyptian expedition, nor its significance; nor had he overlooked the fact that the disputes over the British occupation of Malta had been the immediate cause of the renewal of the war. He was right. Napoleon unquestionably designed the extension of France's dominion round the great inland sea, and his policy and action after Trafalgar justified Nelson's estimate. The chief preoccupations of Nelson during the two-and-twenty months of his service in the Lion's Gulf

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were to watch the Toulon fleet, giving it also every opportunity to emerge that he might destroy it once and for all, to guard and secure the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and to keep the Government at home alive to the great importance to Great Britain in the Mediterranean of the independence and security of these two Kingdoms.

Meanwhile Napoleon was maturing his plans for the invasion of England. His first plan was to assemble 20,000 troops at Brest and allow it to leak out that Ireland—England's weak point—was their destination. While Cornwallis's attention was exclusively directed to this expedition, La Touche Tréville was to break out of Toulon, and playing upon Nelson's belief that the Morea, Egypt, or some point in the Eastern Mediterranean was his objective, to decoy him in that direction, run back through the Straits of Gibraltar and northward along the Spanish coast, release the Rochefort squadron from the English blockade, and make for the Channel with sixteen ships of the line, while Gantheaume was keeping Cornwallis occupied at Brest. With La Touche Tréville commanding the Channel on the one side, and the Dutch squadron from the Texel protecting him on the other, Napoleon would then be able to convey his invading army, secure from British attack, across to the shores of Kent, and the invasion would be accomplished.

Napoleon never intended to attempt the transport of his troops convoyed only by gun-boats, floating batteries, and innumerable other improvised vessels, as Dr. Fitchett supposes. He understood the impossibility of that as thoroughly as any one. He intended England to think that was his plan; that was part of the scheme. It is no small testimony to the ability he displayed in this design, and the skill with which his real intentions were concealed, that even now it should still be supposed that he entertained the idea of attempting the invasion of England without the temporary control of the Channel by a French fleet. The plan was to be carried into execution only six months after the renewal of the war, and

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very shortly after the expedition was prepared to start. The combination was clearly in his mind from the beginning, but he took the greatest precautions to give no indication of it, but rather to mislead his opponents; and in this he certainly succeeded. The vigilance of Nelson, followed by the death of La Touche Tréville, rendered this plan abortive. Napoleon now varied his combination. Gantheaume was to break out from Brest with twenty ships of the line, convoying an army of 20,000 men; and, evading Cornwallis, land the troops in the north of Ireland. Meanwhile the Toulon squadron was to escape from its harbour, evade Nelson in the same way as in the original scheme, release the Rochefort ships, and make for the West Indies. At least thirty British ships of the line, he calculated, would be despatched to protect the British possessions there. Napoleon, like Nelson himself, understood the importance of the West Indies to the financial stability of Great Britain, and how sensitive the nation would be to an attack in those regions. Thus Nelson's fleet and that of Cornwallis also, or the greater part of it, would be disposed of. Gantheaume would then descend from Ireland upon the Channel, where for a short time there would be no force capable of opposing him, and Napoleon would cross in safety to the English coast.

Before Gantheaume could perform his part of the contract Spain joined forces with Napoleon, and her ships of war at Cadiz and Ferrol were placed at the French Emperor's disposal. He had now no less than seventy ships of the line to assist in the great undertaking, and his combinations underwent further development. The Toulon and Rochefort fleets were now to break out first, the former to release the Spanish ships which were being blockaded by Sir John Orde at Cadiz, and to sail for the West Indies, where they would meet. They were there to await the Brest fleet under Gantheaume; and the British fleet under Nelson, strengthened by the whole of Cornwallis squadron, would, so Napoleon thought, pursue them there. They were then to return, pick up the Ferrol squadron

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and with fifty ships of the line to appear in the Channel, of which they would for a time have the absolute command, while the British fleet was far off in the Atlantic. The great armament under Napoleon could then be landed, securely protected in its passage, on the English shores, and the great design so far be accomplished. Captain Mahan is well warranted in remarking that "the immense strategy which resulted in Trafalgar was framed upon lines equal both in boldness and scope to those of the Marengo and Austerlitz campaigns." It was within an ace of success; and had Villeneuve possessed the skill and vigour of several of his illustrious predecessors in the French marine a quarter of a century before, there is very little doubt that Napoleon would have landed his great army in this country. The probable results of such an invasion are a different question.

On January 18, 1805, Villeneuve put to sea, but strong gales compelled him to put back in a more or less damaged condition. Nelson, on receipt of the welcome intelligence, cleared for action; but the bad weather that had driven back the French admiral baffled Nelson in his pursuit of information concerning him. It seemed clear that the expedition had gone somewhere; and finding that neither Sardinia, Naples, nor Sicily was their object, he hurried to Egypt. Of course he found no signs of them there, and returned to the West, where he learned that the French were back in their old quarters at Toulon. This dash to Egypt has been much criticised, but was perfectly justified. The French had, it appeared, made for some place or other: the bad weather had prevented him from intercepting them: before all things he must regain touch with them. That surely is of the essence of the doctrine of "the fleet in being." He could not hang about waiting, like a naval Micawber, for something to turn up. He could not tell that the enemy had put back to Toulon in a shattered condition. Had the idea crossed his mind, it would hardly have altered his views. The conjecture might be true, but even so it would take the French some time

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to refit, and Nelson's temporary absence would matter nothing. To ascertain the fact would be to lose precious time. He could not wait on the chance, while possibly they were working their will elsewhere. They had not at any rate gone West. Nor, as we have seen, were Sardinia, Sicily, or Naples their object. There only remained the East—in itself a very probable destination in any case—and in default of other information it behoved him to make sure. It was one of his innumerable disappointments, but the principle on which he acted was thoroughly sound, and he was amply warranted in telling the Admiralty that "at this moment of sorrow I still feel that I have acted right." He returned to find that things had reverted to their former position. One thing, however, he knew, and that was that Villeneuve was anxious to be off. Still thinking that the Mediterranean was the objective Nelson made the round off Toulon and Barcelona to induce Villeneuve to believe he was to the West, "when I have every reason to believe," he remarks, "that they will put to sea."

On March 30 Villeneuve again set out. He sailed South, until he shook off Nelson's cruisers, and then keeping a Westerly course, the wind in his favour, passed through the Straits, released the Spanish ships from Orde's blockade at Cadiz, and vanished over the western horizon. He arrived at Martinique on May 14, where, according to instructions, he was to stay until June 28, by which time he was to be joined by the Brest and Rochefort squadrons. By this time the British fleet would have been enticed across the Atlantic to repel the threatened attack, while Villeneuve was to return, release the remainder of the blockaded squadrons, and appear with an overwhelming force in the Channel, while the British were many days' sail away.

It was not until April 4 that Nelson learned the news of Villeneuve's escape. He was then off Majorca, while Villeneuve was, unknown to him, close to the Straits. He occupied several days in making sure that the French had not gone to Egypt. Fortune was now most unkind to him. Orde,

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who might have saved him time of incalculable value, neglected to send him information. The winds which had so favoured Villeneuve turned against him; he had to fight every inch of his way to Gibraltar against furious westerly gales; and it was not until May 11, three days before the French fleet arrived at their rendezvous, that he left Lagos, and hurried across the Atlantic with his sorely battered ships in that memorable pursuit of a fleet double in force of his own.

Captain Mahan has amply vindicated Nelson from the charge of being decoyed to the West Indies. It was of paramount importance that touch with Villeneuve should be regained. On no conceivable principle could he be allowed to roam the ocean at his pleasure, with the power of attacking any and every weak point left unguarded. As long as he was at large with a powerful fleet, accompanied also by an effective land force embarked with him, England did not possess the control of the sea. Even if the attack upon the West Indies was only a feint, still a feigned assault often develops into a real and effective one if circumstances are in its favour. Moreover a vigorous attack upon her West Indian possessions would bring Great Britain to the verge of commercial ruin. As Nelson observed, "the islands would fall, and England would be so clamorous for peace that we should humble ourselves to obtain it." In point of fact a real attack upon the British West Indies simultaneously with his own invasion of England was at one time Napoleon's own design. Although Nelson did not penetrate the daring strategy of Napoleon, it was his vigorous application of first principles that ultimately rendered it abortive. The fierce and desperate dash across the Atlantic was, in the last resort, the stroke that preserved this country from the horrors of invasion.

On June 4 Nelson arrived at Barbadoes, and on the same day Villeneuve stood out northward from Martinique. The fleets were almost in touch. Here misfortune again beset Nelson. He received information from General Brereton in

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command at St. Lucia that the French had sailed to attack Tobago and Trinidad. The information seemed too circumstantial to be ignored, and Nelson, against all his instincts and his better judgment, steered in precisely the opposite direction to that in which the French fleet lay. Accident confirmed Brereton's erroneous information. The great admiral, with sad misgivings, adopted the only course open to a commander under the circumstances, and thus missed the opportunity for which he had struggled so hard. On June 9 he learned for certain that Villeneuve had left the West Indies and was apparently homeward bound. The arrival of Nelson had in fact determined the French admiral not to wait at Martinique until the time prescribed, and he was now in full flight for Europe, a day or two in advance of the British fleet. Nelson at once realised that there was some ulterior combination which must energetically be met, and he once more took a step which ultimately caused the overthrow of the schemes of Napoleon. The *Curieux* brig was despatched, with the most urgent orders to make all possible speed, to warn the British Government of the return of the French fleet to European waters and of the mischief that might result. Outstripping the French fleet she arrived in England on July 8, more than a fortnight ahead, and by this one stroke all present danger was averted. The Admiralty acted upon the information with an energy for which Napoleon did not give it credit. Sir Robert Calder was sent with fifteen ships of the line to intercept Villeneuve, and on July 22 he fell in with him some hundred and fifty miles west of Finisterre. Calder was not a man to rise to the occasion. He fought an action in which the advantage was on his side, for he captured a couple of Spanish ships; and after a few somewhat irresolute manœuvres on the next day he withdrew northward, leaving Villeneuve free to enter Vigo. Calder had thus averted the danger for the present, but had not destroyed Napoleon's combinations. Villeneuve picked up the Ferrol squadron, and after some days of inaction put to sea. Cornwallis afforded him a final opportunity of carrying

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out Napoleon's great design by sending half his fleet under Calder to pursue him. Had a de Suffren instead of a Villeneuve been in command Napoleon might have had his temporary command of the Channel. But Cornwallis still had a fleet that appeared a formidable obstacle to the less enterprising Villeneuve, and finally on August 16 he turned back and made for Cadiz, and Napoleon's great plans for the conquest of England were exploded.

After Villeneuve had left the West Indies Nelson crowded all sail in pursuit of him. On the voyage out he had gained a fortnight out of the five weeks' start which Villeneuve originally had of him. In the pursuit back to Europe he outsailed him, and was off the south-west coast of Spain on July 17, five days before Calder encountered the allied fleet a little to the north of that point. As in the pursuit of Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition seven years before, his very rapidity of movement lost him the chance he so well deserved. On July 19 he anchored at Gibraltar, and went on shore for the first time for two years. He was again in communication with his friend Collingwood, who could give him no information concerning Villeneuve, but whose conjectures are said to have shown more penetration of Napoleon's great project than was displayed by Nelson himself. As a matter of fact, although to some extent he conjectured correctly concerning part of the naval programme, he was as much deceived by the stratagems of Napoleon as the rest of the world. He was positive that Ireland was the great objective. Napoleon intended the British commanders to think so. "I have always had an idea," wrote Collingwood to Nelson, "that Ireland alone was the object they had in view; that they will liberate the Ferrol squadron from Calder, make the round of the Bay, and, taking the Rochefort people with them, appear off Ushant:" they would then liberate Gantheaume from Cornwallis' blockade and convoy his expedition to Ireland. Collingwood never dreamt that the whole object of Napoleon's strategy was to obtain the command of the eastern part of the Channel for the purpose of

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his great descent upon England. "The flight to the West Indies," said Collingwood in a letter next day, "was to take off the naval force, which was the great impediment to their undertaking." Here he was undoubtedly right—though indeed the French Emperor hoped to take off a far larger naval force than Nelson's storm-tossed eleven ships of the line. Napoleon knew that Nelson's ships were in need of refitting after their two years' buffeting in the Lion's Gulf. Even his ardent mind, as Alison observes, did not anticipate Nelson's daring voyage across the Atlantic with such ships in pursuit of a fleet nearly double his own. But the whole point of Nelson's strategy lies in this, that he not only secured the West Indies and saved considerable merchandise, causing the French admiral to return to Europe before the appointed time, but he himself also got back to Europe five days before Villeneuve; and thus his force was not "taken off" in the sense intended by Napoleon, and which Collingwood sagaciously understood him to intend; while the despatch by Nelson of the *Curieux* enabled him to secure that another fleet should be sent to intercept the French, in case he himself should miss them. His rapidity of conception, his energy, and his foresight had saved his country, although he had not yet the consolation of knowing it. Leaving Gibraltar he revictualled at Tetuan, proceeded to Ceuta, where he arrived on July 24, and then cruised in quest of information off Cape St. Vincent. Making sure his enemy was not in the South, he sailed North, crossed the Bay of Biscay, and directed his course towards the north-west of Ireland. Learning that all was safe there he made for Brest, and on August 15 joined Cornwallis off that port, after a pursuit of the enemy lasting for more than four months, which in extent, vigour, audacity, rapidity of movement, and indefatigable resolution is unparalleled in history.

It has been necessary to devote this much space to the events of these memorable months because very many who know well the story of Trafalgar itself pay little attention to Nelson's apparently fruitless voyages in pursuit of his elusive adversary.

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Yet it was during these months that Napoleon's gigantic plans for the destruction of England approached completion and nearly attained it; it was the indomitable energy and heroic efforts of Nelson amid apparent failure and cruel disappointments that frustrated the "immense strategy" of the great captain; and it was during these months more than at Trafalgar itself that the naval genius of the great admiral shone with the brightest lustre.

After a very brief spell of rest in England the news that Villeneuve had entered Cadiz summoned him once more to the scene of action. The proffer of his services was gladly accepted by the Admiralty, and on September 15 he hoisted his flag for the last time on the *Victory* and set out to assume the command of the fleet off Cadiz. Wonderful, indeed, was that last farewell. More than any hero before him, the greatest of her sailors had captivated the imagination of his country and altogether won her heart. Like his own triumph at the Nile, it was not a victory but a conquest. The nation, its spirit undaunted as his own, was yet unnerved by the thought of the awful danger from which she had so recently been snatched. That she had escaped the horrors of fire and sword, of rapine, murder, and devastation, was due under Providence to the dazzling genius, the fierce, irresistible energy, and the utter devotion, as reckless of his own name and fame as of the enemy's power, of the glorious hero who was now hastening to crown his priceless work by making her once and for all secure. Hundreds among the crowds that thronged him fell upon their knees, and with uplifted hands and streaming tears invoked blessings upon his head. He tore himself away from his adoring countrymen amid a farewell scene unexampled in the nation's history, worthy alike of himself and of England.

On September 29 he was once more at the head of his fleet, and three weeks later Villeneuve put to sea. The 21st of October—a Sunday, like the day of Waterloo—dawned upon the two fleets prepared for battle. Upon the details of this

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most memorable of sea conflicts we do not propose to enlarge. Dr. Fitchett admirably observes that

> Trafalgar is far more absolutely shaped and coloured by the personality of Nelson than Marengo is by that of Napoleon, or Waterloo by that of Wellington. No sea-going Desaix, no marine edition of Blucher emerges in the tumult of Trafalgar to decide its fortunes. . . . Against the smoky background of that tremendous conflict, his figure stands in unfading clearness, somehow effacing all others.

His plan of battle was direct and simple. His fleet, in two columns, led by himself and Collingwood, was to break the enemy's line in two points, and, cutting off the centre and rear from the van, double upon them and overwhelm them before the leading ships could influence the fight. Though of inferior force to his enemy, both in ships, men, and guns, he would thus, in accordance with Napoleon's maxim, be superior at the points of attack. The result fully realised his calculations. Twenty of the enemy—the number that he himself fixed upon—struck to the British flag, one of these blew up and one or two others shortly afterwards sank. Few of the prizes could be brought home. The magnitude of the victory cannot, however, be expressed in terms of captured ships. Practically the French fleet was annihilated; all possibility of invasion by Napoleon was for ever at an end; and Great Britain possessed not merely the supremacy, but the absolute dominion of the seas. Before his death, at half-past four on that ever-memorable day, the great admiral learned that his triumph was complete. His work was done, and three hours after receiving his mortal wound he died, leaving behind him a name and fame incomparable in all the annals of naval war.

The victory of Trafalgar produced far wider and more enduring results than the sweeping of the hostile fleets from the sea. Napoleon's second weapon of attack, when all chance of invasion had failed, was the Continental system. It was a most serious menace, and was within measurable distance of inflicting a mortal wound on the commercial and financial prosperity of this country. The command of the sea enabled

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Great Britain to turn his weapon against himself. It enabled her in the midst of a state of war to gather the commerce of the world into her hands, and to become the storehouse and mart of the world's produce. She could thus afford not only to maintain the war, but also to subsidise Napoleon's Continental enemies; while at the same time she could curtail his supplies, and thus undermine his strength. It was Trafalgar that made possible the Peninsular War, and thus created "the Spanish ulcer," which, as he said, ruined him. It was Trafalgar that opened the road to the exploits of Wellington and enabled him at Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees to bleed his enemy to death. To the effects of Trafalgar were due the dissensions over the Continental system between Napoleon and Russia which finally led to the cataclysm of Moscow. It is therefore to our great naval hero that we owe in the ultimate resort our triumph in that stupendous "duel to the death." He has won for us a century of immunity from danger, and by strict consequence the unexampled growth and development of that Empire of which we are so justly proud. In naval strategy Nelson has taught us that the fleet is before all things an offensive force. The navy is our first line of defence by reason of its unique offensive powers. He illuminated the old orders to our seamen, "to seek out the enemy's fleets, to sink, burn, and destroy," so that the maxim that attack is the surest defence has become the most axiomatic principle of naval warfare. The examples of Cervera's fleet seven years ago before it was blockaded in Santiago, and of the temporary paralysis caused to the combinations of Japan last year by the little handful of second-rate cruisers from Vladivostock, which for a time succeeded in obtaining a free hand, have brought this point home to us again. Nelson, like Napoleon, demonstrated the overwhelming importance of time in war—that "quarter of an hour ahead" which, as the great Emperor observed, decides the fate of a battle. Like Napoleon again, he has taught us the immeasurable value of rapidity of movement and manœuvre, and how

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much it depends on close attention to equipment. Both these great commanders devoted the most minute care to the food, clothing, health, and well-being of their men, and to secure the utmost possible efficiency in the use of their weapons. The appreciation of these principles, and the preparation and skilful use of these means, gave Nelson those absolutely decisive results he achieved in each of his great sea battles. Every one of his victories was complete and overwhelming; and it was he who, in a subordinate position, converted the battle of St. Vincent from a mere success into a great victory. The recent battle of Tshushima recalls in its completeness the victories of Nelson; and owing to the indefinitely greater precision and terrible power of modern weapons, together with the employment of the torpedo, and other circumstances, is even more terrific in its results. But we cannot imagine Nelson fighting the practically harmless action of last August outside Port Arthur. He destroyed his enemies with terrible and unvarying certainty, and so tremendously did he impress their imagination that his mere presence produced a greater effect than many a commander could attain by a battle and a victory.

It is fitting, therefore, that in this centenary year of Trafalgar, "Nelson's year," as it is congruously termed, we should pay due homage to his most illustrious memory. A nation which keeps alive in its heart as well as on its lips the memory of its choice heroes is sure also to preserve their spirit in its manhood; and as long as the spirit of Nelson still lives in the manhood of England, so long will she surely retain her place among the nations.

A. St. Leger Westall.

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CRICKET IN THE YEAR 2005 A.D.

IT may appear strange to you Britishers that I, Keishiro Matsukata, a native of Japan, should have fallen a victim to the cricket fever before I had played the game or seen it played, but the explanation is simple. When Professor Takoaki Kabayama in the autumn of 1992 made his famous discovery in respect to the commercial value of snow, and the steam-engine gave place to the snow engine, and the coal-field to the field of ice, Japan, setting the example to the world, hastened to annex the enormously productive ice districts lying between latitude 80 and the Pole and directly north of the Behring Straits; and I, appointed manager to the Tokio-Yeso Syndicated Icery, hastened north as soon as the concession was signed by the Imperial Government. Several months passed away before I had a moment for relaxation, but the advent of winter at length put a temporary stop to our operations, which had been pursued with feverish zeal, and permitted me to turn to the great box filled with books that I had ordered from Brown, Yoshikawa and Haruko, the great booksellers of Matsmai. Imagine my distress when I opened the case to discover not the complete works of Arasuke Kiyoura that I had ordered and was paying for by monthly instalments of five yen—I could have had the cast-steel revolving bookcase made out of the boiler-plates of the ancient battleship "Mutsuhita" for three further payments of two yen each, but had no use for it—but a vast quantity of

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English works evidently ordered by the Japanese Archæological Society, and comprising rare black-typed "Wisdens" and "Lillywhites," a large paper copy of the Badminton "Cricket," and other exceedingly scarce works of the incomparable Ranjitsinhji and Grace, who flourished in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Being no bibliophile at that time these treasures that had so strangely fallen into my hands were contemptuously cast aside, but only for a short space, as any one who has passed through the monotony of an Arctic winter bereft of literature will readily believe. One day I arranged the volumes in sequence, and, determined to master the intricacies of the famous fifty-four laws, to train myself to be a judge of the fitness of Light for play (a difficult feat, for we were in the midst of a six months' night), and pierce the mystery surrounding the corporation known as the County Cricket Council—my investigations, based on a cryptogram discovered by me in the 1897 "Cricketers' Almanac," conclusively proving that the said Council was in reality a secret confederation in the pay of the Russian Government, was subsequently published in the "Twenty-first Century."

Throwing myself with unconquerable energy into the task of rendering myself *au fait* with the game, I had by the Spring of the year 2005 succeeded in mastering it, even to such details as the Hon. and Rev. Edward Bligh's proposed alteration to Law 24; and I flattered myself when I set foot on English soil for the first time that few of the natives that thronged the docks had a better idea of what constituted a breach of Law 10.

The first letter of introduction I presented was to Mr. John Smith, of Leadenhall Street, a great ice importer; and wishing to ingratiate myself, and show that I took an intelligent interest in the national game, I asked him bluntly whether to strictly insist upon Law 85 was or was not playing the game. He replied that he was no lawyer, but that he was prepared to purchase 150,000 tons of our best Polar Brites (well screened and dry) at eight-and-six per ton.

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I was disappointed with Mr. Smith, but delighted with Mr. Brown, Junior, a gentleman of legal tastes, who stated that although he was not prepared to give a decision he would give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Slippe, K.C., who would do so; and it was owing to this introduction I found myself one beautiful August morning at the offices of that gentleman, which are situated at No. 7 Wicket Court, St. John's Wood.

Mr. Slippe, I learned from his clerk, was engaged on a consultation, but would not keep me waiting long; in the meanwhile would I mind occupying myself with the *Times* for a few minutes? I had read that estimable journal, or rather that portion of it containing Professor Oldkole's learned lucubration, entitled, "How long will our Ice-fields last out?" so preferred to watch the youth, who was engaged upon the task of arranging a silk gown, a gorgeous garment consisting of broad stripes of dark and light blue material, and a horsehair wig, which had been dyed in bands of yellow and red.

Seeing that I took an interest in his proceedings the youth remarked, "When they first take silk they're not at all particular about their colours—oh! dear no!" I gathered from the latter portion of his speech that it was spoken ironically.

"You don't mean to say that Mr. Slippe wears that mountebank costume?" I queried, somewhat amazed.

"Wear it? I should smile!" replied the youth promptly. "Why, I believe he would sleep in it if he could! You see he only took silk in the 'Varsity match last year—but it was the finest bit of batting I've seen for many a year, so they made him a K.C. on the spot, and licensed him to practise in the Marylebone Court—as you see," and he pointed to the wig of brilliant hue.

Somewhat amazed at the information the young man had vouchsafed, and feeling a trifle dazed, but unwilling to appear totally ignorant of the gist of his remarks, I ventured to ask how may runs this famous innings consisted of; but the look of unutterable scorn with which he remarked, "Have you come

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from abroad, Sir?" showed that I had made a grievous error.

I explained.

"Ah!" he continued, somewhat mollified, and, in tones almost approaching awe, he murmured, "He got a double in each innings. Lord Chief Umpire Steel said he had never seen a couple of runs made when they were wanted in more perfect style, and Mr. Umpire Thomas and Mr. Umpire Barlow both concurred to his judgment."

The man had actually attained celebrity by scoring a couple of runs in either innings—or the youth was a lunatic. I inclined to the latter theory, and turned my attention to the well-filled bookshelves groaning under the weight of evidently learned works, bearing titles such as "Hornby on the Principles of Throwing," "Shrewsbury's Digest of the Law of L.B.W.," "Ruling Cases: a Commentary on International Cricket Law: arranged, annotated and edited by Baron Harris."

I was about to dip into a bulky tome entitled McGregor's "Concise Precedents in Stumping," when the door opened, and a young man with a fresh clean-shaven face, and clad in immaculate white flannel trousers, a silk shirt known to this day as "The Ranji," and beautifully pipe-clayed cricketing boots, entered.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. Matsukata, to have kept you waiting," he said, hastily donning his gown of two colours. "I have had a most important consultation, and regret to say that I have a case coming on at Lord's in a few minutes; I hardly like to trouble you, but if you could accompany me I might on the way give you a brief summary of Justice Grace's judgment in the case De Trafford *v.* Pattison in 1972, which is one of the leading cases with regard to this point."

If only to see what happened to Slippe when he appeared before the Lords in his garish costume I felt impelled to accept his offer; moreover, I could not for the life of me understand what he meant by his legal jargon, so strangely out of place in matters cricketal.

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We hurried down a broad road, and entered a gate by the side of a building graced by a yellow-and-red striped standard, and soon found ourselves, with many other spectators, in seats surrounding a square piece of turf, each side of which measured almost sixty-six yards.

"Did you say you were going on to the House of Lords?" I queried diplomatically, cognisant that I might have mistaken his meaning, and noting that my acquaintance had arranged some papers on a desk before him, and evidently had come to stay.

"No! to Lord's Cricket Ground," he replied smiling. "I practise in this Court almost invariably. Boy! card of the match."

Having already made a stupid mistake I refrained from pointing out to the Counsel that the boy, in exchange for the coin tendered to him, had given in exchange naught but a blank piece of cardboard, and turned my attention to the ground, with which I was somewhat disappointed, having previously imagined that the playing area at Lord's was a veldt of several acres surrounded by kopjes of seats, whereas the area was confined and the seats comparatively few.

An involuntary exclamation on my part, occasioned by the fact that an attendant had wantonly spilled the steaming contents of a large cauldron on the ground, and the viscid fluid was evidently burning up the grass, caused my friend, who was busy turning over his papers, to look up.

"At the beginning of the last century," he explained, "they preserved their wickets by pouring a preparation of clay, water and other ingredients over the pitch, which gave it a species of glaze; now, you see, we pour over it a mixture of liquid glass and indiarubber that gives an absolutely reliable surface, neither too hard or too soft."

"The unfortunate bowler," I began, but at that moment a roller with a roughened surface was passed over the glistening and scarcely cooled surface of the rubber-glass, leaving behind

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it a slight but perfectly regular corrugation. My sympathy for the bowler was evidently misplaced.

"It must be horribly slippery when it rains?" said I, interrogatively.

"Horribly so," answered my companion, "if the spun glass sliding roof that spans the entire ground did not keep it off. Like to look at the card of the match?"

I rubbed my eyes as I took the card, for as I gazed upon it letters and words rapidly appeared on its surface where a second previous there had been nothing.

"The lino-photo-telegraph has quite revolutionised printing," he continued quietly; "it is one of the most wonderful inventions of the age in my opinion. Certainly negative-less photography prepared the way, but it really does seem wonderful that any number of cards having a prepared surface can be distributed, and that a printer, sitting at a photo-electrical machine, perhaps five miles away, perhaps fifty, can photograph simultaneously upon them all the copy he has before him."

I had just read the words, "Before Lord Justice Lyttelton, with a Special Jury," when a voice proceeding from below what I took to be the scorer's box, said, "Jurymen in attendance will kindly answer to their names," which request caused more commotion amongst a body of twenty individuals, who stood in various degrees of dejection near by. When ten names had been duly called and answered I observed that ten countenances became much clearer, and mutual congratulations appeared to be exchanged; but gloom again settled upon their features when the voice continued, "Other gentlemen in attendance will proceed to Mr. Justice Stoddart's Court—No. 8 in the Averages Division;" at which the ten victims already chosen smiled audibly, and the ten who departed to do their duty elsewhere groaned in unison.

The jurymen chosen for the Court whose proceedings I was watching, instead of making their way to the jury-box, walked to various places in the field, and one (the foreman, I afterwards discovered) reluctantly donned the wicket-keeper's

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gloves and pads, and stationed himself behind the stumps at the regulation distance of twenty yards. He looked profoundly miserable.

"With such a set in the field," said my Counsel reflectively, "runs ought to come at the rate of at least five an hour—the whole ten do not look as if they could stop a ball between them. Ah! here is his lordship."

The Judge, attired in a gown of red and yellow, entered the scoring-box, and having duly bowed to the bar and the jury, who had previously risen and bowed to him, looked inquiringly round, which action was the signal for a young counsel to hastily rise.

"M'lud," he remarked, "may I be permitted to make a statement before you take the first match on your list? I appear for Nottinghamshire in the next case—'Notts *v.* Rutland and others.' Er—I regret to say, m'lud, that Mr. Alfred Shawgunn is extremely poorly, he is indeed suffering from a sore throat, and, m'lud, if it was perfectly convenient to you to postpone the fixture——"

"M'lud!" ejaculated another junior, who had evidently been worked up to a state of righteous indignation by the remarks already made, "I really must protest against the action of my learned friend: we have had no notice of this proposition, no doctor's certificate has been put in, and the postponement of the match would cause great inconvenience to my clients."

His lordship here remarked, "I am afraid, Mr. Dixon, I shall have to dismiss the application, with costs; it is quite irregular, you know. Quite irregular."

"Costs on the higher scale, m'lud?" queried the successful junior.

"On the figure of merit of the bowling analysis," replied the Judge severely.

"As your lordship pleases;" and the junior sat down, making a covert remark to his whilom opponent, who grinned in the most friendly manner.

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To describe at length the match I was privileged to witness between Glamorganshire and Durham, upon the result of which the County Championship for the year 2005 depended, would occupy more space than is commensurate with the amount of interest the narrative would invoke; moreover, I have great doubts, so different did I find the actual game from my preconceived ideas of it, whether I could put it before the reader in an intelligible manner. I will, however, detail the events up to the fall of the first wicket.

Before the first ball sent down reached the batsman—it was very slow and short-pitched—the voice of the Associate of the Court was heard to remark, "Chase six," the pitch I then noticed was divided into twelve divisions, six on either side of the centre divisions, and I realised that badly pitched balls were penalised in favour of the batting team: the batsman sprung on one side apparently to evade the ball, the Judge made a note, the people in the public gallery shouted, "Well played!" which provoked his lordship to say that if such unseemly conduct occurred again he would clear the court. The second ball, although the batsman played it to the on, was a little wide of the wicket on the off side. A subdued groan went round the ground, and a full-fledged K.C. promptly rose to demand the dismissal of the batsman for an infringement of Law 714, chap. vi. Ed.

"M'lud, I really must submit," began the counsel for the defence, "that my client's reputation is alone sufficient to controvert the—with all deference to my learned friend—utterly preposterous suggestion of the plaintiff's counsel that he has been guilty of a 'pull.' A similar instance occurred in the case of Kent *v.* Abel in 1980, and in that of Somerset *v.* Grace (E. M.) in 1947, and in both instances it was clearly demonstrated that the ball, far from pitching four or more inches to the off from the imaginary line between the bowler's arm and the middle stump of the opposite wicket, as the law declares to be necessary, in order to secure dismissal under the Act, pitched——"

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"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Jessop," said the Judge at this point, "but it is useless quoting precedents based on certain premises, for the same are wanting in the present instance. I have closely examined the cine-biograph put in by the official snap-shooter, and the fact is clearly shown that the ball pitched beyond the prescribed distance from the half-pitch line. In view of the fact that Law 714, chap. vi. Ed. was framed so as to counteract the terrible state into which batting had fallen owing to the 'pull' being legalised, which in the early days of the century frequently engendered the presence of nine men on the on side, I have no choice but to uphold the plaintiff's appeal, with costs on the higher scale."

It might be thought that the game would be very much prolonged if arguments had to be heard on either side at the fall of each wicket; but far from this being the case, at the close of a couple of hours' play, the match was over, judgment being given in favour of the Glamorganshire team, leave to appeal being refused Durham's representatives.

It appears that early in the twentieth century so many drawn matches were played that it was decided to legislate with a view to deciding a higher proportion; and the first alteration made in the laws was to arrange that each side should in future consist of eleven players, made up of six batsmen and five bowlers, that the six batsmen should alone have an innings apiece, and that the five bowlers should alone bowl; moreover, it was decided that neither side should field, ten jurymen being sworn for the purpose. This arrangement permitted two grounds being used, both sides to bat at the same time, the bowlers of the side A. being pitted against the batsmen of the side B. on ground No. 1, and the bowlers of the side B. ranging themselves against A.'s batsmen on ground No. 2—a panel of ten jury fieldsmen being, of course, provided for each court. From the total of runs scored by each side the balance of costs for or against were either subtracted or added, and the team scoring the greatest number of runs when the process had been accomplished was declared the victor.

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I left the ground in a dazed condition. The following morning I thought I must have dreamed the horrible experience, but, alas! when I opened my correspondence and found a bill of costs from Messrs. Brown in respect to counsel's opinion *re* Law 45 I understood that the so-called "cricket reformer" had indeed been allowed to work his wicked will on the King of Games. I find I have lost much of my interest in the game since I saw it played: the fever has left me, and I return to Japan convalescent.

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RICHARD STRAUSS AND PROGRAMME MUSIC

RICHARD STRAUSS is one of those creative artists who have the power of repelling as much as they attract. It is not possible to approach his symphonic poems in a spirit of detached appreciation. His music and his aims arouse something very like enthusiasm or something very like disgust. Some of us, for instance, heard in his latest work, *Sinfonia Domestica*, a tone-poem of lofty beauty; others professed to find it a ponderous and very German joke, quite outside the powers of music to express, and a cleverness and an occasional glimpse of beauty that only accentuated what is eccentric and downright ugly in the music. The future must, of course, decide which point of view has the most truth. But there are certain matters which can be discussed in a broad critical spirit; matters which are essential to an æsthetic appreciation of Strauss's art. In the first place there has been a tendency to confuse the composer's individual cast of mind with his artistic methods. He is a thinker of strange thoughts; the product of a restless age of doubt and rebellion. There is something of the philosophical anarchist in his composition, if we may take his choice of subjects as an index, and some of his musical experiments seem, at first hearing, almost outside the pale of the art. No doubt the more superficial of music-lovers are drawn to him for this very reason, for there is always a following for the strange and bizarre in art. Certain classes

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of mind are only attracted by what is new. It was so in the early worship of Wagner; but that great composer has long been accepted by the musical world, and theorists who at one time looked on him as an anarchist, or, at any rate, an iconoclast, are now ready to find a reason for all he did. Wagner has crept into the text-books on musical theory, and has even been held up as an example to Richard Strauss.

If the composer of the *Sinfonia Domestica* were new in the sense that he has no place in the long chain of musical development he would not be an artist. No manifestation of art can be actually new. Strauss himself has amused his more enthusiastic admirers by holding up Mozart to their worship, and he is naïvely perplexed by the criticism which finds his own music so extraordinary. This is not a pose, although when one thinks of some of the discordant music he has written, it is difficult to adopt the composer's own attitude towards it. On the other hand, Richard Strauss has every right to consider himself a link in the chain of musical development. It would take an abler pen than mine to trace this fully, and it is a pity that our musical theorists are so tardy in formulating rules and laws from the practice of composers; but there are several points which may be discussed.

Richard Strauss's symphonic poems are not new in their aims. Every student of musical history knows full well that from the earliest ages the musician has attempted to use his art as a descriptive medium. Yet in many of the criticisms passed on Strauss this fact has been ignored. You may even read that the full dignity of music is lost in the attempt to describe ideas and thoughts and things outside itself. The greatest music is self-contained, and so forth. This may be true, but it is not a fact that "absolute" music, as the cant term runs, is an immutable type from which "programme" music is a mere divergence. In truth, the self-contained music which the admirers of classical musical art hold up as the fixed law is of comparatively modern growth. It is much newer than the programme music of Richard Strauss.

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That "absolute" music ever existed is a chimera. All its forms originated in the dance. Music found its inspiration in illustrating the rhythmic action and convolutions of the dance. It has long since had a separate growth, but its origin is still to be traced. Then even in the avowed "absolute" compositions it is clear that there are emotional and poetic ideas which, at the least, represent something beyond the mere building-up of music. In this sense all music is more or less "programme" music, and none but a mere musical workman would attempt to evolve a composition otherwise. But in case this may be thought a begging of the question, it can be stated that not only is "programme" music not a new thing, but the history of the art shows that it has always existed side by side with "absolute" music. These two lines of development have crossed here and there, as in the works of Beethoven, and again in Schumann's, but in the history of the art each has had its own place.

II

The history of "programme" music, indeed, is so ancient that it is not far-fetched to state that comparatively modern "absolute" music is really a thing of mushroom growth. As long ago as the last half of the sixteenth century Clément Jannequin, a Belgian contrapuntist, wrote two compositions entitled "The Battle" (descriptive of a battle near Malegnano in 1515) and "The Cries of Paris." Although fashioned as *a capella* choral music, they are full of descriptive touches. Considerably later there was Jakob Froberger, who died some eighteen years before Sebastian Bach was born. He is said to have been able to depict whole histories on the clavier, "giving a representation of the persons present and taking part in it, with all their natural characters;" and Matheson, a historian of the period, states that he was in possession of a suite by Froberger, "in which the passage across the Rhine of the Count von Thurn, and the danger he was exposed to from the river, is most clearly set before our eyes and ears in twenty six

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little pieces." Still later came Johann Kuhnau, the composer of the Biblical sonatas. In the work with the curious title of "Saul cured by David," the composer illustrates this programme: "1st, Saul's melancholy and madness; 2nd, David's refreshing harp-playing; and 3rd, the King's mind restored to peace." Bach himself was influenced by Kuhnau, and in his early days wrote an avowed piece of "programme" music. It was entitled "A Caprice on the Departure of a beloved Brother," and its five sections have distinctive titles. Not long ago the composition was played in a London concert-room. I shall be told that the great composer was too sensible to continue in this descriptive style, but it would be more to the point to say that instrumental music demanded development, and that it was his business to help it forward. These are not isolated cases of a misconception of the limitations of the art, for contemporary composers in France were writing the same kind of descriptive pieces. The titles which Rameau and Couperin gave to their harpsichord compositions prove that they had serious ideas as to the descriptive powers of music. It must be remembered, of course, that opera was only gradually getting itself developed, and, did not history prove the contrary, we might well suppose that the earliest attempts at programme music were paving the way for a branch of art in which "programme" music would find its fullest scope. But the line of development did not merely lead to opera and then waver out. On the contrary, the growing strength of opera gradually added to the powers of the purely instrumental branch of art. France of the eighteenth century was full of "programme" composers. They were too logical, however, in their views of the function of music; and the arid theories of Rousseau if carried into practice would have seriously limited the growth of instrumental music. The setting of poems so that music should be merely a heightener of their effect was a mistaken idea. Still it could be held that it played its part in the development of the art; at any rate, it led to Gluck.

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For a brief time it looked as if Haydn and Mozart had put an end to avowed "programme" music, and the great Beethoven, taking up their work, carried what is called "absolute" music far from the inconclusive attempts of the descriptive writers. Beethoven himself was to a certain extent a "programme" writer —certainly in the sense that he did not write music merely on an architectural plan—but leaving out of count his "Pastoral" symphony, the slow movement of the great A minor quartet, "A Convalescent's Sacred Song of Thanksgiving to the Divinity," the first two movements of the "Eroïca" symphony, the "Sonata in E flat" and "The Battle of Vittoria," Beethoven cannot be counted among the avowed "programme" writers. Yet his place in the scheme of things which ultimately led to Richard Strauss is well defined. "Programme" music could never have advanced unless a great composer had come forward to extend the art as an emotional language. It is difficult to conceive what music would have done had Beethoven not extended the utterance of Haydn and Mozart, and it is curious to note that after Beethoven the programme line of development started afresh. In one direction it brought a Berlioz into being. It may be difficult to trace the actual influence of the German master on the French, but Beethoven's enlargement of the emotional vocabulary of music and his extension of the symphony had a considerable effect on Berlioz. The French master planned his "programme" music on the architectural lines of "absolute" music—at least, he endeavoured to do so. His innovation was a new use of the orchestra, employing instrumental timbre as a means of expression. Raff's "Lenore" symphony also belongs to that type of descriptive music. It is unnecessary to enter fully into the development of "programme" music after the death of Beethoven, but it shows an unbroken line through Berlioz, Schumann (whose symphonies prove the existence of some kind of programme, and whose "Carneval," "Kreisleriana," and "Fasschingswank" are descriptive music, pure and simple), Chopin (who made dance-forms the skeleton of his programme),

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Wagner (who wrote a deal of "programme" music in the overtures and in instrumental pieces in his music-dramas), to Liszt. Here the line of development made a new start. Hitherto descriptive music had been fitted into the architectural forms of "absolute" music. Liszt was the first to see that the old forms would not meet the case.

III

With the growth of music since the end of the eighteenth century a new factor was added to "programme" music. Roughly it is a factor that had always interacted on instrumental art. I refer, of course, to vocal music, to the song and to opera. It is not my business at present to trace the influence of the operatic aria on the composition of instrumental music of the seventeenth century, but I mention it in passing in order to show that one branch of music has always acted on another; that the development of music has taken place step by step; that Bach, for instance, would have been impossible without the previous contrapuntal vocal school; that Mozart could not have worked without Bach ("he is the father; we are the lads," was a saying of Mozart's); and that Haydn, the precursor of Mozart, in the large instrumental forms could not have come into existence without P. E. Bach; that all owed a deal to the development of vocal music; that Beethoven, as well as the Italian opera composers, led the way for Weber and Wagner; and that Wagner in his turn owed much to the songs of Schubert. That the modern "programme" composers owe much to Wagner's music-dramas need hardly be said. It is impossible to think of César Franck, Saint-Saëns, Vincent D'Indy, Richard Strauss himself, and a host of modern programme composers, without the influence of Wagner. All this is recognised, of course, but it is often forgotten that with the rise of the modern song instrumental music gained a new life. The accompaniments to the best of Schubert's songs are masterpieces of descriptive music. It is not far-fetched to suppose that they must have had a great

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influence on Wagner's use of his orchestra. Many of the Schubert songs are little tone-poems in their union of voice and accompaniment, just as Wagner's music-dramas are on a larger scale. Schubert himself also enriched pianoforte music by transferring his song-form to that branch of composition, and from this sprang the smaller forms of "programme" music of Schumann and Mendelssohn, and even Brahms. But the principal effect of the accompaniment of the songs of Schubert and Schumann, Robert Franz and Brahms has been to develop the power of music in creating subtle emotional atmosphere. It was all the more effective in achieving this because the song form was much freer than any of the old instrumental forms; it gave the composer greater scope for the play of his fancy. Above all, modern composers of "programme" music have had the advantage of Wagner's use of the orchestra in the weaving of new forms. It is curious how scene after scene of his music-dramas, if played on the pianoforte from one of those arrangements of the vocal and instrumental music for the instrument, have the effect of a gigantic symphonic poem. True there is a want of concise form in the music thus heard; one misses the thread of drama, and the architecture of the music seems arbitrary; but it is not difficult to imagine that any young composer hearing the Wagner music for the first time in this manner might be filled with the thought that here was the composition of the future. But he would not think that if he were conversant with the symphonic poems of Liszt, which are the instrumental counterpart of the Wagnerian use of voice and orchestra. Whether Liszt influenced Wagner or Wagner influenced Liszt is a matter on which there is much difference of opinion. Probably each acted one on the other However this may be, we must look on Liszt as the father of the modern symphonic poem, because he was the first to depart from the older instrumental forms in order to give his poetical ideas their full expression in music. In this sense Richard Strauss owes much more to Liszt than to Berlioz, who never solved the problem of shaping new forms for a new need.

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IV

This question of form is the burning musical question of the day, and, as was said at the beginning, it is a pity that men whose special studies and special gifts enable them to deal with the matter in an exhaustive manner have as yet had nothing to say about it. The question has been shelved because it is taken for granted that "programme" music is a modern eccentricity, a phase out of which composition will ultimately pass. There is no good reason for such an opinion. Indeed, everything points the other way. It has been shown that the idea of writing descriptive music is more than three hundred years old; that it has been an idea ever present in the minds of composers, and that since the death of Beethoven we have had a long line of composers who have worked in the field of "programme" music—Berlioz, Raff, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, César Franck, Saint-Saëns, Dvorák, and Tchaïkovsky. These men were not charlatans. Indeed, they may be said to represent the flower of nineteenth-century composition since Beethoven. Some of them have attempted to write "programme" music in the old forms, and Tchaïkovsky has been the most successful in his fifth and sixth symphonies; others have striven to break new ground. Indeed, Brahms has been the only considerable composer who has worked in strictly "absolute" music, leaving the symphony but very little changed in its main aspects from the Beethoven symphony. Consequently it is only natural that the keenest opposition against the modern symphonic poem has come from those who admire Brahms as the last great classical composer. I would rather say that Brahms has shown a curious aloofness from the modern spirit, an aloofness that seems to me unnatural and even perverse. It is very easy to assert that the greatest musical works are those in which the musical idea, "the adventures of the musical themes, in the process of purely musical development," is sufficient inspiration. It is doubtful if any composer ever did look on the composition of

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music from that purely "musical" point of view. But granting that it has been the outlook of some of the great musicians, we may well ask if it has been sufficiently general to justify any sweeping assertion as to the superiority of "absolute" music. Bach I will render unto the adherents of the "purely musical." To a less extent Haydn and Mozart, and to a still less extent Beethoven. Surely no one can really believe that the composer of the Choral Symphony, the "Eroïca" Symphony and the posthumous quartets was a "pure musician" in the hard and fast sense. I doubt if it could even be said of Brahms. Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven are great composers, but so are Schubert, Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner and Tchaïkovsky. If "pure music" is the last word in the art, why then this latter group of composers were comparative failures. And this is acting on the supposition that the first group does not contain any composer who had more than the idea of weaving music for the sake of the musical adventures through which the themes pass.

It would be very much more to the purpose to ask if musical themes cannot be made to pass through more exciting adventures than was possible under the old forms. What were the additions Beethoven made to the symphony but an attempt to enlarge his means of expression? What are the old forms that they should keep music hide-bound? Are they so strictly logical that to depart from them is to be incoherent? And what is form? Take up any text-book on the subject, and you will find that the rules of musical form consist almost entirely of exceptions. The strict rule is so-and-so, but Beethoven and even Mozart and Haydn departed from it. There has never been and never will be any strict form even in formal music. It has always been in a state of flux. It seems to me that the root mistake of theorists has been in not distinguishing between architectural form and tonal form. Roughly speaking, no work of art can be without form. It is unthinkable. In that sense the most modern piece of "programme" music must have as much form as a symphony by

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Mozart or Haydn. No musician will hold that the architectural form, that is to say, the logical presentment of musical ideas, can be a hard-and-fast affair. Let us take one example as an illustration. The first movement form, or sonata or symphony form, as it is indifferently called, is supposed to have as its aim a movement of continuity. Of what does it consist? An introduction (not necessary to the form), the exposition of the first and second subjects, with their bridge passages, the development or free fantasia, the recapitulation of the first and second subjects, and perhaps a coda, although that is no more necessary than the introduction. To some extent this is a logical form, but it is clear that the recapitulation is arbitrary. It is too much in the style of the old-fashioned sermon. Then we come to a freer form, the Rondo. This is supposed to be a movement of episode. It is merely an adaptation of the old Rondeau to music. The principal subject is used as a refrain at the end of each division of the piece. According to rule there should be at least three appearances of the chief subject, and there may be two or even three episodes of a well-contrasted character. It is obvious that this form is not broken if the principal subject is introduced half a dozen times, or if there were half a dozen episodes. There is, in truth, no finality in the architectural side of form. You could begin the first movement of a symphony or sonata with the development section, and from that lead up to the final statement of your themes, with a recapitulation of the development, and you still have the same kind of form—indeed, it has been done. It is clear, then, that architecturally the old musical forms are so arbitrary that it would be absurd to limit music to them, and, as a matter of fact, no composer of genius has ever felt himself bound to them.

But the real difference between the old forms and the new is not in architecture but in tonality. Certain sequences of keys commended themselves to the musical ear of the day. They were found to be satisfying and beautiful, and gave, it was thought, a coherence to the composition. The theorists

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take it for granted that our sense of tonality is unchangeable. One after another the great composers have rebelled against this cut-and-dried sequence of keys, just as our painters long ago rebelled against the brown tree. In all musical history there is not one example of a great composer who was not accused of writing ugly music. His detractors really meant that it was music to which they were not accustomed. It is strange how the ear adapts itself. Shifting tonality which seems to-day the merest capriciousness of incoherence, to-morrow is accepted as natural. Dissonances which at first hearing strike us as unbearable lose their terror after a second or third hearing. The history of music is full of examples of composers who have been rated as anarchists when they were merely pioneers. This in itself proves that there is no finality in tonal form. What I have, perhaps rather arbitrarily, called architectural form—for, after all, the old idea of the sequence of certain keys had a sense of architecture—is common to "absolute" and "programme" music. A musical composition to stand alone without drama is unthinkable without form of some kind. Liszt attempted to make the metamorphosis of themes his form, but he did not understand their development, and consequently his music remains a patchwork of themes repeated over and over again in differing guises, according to what seemed to him to be the poetical need of the moment. Strauss, who is supposed to be an anarchist, is much more formal. An analysis of his symphonic poems reveals the fact that he has made use of several of the architectural forms of "absolute" music. The root idea of his form is the variation and development of his principal subjects through sections of contrasting moods to an imposing climax. The constant use of themes throughout his compositions which are really as long as ordinary symphonies gives them a coherence which the conventional symphony lacks. Schumann tried the same thing and Tchaïkovsky has been very successful in binding together the movements of his fifth symphony by making use of a motto theme. But Strauss carries this much farther. Except

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for a few episodes the *Sinfonia Domestica* is practically woven out of three themes, representing the Father, the Mother and the Child, and in the play of variation and development to a climax there is almost an excess of form. It would not be easy to classify it, for it is partly a kind of Rondo, but without any restrictions as to the number of appearances of the principal theme or as to the number of the subjects and episodes. Then, again, it has, of course, much of the variation form, and in the exposition of the themes and their development has something in common with the first movement form of a sonata. But the necessity of illustrating a "programme" makes for great plasticity. The appearance of formlessness is caused by the dictation of tonal form by the expression of the poetical ideas the composer is illustrating. The old composers often managed to give an appearance of cohesion by their use of keys to which the ear had been accustomed. Strauss seems to be anarchic in his sudden transitions and in his ever shifting tonality. If it were true that the ear cannot follow his musical line as music, the symphonic poems would be a mistake in art. But it is not true, and least of all of his latest work.

V

I have attempted to show that "programme" music is not at all a new thing; that it has always existed, and that since Beethoven and Wagner most of the greatest composers have carried on the movement. So far from its being a decadence in art, the history of music rather tends to show that the modern fashion is merely one of those periodical recurrences of certain mental phases which are to be noted in the development of the human mind, and not only in music. In this respect Strauss takes a well-defined place in the growth of "programme" music. I have suggested that the new music is by no means the formless thing that some critics imagine. There remains the larger question of whether the aims of Strauss and his school do not go beyond the powers of music

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to achieve. Here we must distinguish between individual genius and the practice of the art. A symphony can be written that will be thoroughly in accordance with the best models of the art, and yet if the composer has no inspiration it will be dull and formless to the ear. It was not its form that made the C minor symphony so great, but Beethoven's mind, invention, and character. And so, in judging the success of "programme" music, we must not forget that all depends on the composer himself. With regard to Strauss, I have not yet heard anything of his which seems to be the utterance of a great genius. On the whole, his symphonic poems suffer from a thinness of thematic material. In his method of composition this is particularly a drawback, for it weakens his elaborate polyphony. He is by nature a lyrical rather than an epic poet, and yet his choice of subjects has been more epic than lyrical. Because his latest composition, the *Sinfonia Domestica*, has so much essential lyricism it is, I think, his most complete success. Then he has not shown that he understands the kind of programme which is required for music. In all his symphonic poems he jumps from the abstract to the descriptive with rather bewildering results. The *Sinfonia Domestica* is a case in point. Over and over again the composer has publicly stated that he wishes his music to be heard as absolute music, and yet he allows rather ridiculous programmes to be published, and is not above penning his own little jokes on the score. His attitude towards the question of "programme" music is sound enough in theory. In effect he has stated that he finds the illustration of a subject gives him musical inspiration. It enables him to find new forms, new harmonies, new instrumental effects. And his symphonic poems certainly bear out this contention. The illustration of a subject outside of music itself, so that it should largely determine the musical form, has been thoroughly justified by Richard Strauss. But it is not so clear that his idea of retaining the source of his inspiration is quite successful.

In sculpture or painting it is easy for the artist to express

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the abstract through the concrete. For one thing, the whole work is before our eyes at once, whereas in music there is constant change, and we have not the whole before us to explain the details; and, for another, music, except in a few cases of onomatopœia, cannot be made to describe phenomena. Its true language is the expression of emotion, which, of course, can conjure up ideas by association, but that is not sufficient for the purpose of "programme" music. But it is quite wrong to assume that in any of his symphonic poems, with the exception of the *Don Quixote*, the description of ideas and facts outside music is Strauss's chief end. He expresses the emotion caused by the ideas and facts—his own emotion—and is thus well within the powers of music. The exposition of his emotion is his own affair. By rigidly keeping to this emotional programme a composer at once creates new forms, or rather a new amalgamation of the old, for musical form is not in its essence an illogical and arbitrary matter, and gives an impulse to his music which would be impossible were he to adhere rigidly to the stereotyped procedure of absolute music. But Strauss wants to do more than this. Besides giving the emotional expression of his subject he attempts to retain the realistic basis from which he derived his inspiration. At present it seems that this is a mistake, but it is necessary to keep an open mind on this point, because, as you know the symphonic poems better, the realistic touches here and there fall into their proper place. It may be that when a composition becomes well known to the hearer he has a mental grasp of it as a whole, just as he has a grasp of a piece of sculpture at first sight, and that then the realistic details are heard to be part and an illustration of the whole idea which the composition embodies. These realistic details then become symbolical. It is necessary, too, in judging "programme" music as developed by Richard Strauss to distinguish between the technical weakness of the particular composer and the essential weakness of the form of art in which he works. Strauss's want of great thematic invention has already been mentioned.

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Another blemish is an elaboration of polyphony which looks very remarkable on paper, but does not come out clearly in performance. There is not the largeness of design that one hears in Wagner's polyphony. Even allowing that Strauss sometimes wishes merely to create a shifting musical atmosphere, his polyphony is not always successful. But these are individual traits and have nothing to do with "programme" music as a form of art. Richard Strauss has certainly carried it a step farther in the gradual development which can be traced from the earliest days of music. In the face of that development and his achievements it is time that "programme" music should no longer be considered a mere piece of eccentricity in art.

E. A. Baughan.

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RUSSIA'S DOMINIONS AND POLICY IN ASIA

THERE can be no doubt that the expansion of Russia towards India, as Mr. Balfour recently remarked in his speech on Imperial defence, has from time to time raised serious misgivings in this country. We have endeavoured in vain to prevent that expansion, but have had eventually to accept it as an accomplished fact. Nevertheless the burden of nervous anxiety which we are now displaying as to the safety from land invasion of our Indian Empire is surely somewhat exaggerated, if not entirely misdirected. Russia was the last of the nations to wind her way Westwards. As though satiated with the occidental exploits of the Great Reformer, she was also the first to retrace her steps Eastward. Her movement may be described as that of a mighty river rolling onward in two estuaries, one continuing to flow on to the Far Eastern extremity, the other turning suddenly south after passing the Ourals. Slowly but steadily the two currents are forcing their way wherever they find lines of least resistance in their bent to reach the ocean. Without an all-the-year outlet to the cheapest means of intercommunication with the world—an outlet hitherto denied by Nature to her alone of all the great European Powers—Russia is not likely to free herself from costly foreign financial aid in her efforts to develop the vast natural resources of her Asiatic dominions. Russia has long since realised the contingencies which she has to

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encounter as an Asiatic Power, and the opposition which she will have to face in her plans of developing the wealth and commercial advantages of her neglected Eastern Empire.

"The problem of Asia is a world problem. It is in Asia once again that will be wielded the destinies of the world." This axiom has been the guide of Russia's foreign policy since her disillusionment at the Berlin Congress, when her eyes were opened to the fallacy of her Utopian move to the Mediterranean. Hence the promotion of her gigantic project of railing her mammoth Asiatic territory from end to end in order to reach the coveted water-way. But the great Siberian Railway, though a marvellous piece of work in its conception and dimensions, has scarcely carried out the original intention of its constructors. The hopes of wide commercial and especially industrial expansion, which were entertained at the time of its inauguration, have not been realised. It stands to reason that a single line of railroad, so long as it remains without branches and adequate sidings, is not likely to fulfil its functions of a main artery of transport and communication in a country as large as the continent of Europe. From a strategical point of view again, the railway has not been an unqualified success. During the present war, the transport of troops has been accomplished under extraordinary physical hardships and impediments involving severe bodily suffering to the soldiers, all no doubt contributing indirectly to the Russian disasters in the campaign. Had Manchuria not been a country full of provisioning resources, Kourapatkin's difficulties would have speedily become sheer impossibilities. It must however be acknowledged that this iron ribbon, the connecting link of two oceans, has been a means of awakening the minds of the general public to the actual conditions of the real Siberia which till but recently was buried under the legend of an arctic climate and a penal reputation. The railway engineer has thus succeeded, where the literary pioneer with his sensational flights of imagination had altogether failed. Henceforth the familiar stories of frost and snow-bound

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Siberia with a population of persecuted political prisoners and brutal officials are bound to disappear from the shelves of our circulating libraries. The total area of Russia's Asiatic dominions is estimated at 6,564,778 square miles, or twice that of the United States. Of this 4,833,496 square miles belong to Siberia proper, 1,682,100 to Central Asia, and 99,182 to Trans-Caucasia. Coal is distributed in abundance over almost the whole dominion, and might in the near future become a mighty weapon in the industrial development of Russia's Eastern Empire. Equally abundant is iron ore, containing, according to official analysis, from 60 to 80 per cent. of pure iron. Copper, silver, lead are found in many localities, as well as gold and other metals. As a corn-growing country, Siberia may rank amongst the world's foremost granaries, for notwithstanding indifferent tillage and the primitive agricultural implements at present in use, the whole of the western portion produces some of the finest wheat that has ever appeared on the London market. One of the chief reasons for the tardy development of this enormous country has been the neglected utilisation of its immense water-power. The line of mining and agricultural interests in Central Siberia is bordered to the South by a lofty mountain range, which condenses the vapour from the skies and sends down floods of water through innumerable channels. Of these the Ob, the Yenisei, the Lena, and the Amoor are the four most important trade arteries, exceeding the largest European rivers in length and extent of internal navigable water. These rivers with their tributaries form a water-power, which, if properly employed, might in time be made to provide for all transport, and possibly to a great extent could furnish the large towns with means of heat and light. A recent writer remarks, in somewhat optimistic strain, that: "The effect upon agricultural interests of the opportunity of securing unlimited land by immigration to Siberia is quite similar to that which the opening up of the Great West has had in the United States." On the

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surface this would appear to be correct. The facts, however, point to a very different interpretation. The American immigrant started with the idea of husbanding his resources with a view to permanent settlement; whereas the Russian settler, for want of proper means and practical knowledge, has extracted all he could out of the virgin soil without taking any thought for its restoration by adequate cultivation. The land is thus, in several localities, already showing signs of exhaustion. As an example of the hand-to-mouth habit of existence of the Russian peasant his manner of working the recently established butter export trade may be quoted. This most important agrarian industry in Siberia is, by its present reckless handling, exhausting the entire supply of milk, and the rearing of calves is thereby being sacrificed, at the risk of seriously diminishing the production of live stock throughout the whole of West Siberia. In area the market of Siberia is well nigh immeasurable; although now but thinly populated, and its population a relatively poor one, it may well be the future colony of Russia's increasing millions; providing, at least, that the development of this dormant Siberia can go hand in hand with the home projects of training the peasant to a proper use of his equally dormant faculties for work and sturdy independence. In Siberia, apparently, lies the whole solution of the knotty problem for the housing of the indigent, over-taxed peasant, struggling for bare existence in European Russia. As a passing comment on England's want of due appreciation of the future trade prospects in Siberia, it is worthy of note that according to the Board of Trade Report just published, the part of Great Britain in commercial enterprise in these regions, though considerable, is of a somewhat negative character. As the main purchaser of Siberian butter, the most valuable of the exported products of the country, she furnishes the funds—some twenty-five to thirty million roubles annually—that enable the peasants to provide themselves with dairy appliances from Denmark and Sweden, and with agricultural machinery from the United States. The

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British manufacturing market supplies nothing. In fact, as regards Siberia proper, the market, with the exception of one or two special requirements, is slipping altogether out of our hands. Mr. Cooke, the special commissioner, who has recently returned from a twelvemonths' investigation of the country, gives two chief causes for this exclusion: (1) A want of commercial travellers from British firms; (2) A want of knowledge of the language by those few who do travel in Siberia. Another reason is the existence of too unqualified an opinion, at times, among individual firms in England as to commercial dealings with Russian houses. Too much generalisation from individual instances results either in an abstention from business altogether, or, what amounts to the same thing, a too strict application of hard-and-fast rules, as to credit and other trading facilities. Our ubiquitous competitors, the Germans, have a way of assimilating themselves to local customs and local demands, and the Russian speaking German commercial traveller is the handy man in Siberia. Russian Central Asia includes the great province of Ferghana, with a climate sufficiently salubrious and a soil fertile enough to grow cotton and rice in abundance. The latest production of the former, grown from imported American seed, is of a quality equal to compete with "middling" American quality. Improved cleaning and refining appliances are all that is required to enable the growers to reach the standards of competition with the best "New Orleans." Rice mills have been erected in many districts, and the perfected cleaning and polishing process of this cereal has established a keen competition with Burma rice on the markets of European Russia. The native rice plantations have been greatly improved in certain districts by irrigation, which, however, is still in a very backward state. With regard to a general lack of water in Russian Central Asiatic provinces, a wise Home Government might secure astonishing results in fertilising and restoring the agricultural prosperity which characterised this part of the world in the time of Tamerlane and Jhinguis Khan.

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The recently completed Orenburg-Tashkent railroad, traversing some thousand miles of what promises to be a highly productive country, has now replaced the long camel trains. The fuel used in this railway is crude petroleum, at present brought from Baku, but which, to all appearance, will shortly be obtained in many of the local centres. It may be recalled that Alexander the Great "struck oil" in the vicinity of Samarkand 2200 years ago. As in Siberia so in Central Asia, the same absence of adequate means of communication has hitherto obstructed the opening up of these specific resources. The railway which Russia is now constructing as a continuation of the Orenburg-Tashkent line is intended not only to run through an equally highly productive country, but to serve also as a second connecting link with the Far East. It will link Tashkent with Siberia, and the great Trans-continental line of the North, by means of a line running through to Barnaul, past the Government coal and iron mines, and effect a junction with the Siberian system. In Asia her developments of commerce have always had to march side by side with strategic plans. Our own Indian rulers have always understood this, and have acted accordingly. And if we were to examine Russia's present sphere of activity in Central Asia with an impartial eye and unbiased mind, map in hand, we might surely be able to see that her movements are not solely the outcome of an aggressive policy and greed of territory. Her railway enterprise is rather the sign and symbol of her forcible awakening to the present unproductive state of her much needed assets represented by the enormous wealth of her already acquired Asiatic possessions. A popular story has long been current in England that Peter the Great, in his last will and testament, included a codicil advocating and foretelling Russia's uture conquest of India. Whether this testament be genuine or fictitious is a moot point. In any case the conditions of warfare and the distribution of world power have wholly changed since Peter's day. His theories of conquest now seem as futile as was Napoleon's dream of a world-empire. More-

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ever, each successive generation of rulers in Russia since Peter s epoch has inclined more and more towards the rejection of his Western ideals for the aggrandisement and the advancement of his country's well-being. "We Russians cannot fight on sea or in mountains" was the remark recently made by a Russian officer to one of our war correspondents in Manchuria—the nation that Russia intends sooner or later, in her Asiatic progress, to invade India is in fact, according to the pronouncement of most Russian strategists and diplomatists, an obsolete idea, a fairy tale for the childish.

The transport of an army numerically strong enough for the invasion of India, the conveyance of the necessary supplies, and all the other requirements of such a host, under the present conditions of warfare, would be well-nigh beyond human possibilities, especially when the enemy is a land power thousands of miles removed, and with a warlike buffer State between. Speaking of a possible invasion of India by the Japanese, Sir Francis Younghusband lately remarked that the safeguard against its occupation was the impregnable barrier of the Himalayas, our command of the sea, and the proven loyalty of the great chiefs and people of India. These arguments apply with equal force to refute the idea of a Russian invasion. A military government such as she employs in her conquered Asiatic territories would not moreover be tolerated by any of the chiefs of India. The proportion of natural fighting material in India, according to Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich—one of the greatest authorities on the subject—is at least double that of Russia. "A war with Russia," he declared in his address last June before the Central Asian Society, "would be most popular with the native soldier, and to the great majority of the best of our Indian troops it would be the realisation of their military ambition." From the financial as well as from the political point of view again, the conquest and occupation of India, even in the remote future, would be well nigh suicidal to Russia, and of this she is well aware. Whether in peace or in war, that nation must be foremost, predominant and powerful beyond all others

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whose power is on the sea, and whose position is therefore such as to enable it to act with the greatest stress upon the great roads of trade, whether in defence of its own dominions or in offence against the incursions of its enemy. Russia is not a maritime Power. She never has been, and judging from the special characteristics of her people, she is never likely to become one. If any evidence is needed in support of this statement, the incidents of the present war are ample to supply it. But although she may never become a great sea Power she is bound, nevertheless, sooner or later, to reach the sea, as we have endeavoured to show, to attain her national ideal, and accomplish the task she has set before her.

The trend of Russia's diplomacy, where India is concerned, though tortuous and circuitous, exhibits on closer inspection far more astuteness and consecutive persistency than are displayed by our own statesmen. According to her diplomatists and military authorities her natural aim is to attain a strategical standpoint from which she would be in a position, as a set off, if at war with us, seriously to *menace* India on her frontier or within striking distance of our territory; to cry "check to the King" on the military chess-board of her strategy, and thus mask her real plan of campaign to secure a permanent base of commercial vantage on the Persian Gulf by a rush through Persia. Our real interest in the guardianship of our Indian Empire lies then, we venture to think, in a peaceful policy, without losing sight of ordinary precautions. The endurance of this peaceful policy might be secured if the ruling Powers of the two nations could but bring about a mutually satisfactory arrangement regarding the final delimitations of their respective border lines in Asia. Then the chief source of long standing suspicions, suspense and misunderstandings between England and Russia might be permanently removed, and a closer and at the same time a wider mercantile intercourse, based on sounder principles of confidence, might find realisation in the maintenance of the world's peace, and in the concord and harmony of two mighty Empires.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

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LAND SETTLEMENT SYSTEM IN CANADA

AT the present time, when Canada is attracting the attention of Europe and the United States by its many advantages for settlement (and the opportunities to those who enter the country to engage in farming, &c., cannot be denied), it is interesting to consider the system adopted by the Canadian Government to promote settlement.

Most people are aware that the Canadian Government has followed the system which was originally started by the United States of allowing the male head of a family, or any male member of such family who has attained the age of eighteen years, to make entry for a free homestead of 160 acres of land on application to the local Agent of Dominion Lands, and on payment of an entry fee of $10. The duties required by the party making an entry are six months residence and cultivation in each year for three years; or, as to residence, living with parents on land in vicinity, or on land owned by, himself will satisfy. As regards cultivation, the Government does not require more than 30 acres out of the 160 to be ploughed or improved, and this may be performed well or badly. At the end of three years the party making entry can obtain patent to the land and become absolute owner free of any incumbrances or restrictions, and the only amount received by the Government is the said sum of $10, which probably does not pay the cost of the agent employed and acting for them in

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the matter. Formerly, up to the year 1889, the Government allowed parties to apply and take up second homesteads, and also to pre-empt the adjoining 160 acres to the homesteads taken up on payment of a small sum per acre, but then this was discontinued for obvious reasons, the fact being that such regulations permitted the applicants to become possessed of lands for little or nothing, and resulted in such parties becoming speculators in lands rather than settlers and farmers. That the system of giving away Government lands in free homesteads, pre-exemptions, and second homesteads, has resulted in encouraging speculation in lands, and instead of promoting permanent settlement has tended to disturb population, is a well-known fact to the writer. Frequently when a man has obtained the patent to his homestead after the period of three years he has offered his land for sale at almost any price that could be obtained, or has mortgaged it to a loan company for as large a loan as he could obtain, with the intention of never redeeming the mortgage, and as the land cost him practically nothing in money, he has viewed his transaction with much satisfaction. This was a particularly favourite plan of an applicant for land as long as he could obtain second and third homesteads and pre-emptions, and he found it more profitable to speculate with lands at the expense of the Government than to remain a settler and a farmer. By repealing the second homestead and pre-emption laws the Government admitted the weakness of their regulations, but they have not yet discovered the weakness and absurdity of giving any of their lands away free of charge. Why should any Government in the world give away lands for nothing? Such lands are the property of the people of the nation, and if properly dealt with on business principles would yield an enormous return in principal and interest, which sums would not only go to reduce taxation but could be advantageously used to form an immense immigration fund, reduce the National Debt, and to provide money for hospitals or other worthy objects. We shall presently consider the value of the Government lands of

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Canada if administered on what any reasonable commercial man would call a business basis. Would any trustee who had any estate to administer give away the property for nothing? But the Canadian Government not only give away an immense portion of the estate belonging to the people, but the machinery required to distribute the property entails the annual expenditure of a considerable sum of money. There is no business house in the world who would think of conducting their affairs on such lines. We may be told that the system of land settlement adopted by Canada has been modelled on that adopted by her great neighbour on the south, the United States. While admitting this, we cannot admit that such a system has any special benefits or merit, and the fact that our American cousins disposed of their enormous heritage of millions and tens of millions of acres of land under such conditions proves that they are not so shrewd or capable in business matters as the world generally considers them. However, the purpose of this article is not to consider the question of lands in the United States, whose free homesteads have now practically become exhausted, but to point out the shortsightedness of their system, with the object that Canada may profit by the immense quantity of lands we have remaining for settlement.

Before going into figures of the quantity of land originally held by the Canadian Government, the quantity already granted for free homesteads and pre-emptions, and the balance remaining undisposed of at the present time, it is interesting to draw attention to the system of colonisation which was adopted by the Government of New Zealand, and which also has been adopted by all the Australian Colonies, with certain variations. This system has proved very successful in every way, and strongly recommends itself as one based on good business principles, with conditions which make it quite as easy for the settler of very moderate means to obtain land as the conditions prevailing in Canada, and under which the Government obtain a fair price for the lands.

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The system referred to was formulated by a Mr. Wakefield, and John Stuart Mill, in writing of it in his well-known "Principles of Political Economy" (Book V., chapter xi., s. 14) says:

> Of the modes in which a fund for the support of colonisation can be raised none is comparable in advantage to that which was first suggested, and has since been so ably and perseveringly advocated, by Mr. Wakefield; the plan of putting a price on all unoccupied land and devoting the proceeds to emigration.

Mr. Mill goes on to speak very highly of the many advantages of the "Wakefield" system, and I would recommend the readers of this article to peruse his able remarks on the subject, as space forbids me to make exhaustive extracts from his valuable work.

Of course in all countries there must be certain lands set aside for special purposes, such as leases in the case of large tracts of ranching and grazing lands, and special provisions have to be made in the case of mineral and coal lands, but the principle of the "Wakefield" system of settlement of agricultural and farming lands is as follows, and will be seen to differ materially from the American and Canadian system, which has already been stated, and which is well known. Under the "Wakefield" system the Government, instead of giving away free homesteads of 160 acres, place a price of £1 (or $5) per acre on all farming lands open for settlement. This makes the price $800 for a quarter section of land. Of course the majority of intending settlers cannot afford to purchase at first even on easy terms, so the Government agree to lease the land for a period of five years at 1¼ per cent. on the capital value of $800. This means the payment of $10 per annum for five years for the use of 160 acres of land. At any time during the five years the settler may decide to purchase the land at $800, and commence to pay the purchase-money by easy instalments, extending over about ten years. If, however, he cannot make up his mind within five years, the Government agrees to give him a further option of leasing for a further term

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of ten years at 2½ per cent., or $20 per annum, on the same capital value, and at any time within the fifteen years he can purchase at $800 on easy terms of payment. Can any one argue that such terms are in any way harsh or difficult, and likely to prevent the settlement of any country where the land is good enough to sustain settlement? Of course if the land offered for settlement is not good land, and natural conditions make it impossible for a man to farm such land successfully, then he is bound to abandon the property, whether he gets it entirely free or pays a price for it. But it is argued by the Canadian Government, and experience proves their argument to be correct, that the lands they offer for free homesteads are of good average quality and fit for settlement. Accepting this to be the case, it is perfectly clear to any thinking man that if a farmer cannot make a living and a good profit by farming 160 acres of land, and paying $10 or $20 a year for the use of such land, he is either a "fool" at his business, or the land is not fit for farming, and in either case he would have to leave the property. On the other hand, if the conditions are favourable, he can easily pay the $10 or $20 a year, and when he begins to save money can commence to purchase the land at $5 per acre, or $800, on easy terms from the Government.

We all know that it is a weakness in human nature generally to value lightly anything that can be obtained for nothing, or without some hard work, and there is no reason why any Government should give away property for nothing, while an individual or business firm would not think of doing so. If a settler is assisted and encouraged by easy terms to work land as provided in the "Wakefield" system, he will have no difficulty in purchasing the land at a moderate price when he has accumulated a little money, and the Government will benefit by obtaining a fair price for their lands, and the purchaser will value the land he has paid for. The system has the further advantage of tending to concentrate settlement instead of inducing the settlers to go far away from railroads

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and markets in their rush to acquire free homesteads, and practically to speculate with the Government lands. In writing on this phase of the question, Mr. Stuart Mill goes on to say :

> By making it necessary for those who emigrate to earn a considerable sum before they can become landed proprietors it keeps up a perpetual succession of labourers for hire, who, in every country, are a most important auxiliary even to peasant proprietors; and by diminishing the eagerness of agricultural speculators to add to their domain, it keeps the settlers within reach of each other for purposes of co-operation, arranges a numerous body of them within easy distance of each centre of foreign commerce and non-agricultural industry, and ensures the formation and rapid growth of towns and town products. This concentration, compared with the dispersion which uniformly occurs when unoccupied land can be had for nothing, greatly accelerates the attainment of prosperity, and enlarges the fund which may be drawn upon for further emigration. Before the adoption of the Wakefield system the early years of all new Colonies were full of hardships and difficulty, but wherever it has been introduced at all, as in South Australia, Victoria, and New Zealand, the restraint put upon the dispersion of the settlers, and the influx of capital caused by the assurance of being able to obtain hired labour, has in spite of many difficulties and much mismanagement produced a suddenness and rapidity of prosperity more like fable than reality.

We may now consider the figures of the quantity of land which forms the vast estate held by the Government of Canada, but we shall confine these figures to the Western portion of the Dominion, commencing with the Province of Manitoba, the greatest attention being directed at present to Western Canada, where streams of new settlers are pouring in.

The Hudson's Bay Company formerly dominated affairs in Western Canada until the year 1869, when the Crown made arrangements for the extinguishment of the Company's rights and franchises, and agreed among other things to give the Company, for fifty years from the date of surrender (Nov. 19, 1869) of their rights, the privilege to select grants of land not exceeding one-twentieth of the land set out for settlement. The Company also selected 45,000 acres of land around its Forts. The Canadian Government has also granted to railway companies operating in Western Canada 45,179,392 acres of land up to

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June 30, 1908 (Statistical Year Book of Canada, 1903, page 466).

The following figures are those recently given by the Canadian Government as to the area of acres in Manitoba and the North-west Territories (comprising only Alberta, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan) embraced in the original settlement with the Hudson's Bay Company:

		Land area—acres.
Manitoba		41,169,098
Alberta		64,973,212
Assiniboia		56,498,546
Saskatchewan		66,460,859
Total acres		229,101,715
Deduct		
One twentieth set aside for the Hudson's Bay Company	11,455,085	
Land selected round Forts	45,000	
One eighteenth set aside for school purposes	12,727,873	
Grants to Railway Companies	45,179,392	
Estimated Free Homesteads and Pre-emptions granted	15,411,162	84,818,512
Balance acres		144,283,203

Taking the capital value of this balance of 144,283,203 acres at $5 per acre we have an asset belonging to the Canadian people worth the very considerable sum of $721,416,015. The net amount of the National Debt of Canada at the end of the year 1908 was $261,606,989, so that the value of the lands mentioned would be nearly sufficient to pay that debt three times over, and it must be remembered that these lands form only a comparatively small portion of the vast landed assets possessed by the Dominion. Of course, comprised in the above-named lands will be a considerable quantity of grazing lands, coal and mineral lands; and in the case of coal and mineral lands they are naturally worth much more than $5 per acre. It may be argued that the largest portion of the 144,283,203 acres is land unfit for settlement, such as swamps and muskegs.

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This may be the case, but as a very large quantity has never been surveyed or reported on by the Government Surveyors it cannot be accurately stated. But accepting the argument to be true it does not excuse the folly of offering any part of the lands for free homesteads. It is perfectly certain that if any piece of land is so bad, and located under such unfavourable climatic conditions, that a settler cannot possibly make a living by cultivating or farming on it, then it is useless either to offer it to him for nothing or to charge a price for it, because in any case he will have to abandon it. But neither the Government, nor any body else, knows how much of this land is unfit for settlement, and what is considered unfit for settlement and valueless to-day may be regarded quite differently a few years hence. Fifty years ago the whole of Manitoba was regarded as being of no value, but we all know that the opening up of railways and transportation facilities changes conditions wonderfully, and the building of the Cape to Cairo Railway will probably prove that the land in Central Africa is valuable and able to sustain a large population. No one expects that a large continent can be settled in a comparatively small number of years, and there is sufficient land in the North-west of Canada to engage plans of settlement for hundreds of years to come. The business way for the Government to deal with such a vast heritage is to offer such of the land as is surveyed and thrown open for settlement from time to time as opportunities arise on some business basis, and not to continue to give large quantities away for nothing as at present.

With regard to the quantity of land already surveyed by the Government and considered fit for settlement, the following is a quotation from an official statement:—

> According to the Dominion surveyors' reports 104,819,015 acres have been surveyed for settlement since the transfer of the North-West territories and Manitoba to the Dominion. This quantity is deemed to be fit for settlement. Much of it has been alienated. As for the unsurveyed portions, it would be impossible to say how much is fit for settlement. It is all a matter of estimate.

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Accepting this official statement we will look back at the figures stated and deduct from the 104,819,015 acres 84,818,512 granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, to Railway Companies, for school purposes, and for homesteads and pre-emptions. This leaves a balance of 20,000,503 acres which the Government admit has been surveyed and is at present fit for settlement. Placing a value of $5 per acre on this gives us the very handsome sum of $100,002,515. Operating this land on this value at a rental of 1¼ per cent. the rentals will gradually grow to the sum of $1,250,031 per annum. The New Zealand Government estimated that the rentals obtained from time to time were more than sufficient to pay the cost of running the system, and from the capital obtained by the sale of lands they set aside a large sum which was devoted to obtaining large numbers of agricultural families and labourers from Europe and paying all their expenses out to the Colony. It is well known that there are thousands of practical agricultural labourers in Europe who would willingly try their fortunes in a country like Canada, but they have not any money to pay any part of the expenses of transportation. The proper plan to adopt with this class of emigrants is to have them emigrate in families so as not to break up the family ties. Under the present emigration system operated by the Canadian Government many absolutely useless people are induced to emigrate, the Government agents being paid so much per head, with the result that many of the scum and "ne'er-do-well" population of the cities of Europe come to Canada who have not any qualifications to command success. Every useless, and consequently discontented, emigrant does a great deal of harm in any colony.

By the adoption of the "Wakefield" system of settlement in Canada the Government would have very ample and abundant funds to pay all expenses of their Immigration Department, without taxing the people of Canada with one cent for the purpose, and an enormous surplus after allowing for such expenses, and the system is so favourable to immi-

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grants that not one settler who purposed coming under the present arrangements would stay away. In fact the present system of giving land away for nothing is regarded by some people as a suspicious offer. The writer on one occasion in England drew the attention of a hard-headed agriculturist to the free lands of Canada, and was met with the response that "it must be *darned* poor land if they give it away for nothing."

Before closing this article we must look at a few more figures giving us particulars of the enormous land possessions of the people of Canada in the far Western and Northern parts of the Dominion. The Government figures are as follows:

	Land area—acres.
Territory of Athabasca	155,622,704
„ „ Mackenzie	340,886,620
„ „ Keewatin	292,478,010
„ „ Ungava	223,429,600
„ „ Yukon	125,649,500
Total . . .	1,138,066,434

Think of the capital value of these 1,138,066,434 acres at $5 per acre, and even the rental value at 1½ per cent. under the "Wakefield" system. It may take hundreds of years to settle up much of this immense quantity of land, but the Government cannot hasten the settlement under their present system of free homesteads any more than could be done under the easy and businesslike system suggested. Much of it may never be fit for settlement, but in that case there is no object in giving it away, as it cannot be cultivated or occupied, and, as the Government have no taxes to pay, the business manner of dealing with the property is to place portions of it on the market from time to time as demand arises.

One more point must be mentioned. Nearly every one in Canada is directly or indirectly interested in the value of land. Many persons are owners of farm lands in the West and elsewhere. The placing of a minimum price on all Government

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lands will immediately enhance the value of all other lands, and the present competition of the Government arising from the fact of offering free lands in districts where individuals have paid a "money" price for their lands will be removed. The people of Canada should be deeply interested in this matter of dealing properly with the vast landed assets possessed by the Dominion, and the question is one of economics which should not be made in any way a matter of party politics.

The writer has no interests to serve in party politics in broaching the subject, and has no connection whatever with either political party in the country. The recommendations are simply those of a business man, that the immense landed assets of the country should be dealt with on sound business principles and not on that of freely and recklessly giving away a large portion of such assets without any payment, and with official machinery, costing the country a considerable sum each year. The cost of the Immigration Department of Canada between the years 1868 to 1908 was $8,881,782, or an average of $246,716 yearly. For the year 1908 the amount was $642,914 (Statistical Year Book, 1908).

Have we no statesman in Parliament, or public man, who will take up this question and agitate the matter until the present thriftless and unsatisfactory system is changed!

R. J. Shrimpton.

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THE SOLDIERS OF THE SIRKAR

IN a former paper I dealt with the fighting men of Northern India who go to make up the armies of Bengal and of the Punjab, and in this article I propose to write about the classes from which are drawn the recruits for the far more ancient armies of Madras and Bombay. Both these are very largely recruited from sources quite outside the civil limits of either Presidency—the Punjab, the North-west Frontier, Central India, Rajputana, and Oudh being all drawn upon, while the recruiting area allotted to Bombay is considerably larger than that of either Madras, Bengal, or the Punjab. This being understood, I shall here only write of those classes which are found in Bombay and Madras alone, and the men of which serve in those armies and in no other.

The first mention of Native troops occurs in the year 1668, when the garrison of Bombay consisted of 285 men, but as these included only 98 Englishmen, while the remainder were French, Portuguese, and Natives, these last must have been very limited in number. It is difficult to say from what particular class these natives were drawn, and although four years later when a Dutch descent upon Bombay was imminent, the services of 500 *Rajputs* were upon the point of being requisitioned, it seems more likely that the *Native* element was drawn from the so-called Topasses—half-caste Christians—of whom there were 54 serving in the two companies of the King's troops when

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these were incorporated in the Company's forces on the island of Bombay passing out of the possession of the Crown. This small force—which included also five officers and 189 European non-commissioned officers and privates—formed the nucleus of the present Bombay Army. It was in Bombay that the first recorded instance occurs of the servants of the Company exercising the powers of martial law: this happened in 1674, when a mutiny broke out among the troops (who appear to have had legitimate cause for complaint), a corporal was shot, and an officer sent to England to await the decision of the King upon his case. We hear for the first time of "batta"—still sanctioned for Indian troops employed on field service beyond the frontier—about the year 1678, when the extra allowance, which had always been granted to the men of a particular guard, was cut down—a fate which has overtaken the old batta on a generous scale which was always given up to the time of the second Afghan war. In 1688 orders were issued in Bombay for the embodiment of "two companies of Rajputs, each of a hundred men. To be commanded by officers of their own, and to use their own arms. This is the first mention of the embodiment of regular companies of Natives selected from a warlike race." These Rajput troops seem to have been highly thought of, but in 1692, when the strength of local forces was increased and recruits of all kinds were urgently needed, orders were issued to the authorities in Bombay directing also the enlistment of Armenians, Arabs, and Negroes.

It will interest those who, of late years, have so stoutly advocated the rival advantages of class regiments and class company regiments, to know that towards the end of the seventeenth century the Court of Directors sent instructions to Bombay enacting that for the future all Native troops in the service of the Company were to be enlisted from the same caste. In Madras at the same date "Cafres and Blacks from the Mozambique" were enlisted to swell the garrisons of Forts St. George and St. David, while an endeavour was also made,

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in obedience to repeated orders from home, to recruit Armenians, owing to the great expense attending the enlistment and transport of British recruits. European soldiers in India were at this date dressed and armed after the military fashion of the period, "but the Native troops, although drilled in the use of the musket, were chiefly armed with the sword, the spear, and shield, wore their Native dress, and were commanded by Native officers." It is not, however, until the year 1741 that occurs the first mention of a regular battalion as part of the garrison of the castle of Bombay; it consisted of close upon 1500 men, was organised in seven companies, and was commanded by a captain; it comprised both British and Native soldiers, the latter numbering nearly two-thirds of the whole strength. Six years later, in June 1747, occurs the first instance on record of Native troops in the Company's service being detached on service from their own Presidency, when out of 2000 natives who had been enrolled the year previous in Bombay, 100 were sent—with other reinforcements—to Madras, where Fort St. David was undergoing attacks from the French under M. Paradis. This year, too, witnessed the appointment of a Commander-in-Chief, and of an Inspector-General of Artillery for Bombay—the united salaries of these fortunate warriors aggregating £450 per annum! Major Lawrence was appointed from home to command all the Company's troops in India, and the Presidential armies began to be at last in some measure organised; for years Bombay appears to have taken the lead both in regard to military organisation and to the numbers of Sepoys under arms, for so late as 1752

the number of disciplined Sepoys considered sufficient for the protection of the Madras possessions by the Court of Directors was 1300 men, distributed among the three strongholds of Fort St. George, Fort St. David, and Fort Devi Kotah.

The Sepoys seem to have behaved with great gallantry upon several occasions:

Major Lawrence spoke highly of their conduct during the attack on Cuddalore by the French in 1748; at the siege of Arcot in 1751; and at the

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battle near Volcondah in the same year, when the European troops retired in panic, their behaviour was also excellent; and Orme praises them for being very well to the front at the second battle of Volcondah in 1752, under Clive. At the siege of Trichinopoly in 1753, and at the repulse of the night attack in November of the same year, they also fought gallantly, and many instances of personal bravery and devotion on the part of Native officers have been placed on record.

During all these years, however, and in all these actions, the regularly enlisted Sepoys at all events had fought in battalions which had a *stiffening* of Europeans—British or Swiss—probably amounting to not less than one-third of the total strength. It was left for Clive to give his Sepoys better training and sounder organisation, and to form them into regular Native battalions under European officers: the first of these—the very first Sepoy Battalion as such—was raised in the anxious days of 1757, when the Englishmen at Calcutta were expecting an attack from the Nawab Siraj ud Dowla, and when Clive and Watson had come up from Madras to avenge the infamy of the Black Hole.

The battalion was possibly recruited from among the Madras Sepoys; the officers, according to Williams, being selected from the Madras detachment. The corps thus raised was called by the natives *Lall Pultan* or the red battalion. It was officered by one captain, two subalterns (Europeans) who acted as field officers, assisted by a sergeant-major and several sergeants, also Europeans; there was a Native commandant, who took post in front with the captain, and a Native adjutant who remained in rear with the subalterns. The battalion consisted of ten companies, two being Grenadiers; each company had a subadar, three jemadars, five havildars, four naiks, two drummers, one trumpeter, and seventy Sepoys, with two Colours, one bearing the subadar's device, the other having the Union Jack in the upper corner.

Space does not admit of my pursuing further the story of the gradual creation of the Presidential armies of Bombay and Madras, and I may proceed to describe the different races and classes from which the soldiers of those armies are now drawn. Leaving out those races which I have elsewhere mentioned, the merely *local* sources of recruitment for the two Presidencies are practically confined to the following races or

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castes, viz., Baluchis, Brahuis, Bhils, Hazaras, Mahrattas, Mers, Moplahs, Telingas, and Tamils.

"Baluchistan, the land of the Baluchis and Brahuis, is bounded on the north by Afghanistan, on the east by Sind and the Punjab, on the south by the Arabian Sea, and on the west by Persia." The total area of this generally hilly, and in parts mountainous, country is about 160,000 square miles. The population consists of about 500,000 Baluchis and Brahuis, of whom the former are the more numerous, while the latter are the dominant race in the land. The Baluchi claims Arab descent, ascribing his origin to the uncle of the Prophet; he is a nomad, having settled first in Syria and then in Persia, and having been expelled from both countries before he eventually found his way into Mekran, and thence spread all over Baluchistan. The Baluchis are not unlike the Pathans, but are not so brutal or so treacherous, and enjoy a higher reputation for truth and fidelity, while they are not so bigoted and fanatical. They are manly, brave, frank and strong, independent and yet respectful. The Sind war showed us how they can fight, but their laziness, objection to discipline and aversion to wearing anything but their own clothes—"theoretically white, but never washed save on the rare occasions when they go to durbar"—prevents their accepting regular service. Ibbetson says that the Baluchi "has less of God in his head and less of the devil in his nature" than the Pathan; the latter prefers to kill his enemy from behind, the Baluchi face to face; the late Sir Charles Macgregor, than whom none knew better the men of the frontier, had a high opinion of the value of the Baluchis as auxiliary troops, and of their stern, unyielding courage. He says:

> An Afghan at feud with his neighbour gets into a tower or behind a rock and waits till he can murder him in cold blood; a Biloch collects all the wild spirits of his clan, and attacks his enemy in force, sword in hand, generally losing very heavily.

It is a thousand pities that so few Baluchis—comparatively speaking—care to enlist in our service, for they are

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eminently suited for Silladar cavalry, being "born horsemen and breeders of a particularly hardy and enduring race of horses."

Holdich, of the Indian Survey, says:

> We find all through Kelat, and extending almost to the sea, a Dravidian people called Brahui, who are quite distinct from, and probably very much older than the Arabs; relics possibly of those prehistoric immigrations from the plains of Mesopotamia which have filled the Central and Southern Indian jungles with such communities of interesting people.

It is thought that somewhere about the fifteenth or sixteenth century the Brahuis drove the Baluchis from the province of Kelat, and thus acquired dominance over the Baluch tribes. The Khan of Kelat, the ruler of Baluchistan, is a Brahui, and the various chiefs acknowledge him as their suzerain; but he would probably find a difficulty in keeping all these turbulent spirits in order without the recognition and assistance of the Indian Government, and the supremacy of the Brahui Khans would, no doubt, have entirely passed away, but that it has been our Border policy to support it. The Brahuis enjoy, as nominally the dominant race, certain privileges not extended to Baluchis; the latter, for instance, in time of war drawing a ration only of millet flour while the Brahui draws one of wheat flour. Baluchis and Brahuis are alike fine men, truthful and faithful to trust, and there is yet to be found in their country a stone of cursing "erected as a perpetual memorial of the treachery of one who betrayed his fellow."

Bhils.—It is said that a young Bengali Babu being once asked in an examination to write down what he knew of the Bhils, delivered himself much as follows: "The Bhil is a black man and yet more hairy; he shoots your body with bow and arrow and hides it in a ditch. By this you may know your Bhil!" This description is, however, neither particularly correct nor especially satisfying. The Bhils are an aboriginal race inhabiting large tracts of country in Rajputana and Central India from the Aravalli Hills in the north to the

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Nerbudda River in the south. They are great hunters, living a rough open-air life, which has developed in them sufficient nerve, muscle and hardihood to make them capital soldiers of thoroughly good physique. They are genial and good-tempered, fond of liquor, robbery and sport. They are faithful, but at the same time ignorant and superstitious, followers of a rather debased form of Hinduism. "Men like Outram, who spent several years among the Bhils and did brilliant service with them, held them in high repute, wild, barbarous, and lawless robbers though they were." Up to less than a century ago the Bhils lived on the blackmail which they levied on all goods passing through their hills, and as late as 1826 they gave the Indian Government a good deal of trouble. With the raising of two regiments in their midst—the Malwa and the Meywar Bhil Corps—the Bhils gave up their lawless ways, and now enlist readily enough in our service. They appear to have no chiefs of their own, but either own allegiance—as in Meywar—to certain chiefs, vassals of the Rana, who are of mixed Bhil and Rajput origin, or else they merely hold their lands in fief from the particular Rajput chief in whose territory they have settled, but it is only of comparatively late years that their vassalage has become more real than nominal.

Hazaras.—The country whence came the Hazaras—the natives of Western and North-Western India—lies in that unknown tangle of highlands to the west of Ghazni, and about midway and to the south of a line drawn from Kabul to Herat, and "is peopled by a number of Mongol tribes who were settled here as military colonists by Changhiz Khan—as Rohilkand was colonised with Rohillas by Mahmoud of Ghazni—after the expulsion and extermination of the original Persian possessors." This region is the Paropamisus of the ancients, contains fertile valleys, and is the source of several important rivers, including the Helmund. The inhabitants are called Hazaras by us and by the Afghans, but do not themselves use the name, being only known amongst themselves by the titles of their different

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tribes and clans. "With the exception of a few Turki words, they have entirely lost their mother-tongue and adopted in its place the Persian language of the thirteenth century and with it the national form of religion of that people, namely, the Shiah doctrine of Islam." They are a simple-minded race, much priest-ridden, illiterate, governed absolutely by their tribal chiefs, poor and hardy. They cross the western frontier of India in large numbers every cold weather, and are in great request by the Military and Public Works Departments as first-class navvies. They are very hostile to the Afghans, the more independent tribes of the interior of Hazara having hitherto baffled most of the attempts to coerce them made by the Kabul Government, while even those living nearer to Kabul, Kandahar, Herat, and Balkh only pay revenue under pressure. They have suffered much persecution from their neighbours, but have always shown a friendly disposition towards Englishmen. Individual Hazaras have enlisted in many of our Indian regiments, and the 124th and 126th Baluchistan Regiments of the Bombay Army have each two companies of these tribesmen. These are now to be taken to form the nucleus of a new class regiment composed entirely of Hazaras; it is to be styled the 106th Hazara Pioneers, and the experiment, if successful, will doubtless lead to the raising of more battalions of these hardy frontiersmen.

Mahrattas.—Maharashtra, "the Great Province," the country of the Mahrattas, is bounded on the north by the Satpura mountains, and extends from about Surat on the west to the Waingunga River, east of Nagpur. The boundary follows that river till it falls into the Wardha, on to Manickdurg, thence to Mahar, and thence to Goa; on the west it is bounded by the ocean. The country is watered by the Nerbudda, the Tapti, the Godavery, the Bima, the Kishtna and their many tributaries. The western Ghauts divide it into two divisions: that between the mountains and the sea—varying in width from twenty-five to fifty miles—is called the Konkan, while the Decanni Mahratta country lies to the east of the Ghauts.

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For recruiting purposes Mahrattas are divided into Konkani and Decanni Mahrattas, and it is this race which supplies a very large proportion of the purely local infantry recruits of the Bombay Army. The Mahrattas "are probably a race who entered India from the north-west anterior to the Aryans, but were, on the entry of the latter, infused with a strain of their blood, as well as converted to their religion and to some extent their speech." The present Mahar peasantry of Maharashtra are probably the descendants of the men who furnished the larger proportion of the Mahratta warriors in the days when these latter boasted, with some reason, that they had watered their horses at every river in India. Historians have stated that the Mahrattas were never a military race like the Sikhs and the Gurkhas, but our four Mahratta wars proved to us that these were worthy foes and hard fighters. No race devoid of the true military spirit could have played so leading a part in the history of India, but it is certainly true that the Mahratta horseman possessed rather "the courage of the freebooter than the genuine soldierly instinct." He is sturdily built, can stand a good amount of exposure and fatigue, and it seems a pity to deny him sound soldierlike qualities when the *Pax Britannica* and the claims of regiments containing more highly-prized material have combined to prevent the Bombay Sepoy from enjoying anything like his fair share of active service. There are six class regiments of Mahrattas in the Bombay Army, and many class companies of them are included in other battalions; but when one remembers all that one has read of the deeds and prowess of the famous Mahratta Horsemen, it seems surprising to find from the Indian Army List that only one of the Bombay cavalry regiments contains a squadron of Decanni Mahrattas.

On one of the main roads leading out of Calcutta the observant may remark, near a foul suburb, a noisome ditch where the pariah dog contends for garbage with the kites and the crows; it is all that is left of the old *Mahratta Ditch*, which was dug in 1742 in feverish haste by the inhabitants of Calcutta

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as a protection against the repeated ravages to which Bengal was subjected by the Mahrattas but little more than a century and a half ago!

Mers.—The Mers, who supply a large number of excellent soldiers of good physique to the Merwara Battalion, are an aboriginal race, with a strain of Rajput blood in them. They inhabit a long and narrow range of hills near Central Rajputana, formerly lived largely by dacoity, and for centuries waged not wholly unsuccessful war against the Rajput chiefs who sought to subdue them. They claim relationship with the Minas—who are found in western Central India, in Jeypore, Ulwur, Meywar, and Sirohi—and prefer to be looked upon as the offspring of Rajput fathers and Mina mothers.

Moplahs.—The total population of the Madras Presidency is about thirty-six millions, and of these less than two and a half millions are Mahomedans, while nearly half this number of Mahomedans is found in Malabar. Most of the Mussulmans of Madras are converts from Hinduism, and this portion of the population of the Presidency is made up "(1) of pure-blooded Dravidian converts to Islam; (2) the pure descendants of Afghans or Moguls who came as conquerors into the south; (3) a mixed Afghan, Mogul, and Dravidian population." The Moplahs are one of the chief Mahomedan castes, and form perhaps the best fighting material to be found in the Southern Presidency. There are about one million of them, and they speak Malayalam. They are the descendants of the Arabs who traded to the Malabar coast and intermarried with the women of the country, resulting in a mixed Arab and Dravidian race. The Moplahs are agriculturists and fiercely fanatical—not, however, with the fanaticism of the Mahomedan of North-Western India; there is method in the fanaticism of the Pathan—defining this as a "sentiment of religious intolerance excited into reckless action"—for few Pathans will run serious risks in their frenzy unless they have a good chance of inflicting damage; but, unlike them, the Moplah never stops to reckon up the odds. On at least two occasions of quite recent years

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there have been very serious religious riots among the Moplah community, when with every single chance against them the Moplahs took their stand—and took their punishment. British troops have been called out against them, and had no light task to effect their subjection. The Moplahs are not such fine men as Sikhs and Pathans, but they are far and away of finer physique than almost any other of the military castes of the Madras Presidency, and the two battalions of Moplah Rifles which of late years have been raised are composed of most promising stuff.

Telingas.—Of the Telingas I have very little to say, for although there are still many of them among the infantry battalions of the Madras Army, their recruitment has now for some years past been stopped in favour of the acquisition of men of a more military caste. Telugu is the language spoken in the districts of Nellore, Kishtna, Godavery, Vizagapatam, Kurnool, Cuddapah, and parts of Bellary, North Arcot, and Ganjam—practically the whole of the northern parts of the Madras Presidency. "The Telingas or Telagas are a Telugu caste of cultivators who were formerly soldiers in the armies of the Hindu sovereigns of Telingana. This may perhaps account for the name, for it is easy to see that the Telugu soldiers might come to be regarded as the Telugus or Telagas *par excellence.*" The caste numbers about 800,000.

Tamils.—There are in Madras some fourteen millions of Tamils, but probably scarcely one in ten of these is fit to shoulder a rifle, much less to make a soldier. They are found chiefly in Chingleput, South Arcot, Coimbatore, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Madura, and Tinnevelly; also in parts of North Arcot and Travancore. Their most important military castes are as follows; KALLANS from Madura, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly; of some independence of character and fair physique, give a good deal of trouble, and were formerly a turbulent race much given to theft and dacoity: MARAVANS from the vicinity of Cape Comorin; in days gone by they were a fierce race famous for their military prowess, and gave the British much trouble

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at the beginning of the last century, but they are now much the same as other ryots, though perhaps somewhat more bold and lawless: VELLALAS are one of the largest of the Tamil-speaking castes, and these and the PALLIS are of fair physique, and should furnish some good recruits, for both were largely employed as soldiers in old days.

Recruits for the Bombay Army are also drawn to a small extent from the *Meos*—Mahomedan converts from Hinduism who live chiefly about Ulwar and Bhurtpore; and for Madras from the *Coorgs*, a race of warlike Hindus, who gave first Hyder Ali of Mysore and later the British a great deal of trouble, and from the *Christians*, of whom there is a little more to be said. Early in the Christian era a missionary named Thomas—said by some to have been the "doubting apostle"—came to India and worked so hard in his proselytising mission that, on his death, "he left behind him a strong Christian community in Southern India from the Coromandel to the Malabar coasts." Persecution drove these converts to the hilly region of the western seaboard, where they remained for centuries. "When the Portuguese first came to India towards the end of the fifteenth century, they found these Indian Christians in a flourishing condition, respected for their soldierly qualities, and holding a high place among their heathen neighbours. They had Christian Kings or Rajahs of their own, their own clergy, and an organised system of government which compared favourably with that of the surrounding heathen states." Sir William Hunter writes of them that

> they were the most important military caste of the south-west coast. They supplied the bodyguard of the local kings; and the Christian caste was the first to learn the use of gunpowder and firearms. They thus became the matchlockmen of the Indian troops of Southern India, usually placed in the van or around the person of the prince.

From what I have written in this paper it will be seen that the *locally* obtained recruits of the two southern armies of India are drawn from castes whose military reputation is mainly of the past, whereas the name of the fighting men of northern

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India lives in the present day. But it is to be said that the military castes of the Madras Presidency at least have not received anything like the same systematic study as have the fighting races of Upper India. "But it is always well to remember that the Native Army will be just what its British officers make of it, and that the excellence or otherwise of the material of which it is composed is not the only determining factor. For the influence of the stronger, manlier, and higher race must necessarily be an all-important factor in making the Native Army fit for the strenuous duties which await it sooner or later."

H. C. Wylly.

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THE CRIMINAL LIABILITY OF DIRECTORS

THE growth of company enterprise during the last forty years under the stimulus of limited liability has been one of the most striking features of our industrial development. Of the joint-stock company it may be truly said that it "bestrides the world like a Colossus." The number of these trading companies registered in the United Kingdom alone, and still carrying on business, is 50,000: their paid-up capital is, nearly, two thousand millions; their borrowed capital more than 400 millions. The power and influence of the director has grown with this growth of the company; it is the director who wields this colossal capital, who is charged with the control of this world-wide enterprise; upon his uprightness, vigilance, and sound judgment depends the welfare of a large and increasing part of the trade of the country. Moreover, the director is practically independent; for his principal, the company, is a mere abstraction—a *nomen collectivum* for the shareholders, themselves, for the most part, mere dividend-drawers. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, in view of this influence and independence, that the Courts should have held directors to a very strict standard of duty, and that Parliament has from time to time singled out directors for special legislation beyond their civil and criminal liability at common law. By the Larceny Act, 1861 (ss. 81–84), for example, the legislature created a series of statutory offences by directors—the fraudulent

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appropriation of property of the company (s. 81), the keeping of fraudulent accounts (s. 82), the wilful destruction of books (s. 88), and the publishing of fraudulent statements (s. 84), to which we shall come later. By the Companies Act, 1867, it gave companies power to make the liability of directors unlimited—though nothing came of that. By s. 38 of the same Act it compelled directors to disclose material contracts in a prospectus at the risk of its being deemed fraudulent. By the Directors Liability Act, 1890, it made directors liable in damages for any material false statement in a prospectus unless they could prove that they had reasonable grounds for believing it true, and did in fact believe it to be true. By the Winding-up Act, 1890, the summary jurisdiction for misfeasance by directors was extended, and by the Companies Act, 1900, directors' obligation to take up their share qualification was enforced, and the fullest disclosure in a prospectus of all material matters was exacted from them.

It is a remarkable fact—and directors are entitled to take credit for it—that since the date of the Companies Act, 1862, there have been only three criminal prosecutions directed by the Court under these enabling sections, the last being that of the late Whitaker Wright; but this immunity must not be pressed too far in favour of the innocency of directors. Where a director is both civilly and criminally liable shareholders naturally prefer to take such proceedings as may result in getting back something into the assets of the company than in a barren vindication of public justice.

Of all this array of legislation the only part of the law with which we are at present concerned is s. 84 of the Larceny Act, 1861, the section under which the late Whitaker Wright was convicted, and which the Attorney-General now proposes to supplement or supersede by the provisions of the False Statements Bill, 1904; s. 84 runs as follows:

> Whosoever being a Director, Manager, or public officer of any body corporate or public company, shall make, circulate or publish or concur in making, circulating or publishing any written statement or account which he

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shall know to be false in any material particular, with intent to deceive or defraud any member, shareholder or creditor of such body corporate or public company, or with intent to induce any person to become a shareholder or partner therein, or to intrust or advance any property to such body corporate or public company or to enter into any security for the benefit thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and being convicted thereof shall be liable at the discretion of the Court to any of the punishments which the Court may award as hereinbefore last mentioned.

The punishments referred to are penal servitude for any term not exceeding seven years and not less than three years, or imprisonment for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour and with or without solitary confinement (*see* sec. 575).

Now comes the new Bill:

1. (1) If any person, being a director, manager, secretary, or other officer of any company, or being the auditor of a company whether an officer or not, wilfully circulates, publishes, or makes or prepares for circulation or publication or concurs in so circulating, publishing, making, or preparing any written statement or account relating to the financial affairs or property of the company which he knows to be false in any material particular, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour and shall be liable on conviction on indictment to imprisoment for a term not exceeding two years, or, in the discretion of the Court, to a fine not exceeding £500.

(2) For the purposes of this section the expression "company" includes any company formed for purposes of gain, and incorporated by charter, or by or under any Act of Parliament, and any Friendly Society, whether registered or unregistered, and also any Society or body of persons (other than a Friendly Society) which is registered or the rules of which are registered by or with the Registrar of Friendly Societies under any Act of Parliament.

It will be observed that the main difference between the Larceny Act and s. 1 (1) of the Attorney-General's Bill is in the elimination from the latter of the words "with intent to deceive or defraud any member, shareholder, or creditor of such body corporate or public company." The explanation of this change is simple. The difficulty which the Attorney-General felt in advising a prosecution in the Whitaker Wright case arose—as he frankly stated in the House of Commons—from these words "with intent, &c." He could not satisfy himself that Whitaker

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Wright's acts—his rigging of the market and manipulation of the items of the London and Globe's balance-sheet—were done "with intent to deceive or defraud the members, shareholders, or creditors of the Company." So far from that it seemed to the Attorney-General that Whitaker Wright was doing all he could to save the situation, and that the purpose of his misrepresentations was to support a corner which, if successful, would have re-established the fortunes of the company; hence, if the summing-up of Chief Justice Cockburn in the analogous case of Reg. *v.* Gurney were followed the prosecution must fail. In the result, as we know, it did not fail: the question left to the jury was in substance whether the analysis of the accounts given for the prosecution after the explanations given by the accused justified the conclusion that the accused did what he had done and omitted what he had omitted "with intent to deceive or defraud the members, shareholders, &c.," and the jury had no difficulty in finding that they were done and omitted with that intent. But the fact that a conviction was in the particular case obtained is not conclusive proof that the law is not capable of being bettered, and the amendment proposed in the False Statements Bill must be looked at in a broader way, disengaged from the particular associations of the Whitaker Wright case. So looked at, the question comes to this: "Ought a director to be criminally liable *ipso facto* for making a false statement in a prospectus or balance-sheet, knowing it to be false, whether he intended to defraud or not?" The elimination of the "intent" is, no doubt, a departure, and a very important departure, from the traditional policy of English criminal law. That law has always required the *mens rea* to be found as a fact by the jury. A "guilty mind," as Chief Justice Cockburn said in charging the jury in Reg. *v.* Gurney (11 Cox, 414), "what we lawyers call the *mens rea*, is essential to constitute a crime in the eye of the law." This safeguard is abolished if the new Bill passes. It is sufficient to constitute an offence under it that a director has wilfully published or concurred in publishing a written state-

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ment or account relating to the financial affairs or property of the company which he knows to be false in any material particular. This once proved, the offence is consummated, entailing two years' imprisonment or a fine of not more than £500. Is, then, this departure from the traditional policy of the law necessary for the protection of the public? In answering this we must bear in mind that if a director wilfully makes a false statement in a prospectus or balance-sheet, knowing the statement to be false, a jury has no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion—as it did in the Whitaker Wright case—that the director made the statement with intent to defraud.

> Every man must be taken *prima facie* [as Chief Justice Cockburn said to the jury in the Queen *v.* Gurney trial, R. 254] at least to have intended what are the natural and necessary consequences of his acts, and if you find that there was misrepresentation, and that it has ended in defrauding the parties to whom it was addressed, the fair and legitimate inference is that the intention was that the act done should carry with it the consequences that have followed,

though this presumption, as he goes on to say, may be rebutted by the other circumstances of the case. Reg. *v.* Gurney itself furnishes a good illustration. The partners in the once well-known firm of Overend and Gurney found the business insolvent owing to rash speculations, and to save themselves and the business they devised a scheme for selling the business as a going concern to a company which they formed to buy it. In the prospectus of this company they "economised" the truth; they made statements, that is, as to the assets to be taken over which constituted a gross over-valuation to the extent of two or three millions; on the other hand, looking at the great earning power of the business, it might very well be genuinely worth what the shareholders were paying for it, and in the result the jury acquitted the partners of any "intent to defraud." Under the Attorney-General's Bill they must almost certainly have been convicted.

Or take another case, Peek *v.* Derry. A special Act in-

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corporating a tramway company provided that the carriages of the company might be moved by animal power and, with the consent of the Board of Trade, by steam power. The directors of the company issued a prospectus stating that by the company's special Act the company *had* the right to use the steam power instead of horses, and on the faith of this statement the plaintiff took shares in the company. In fact the company had not acquired the right to use steam power, but the directors had applied to the Board of Trade for permission, and they *bonâ fide* believed that they would get it. In the result, however, they did not get it, and the shareholders brought an action of deceit, which failed because the Court held that there was not the moral fraud on the directors' part necessary to support that form of action. But suppose that the directors—who were undoubtedly men of honour and incapable of fraud—had been indicted under the Attorney-General's Bill, what would have been the result? They must inevitably have been convicted. They had wilfully made a statement in writing false in a material particular with regard to the company's property knowing it to be false.

Then comes the question, Ought they not to be convicted? Have they not committed a very grave offence against the public by putting upon it a statement which they know to be false, whether they have done it with a view to defraud or not? In these days the mischief which may be done by false statements is enormously increased by printing and postal facilities. Millions of copies of a false or misleading prospectus can be distributed in a few days. Directors have from their official position great power, and these agencies of civilisation add to it. Can directors complain if such power is made to carry a correlative responsibility, and if the law require of them that the statements they make shall not be deliberately false. To the moralist or the casuist the state of a person's mind when he does an act—the question whether he is actuated by fraud or malice or other evil motive, is a matter of supreme importance, but to the persons affected by the act the motive

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which prompts it is immaterial. If, for instance, a person fires a pistol into a crowd and happens to hit me, it is of little consequence to me whether he did it on purpose or by accident, was mad or drunk or murderous—I am the victim in any case. In primitive law this disregard of the wrongdoer's state of mind is common. The *lex talionis* which is the basis of early criminal law takes no account of motive. The analysis of motive or psychological conditions is beyond the reach of a rude age. The appeal to Heaven in the ordeal and the duel is a recognition of this fact. To-day a tendency is manifesting itself to revert to the earlier principle, not indeed for the primitive reason—for juries can be generally trusted to find the intent, but because the really important thing to society is the act or default itself, and not the motive that inspires it. As Tennyson puts it:

> The individual withers and the world is more and more,

and this external standard of conduct applies forcibly to false statements by directors. To a person who has been induced to take shares in a company by false statements in a prospectus or to retain such shares on the faith of a false balance-sheet when he might have sold them, it is immaterial whether the mis-statements were fraudulent as well as false. The loss to him is the same. The Attorney-General's Bill is well calculated to emphasise this truth and to secure greater vigilance on the part of directors and stimulate a stronger sense of responsibility; and this is what is more especially needed at the present day. The besetting temptation of directors is to take things too much on trust, to surrender themselves to the lead of a manager or chairman and assume, because they are told so, that all is right. They do not realise sufficiently the fundamental doctrine of law that a director must not delegate his duty to any one, but must exercise an independent judgment as a business man upon the balance-sheet or other matter submitted to him. If, for instance, a cheque is drawn he must inform himself of the purpose for which it is being given, not sign for mere conformity.

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The story has often been told how a man sentenced to death under the old law for horse-stealing complained to the judge that it was very hard he should be hanged for a horse, whereupon the judge replied: "You are hanged not for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." This deterrent or educational policy—as distinguished from the retributive—marks our modern legislation; it looks in the main to the protection of society, and this principle must be given its due weight in estimating the merits of the Attorney-General's Bill. It is not of the individual director we have to think, but of the thousand and one directors whose conduct will be influenced by it: and if it be said that the Act is severe it must be remembered that the Court can apportion the punishment to fit the offence. It may visit it with anything from two years' imprisonment to a trifling fine. There is this further safeguard against abuse, that a prosecution for an offence under the Act is not to be instituted except by or with the consent of the Attorney-General.

EDWARD MANSON.

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THE CRAFT OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

I HAVE before me a copy of one of the London daily newspapers. It consists of 16 seven-columned pages. Two pages only are devoted exclusively to news, while six are given up entirely to advertisements. The remaining eight pages are of a mixed character, some consisting mostly of advertisements, others being made up chiefly of news. There are 54 columns of news, and 58 columns of advertisements. Four columns more advertisements than news in this leading newspaper! It might be said, indeed, that newspapers are nowadays but purveyors of news in order that they may be mediums for advertisements.

These advertisements of a single day in a single newspaper reach the grand total of 1996! Let us examine their main features. An hour could hardly be spent more profitably or entertainingly. Here in the first column of the front page, under the title, are the announcements of births, marriages, and deaths—they come first in most newspapers—three, eight, and 17 in number respectively. There are also seven "In Memoriam" announcements. Next follow 11 advertisements for disposal of the dead, by burial or cremation. There are 33 appeals in aid of hospitals and other charities for the succour of the suffering and unfortunate. But the announcements relating to the pleasures and amusements of life are the most numerous of any class in the newspaper. Theatre, music-hall

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and concert advertisements number 228. There are, besides, 106 advertisements of songs and music. When we turn to the book and magazine announcements we find only three—two of which relate to journals, each independently claiming to be "the best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring matrimonial alliances"—but the paucity of advertisements in this class is explained by the fact that there are special days of the week for literary announcements. Under the heading "Educational" there are 44 schools advertised.

All classes are catered for in these advertisements. They form an encyclopædia of what man wants, or what others think he wants. Eighteen country estates, and 129 landed and house properties are offered for sale. Those who desire to purchase houses and freehold building estates number only 14. The same tale is told by each class of announcements. Those in search of things rarely advertise, contenting themselves with negotiating with those who have them to sell. Here are 48 businesses to select from. The advertisers are drapers, stationers, publicans, butchers, tobacconists, milliners, grocers, milkmen, jobmasters, poulterers, tailors, restaurant, hotel and boarding-house keepers. There are only two announcements of businesses wanted to purchase—a coffee-shop and a boarding-house. It is a pleasure to read that every business on the market is sound and remunerative. The prices asked for them appear to be ridiculously low. Here, for example, is a boarding-house in Kensington the receipts of which are "about £800 p.a.," and all that is wanted for goodwill and furniture is "650 guineas." A laundry doing a trade of £22 a week may be had for £700, "part cash down, balance by instalments"; a news-agent and fancy goods business making £20 a week and furnished with stock valued at £600, cost price, is going for £1000. Why should these excellent businesses be offered to other people for such small considerations? In each case, we are told, there are "satisfactory reasons for disposal." Land and houses to be let in the country, 92; land and houses wanted in the country, 12. Shops and houses to be let in the

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city, 75; shops and houses wanted in the city, two. Board and apartments to be let, 245; board and apartments wanted, 18.

Next to announcements of amusements, advertisements of situations vacant are the most numerous. It is cheering to note that there are as many as 212 posts waiting to be filled up. Seekers for situations advertise to the number of 31 only. Glancing through the "Situations Vacant" we find that "a gentlemanly and intelligent youth" is wanted to—deliver milk! That intellectual capacity should be required in a milkman is not difficult to understand; but the why and the wherefore of good breeding and deportment are not quite so apparent. Curiously enough, the same high qualities, physical and mental, are demanded in a young man wanted to drive a butcher's cart! Can it be that these youths of good appearance and agreeable manners are really needed for the "deludement" of housemaids with orders for meat and milk to give away? Agents are wanted for the sale of a pamphlet entitled "Schemes and Fakes of America." It is described as "an energy-maker, full up with shrewd, legitimate, money-making ideas untouched in England," and it can be had post paid from Montreal for twelve penny stamps. A trading concern seeks to enlist the services of ministers of religion as commercial travellers in this fashion:

> Wholesale Tea Trade.—Wanted, by an old-established London house, Representatives for South Wales. Dissenting ministers, or others possessing good local influence, and who can command a sound business, and who could spare three or four days a week, would be liberally treated.

Partnerships and investments in businesses are offered to the number of 49. Here is one: "Secretary.—Wanted the services of a young gentleman who would be agreeable to advance £350." But there is no reason why any young gentleman should pay £350 solely for the sake of getting work to do. In the next announcement we are told that £2 10*s.* a week can be made by the mere investment of only £10. Needless to say, £850 so invested will yield the adequate income of £87 a week without doing a stroke of work. One

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may turn five pounds into a thousand in no time. Moreover, the five pounds is easily obtainable. Here are the money-lenders' advertisements. Here are 46 philanthropic persons willing to make cash advances from £5 to £5000 "without publicity, delay, or security" to householders. "A gentleman," says one announcement, "will assist responsible persons with speedy advances on their own written promise to pay." One benevolent gentleman, while asking only 5 per cent. for the loan of his own money, offers 8 per cent. for any money left with him on deposit. An ingenious friend of ours who read the announcement saw in it the chance of easily supplementing his income by £150 a year. He determined to borrow £5000 at 5 per cent. from this philanthropist, and deposit it with him at 8 per cent. But to his grievous disappointment he found, on making inquiries, that while the 8 per cent. for deposits was per annum, the 5 per cent. for loans was per month, representing 60 per cent. per year!

Sales by auction number 174. Advertisements of articles for sale privately—mainly pianos, typewriters, and household furniture—are 55. Advertisements of articles wanted to purchase are five. It is curious that as many as 18 dealers in cast-off clothing have announcements in this single newspaper issue. One firm quotes a testimonial. "Lady M. writes: 'I recommend them; they give the best prices.'" Another, which opens with the fetching line, "The Chance of a Lifetime," states they have just received "a contract from Pretoria for ladies', gent.'s, and children's cast-off apparel of every description," and consequently they are enabled "to genuinely give 50 per cent. more than other dealers." The rivalry in this trade appears to be exceedingly keen. A third advertiser affirms that he can afford to pay higher prices for second-hand clothing than any one else because "he has always a number of customers waiting to be supplied." This surely is the best of all inducements to dispose of cast-off apparel. Is not "clothe the naked" one of the works of mercy and charity?

There are 30 advertisements of business firms or manu-

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facturers of articles of general domestic use and consumption. Each is an attempt by vigorous trumpet-blowing to awaken people to a keener sense of their interests, comforts, and well-being. Why does one "look so miserable?" Because one has not given Somebody's Smoked Sausage "a fair trial." Why is your wife so irritable? Because you have not purchased for her a domestic mangle. But perhaps you have not got a wife. Then here is an advertisement imploring you to lose no time in getting married in order that you may enjoy the felicity of obtaining furniture on the easy payment system. "You catch the bird, we furnish the nest," says this beneficent advertiser. Moreover, one's character is improved by excellent moral reflections. "Start the day right. A good start is half the race. If you suffer from breakfast-table peevishness you commence all wrong." Such is the text of an advertisement of a pill. An advertiser of domestic appliances says, "Don't run down your wife because she doesn't seem to get through her day's work as quickly as the good lady next door." A clothes-wringer enables "the good lady next door" to make the home happy. One of the most engaging qualities of these public announcements is their cheerful optimism. It is true that the operations of one or two of these advertisers in the service of humanity are thwarted by "unscrupulous dealers" who endeavour to "palm off inferior preparations" on the innocent public. "There are imitations," says another advertiser; "but they are frauds." The nine advertisements of private detectives are also a bit disquieting. Evidently there are people who need to be watched. But the main impression conveyed by these public announcements is that, after all is said and done, life has its compensations. The tidings of a dreadful battle is immediately followed by the cheerful intelligence that Keller's hats are the best. The alarm we feel in reading the speech of a statesman that our trade is decaying is alleviated by the announcement that Mellor and Co. have added to their already large stock of umbrellas, and now challenge the competition of the world!

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What concern for one's health and personal appearance is manifested in the advertising columns of the newspapers! Look at this solicitous inquiry, which, as if to emphasise its hearty good-nature, is put in big type—"Are you sure your kidneys are right?" In order that no mistake might be made as to the symptoms of the disease there is a picture of a man with bent back, his hand pressed to his side, and a look of pain on his face. Then follows the comforting announcement that "a health-giving draught" is at your service. "Sent free of charge!" Could philanthropy further go? "Have you a pain?" asks another advertiser. "Have you a cough?" inquires a third. "Are you irritable?" chimes in a fourth. This chorus of inquiries after your condition, bodily and mentally, is followed up with the most pressing offers of the most wonderful pills and powders and tonics. If these questions awake in you only a languid interest, you are sharply pulled up by the gruesome announcement, "You seem to be at death's door!" Here, too, is a picture of a telegraph messenger with a missive in his hand, and the injunction, in large type, "You should read this at once," and, having read it, you find that you have no excuse for feeling unwell when a specific for the cure of all sorts of incurable diseases may be obtained for the small sum of one shilling and three halfpence. More than that, "a martyr to gout and rheumatism for years" offers to send you "a simple and inexpensive remedy" by which he has been completely cured.

Means for improving one's personal appearance are also abundant in the advertising columns of this London newspaper. "Do you scowl?" This startling question is the caption to a pæan in praise of a wrinkle eradicator. Hair removers are as plentiful as hair restorers. A man can make his scrubby moustache luxuriant in a month; a woman can remove superfluous hairs from her lip as if by a miracle. Grey hair, if properly washed with a certain preparation, quickly resumes its original colour. Why, then—asks the manufacturer of the wash—run the risk of being discharged from your

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situation because you look old? Cures for baldness are legion. Pearly sets of teeth are supplied almost for the asking. Hands are made soft and smooth. Even noses are not forgotten. "Roman noses made ideal," says one corrector of the unkindnesses of Nature; "depressed noses raised; broad bulbous noses reduced; pug noses straightened." For a small sum "a delightful personality" can be obtained. For a small sum life can be made rosy and full of charm. And in order that we may know it millions of pounds are spent annually in newspaper advertising. The proprietors of some of these specialities expend from £40,000 to £80,000 a year each.

In fact, the enormous amount of money that is now spent in business advertising has created a new profession or calling. That is the advertisement-writer. America, with its characteristic enterprise, has coined a new and an ugly word to describe him—the "adsmith." In newspaper circles in this country he is known as the "ad-writer." Undoubtedly the want of an advertisement-writer has long been felt by the producers and distributors of commodities. A man may be very clever and successful in commerce and yet be incapable of framing an attractive or even a grammatical advertisement. Here is an advertisement which appeared in a provincial journal: "Blankets! Blankets! Blankets! For domestic and charitable purposes of every description, quality, size and weight." Could there be anything more discouraging than this announcement by a dentist?—"Teeth extracted with great pains"; and surely it was an unhappy blunder for a Dublin grocer to advertise "Irish Whisky" at two shillings the bottle; "Old Irish Whisky" at two-and-sixpence, and "Genuine Irish Whisky" at three shillings. These awkwardly worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are not uncommon in the newspapers. A few other specimens may be quoted. "Brig's stocktaking sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come to 103, Henry-street." "Mr. Campbell, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up capes, muffs, stoles for ladies out of their own skins."

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The intelligent arrangement of words into sentences, as these announcements show, is beyond the powers of many excellent business people; and it is a curious fact that hitherto the conductors of a newspaper, editorial or commercial, did not deem it within their province to correct "copy" for their advertisement as well as for their news columns. Business announcements were printed exactly as they were received from the advertisers, no matter how ungrammatical they might be, or unintentionally humorous. But grammar is not the only difficulty experienced in the preparation of an advertisement. Business people also find it hard to frame an advertisement that shall best fulfil its function of attracting customers, or founding, reviving or extending a trade. If an advertisement proves unremunerative its failure is usually due to some defect in its style. There is a story told of a man who denounced to a group of friends newspaper advertising as unprofitable. "Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift, and, valuing it very highly, I spent more than double its worth in advertising, and I have not recovered it." "How did you word the advertisement?" asked a journalist. "Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper. The journalist took it and read: "Lost, from the vestibule of St. Peter's Church, last Sunday evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. 10, High Street." "Now," said the journalist, "a great deal depends on the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and, if you do not acknowledge then that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one." The journalist then wrote: "If the man who was seen to take the umbrella from the vestibule of of St. Peter's Church, last Sunday, does not wish to get into trouble, and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it at once to No. 10, High Street. He is well known." This revised form of the advertisement duly appeared in the paper, and the following

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morning the man was astonished, on opening the front door of his house, to find in the porch at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes. Many of them had notes attached saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the man to keep the little affair quiet as it would not occur again.

Hitherto, newspapers gave little or no assistance to the man of business in the preparation of his public announcements. As a rule they confined themselves to employing a man merely to solicit advertisements. Indeed, until quite recently some newspapers of the highest standing thought it undignified to send out a canvasser. If a man of business did not choose to bring his advertisement to the newspaper office unsolicited—well, he could keep his advertisement. But all that is now changed. Newspapers are more and more supplementing the advertisement-canvasser with the advertisement-writer. Not only are announcements drawn up on the orders of advertisers, but the canvasser is provided with designs for advertisements, and it has been found that, in cases where an ordinary application for an advertisement has failed, the submitting of an effective and well-displayed design has led to a contract.

Moreover, all the large business firms who advertise to the very verge of prodigality have what is called a "publicity department," at the head of which is an expert whose duty it is to see that the money devoted to newspaper advertisement is laid out to the utmost possible advantage. It has long since been recognised in the commercial world that for a successful business to be maintained, or a decaying business to be revived, it must be artfully and constantly advertised. "The only firm," to quote a saying in newspaper circles, "that can make money without advertising is the Mint." The advertisement columns of the press is the rostrum from which the trader cries his wares to the community at large. But is it certain that he will make himself heard above his rivals? Indeed, the competition of the advertisers is at times so bewildering, and the public are so negligent and indifferent to these things, or

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perhaps so preoccupied with more intimate affairs, that it is only by constant repetition, in ever-varying forms of phrase and type, that Corn's cure is the best, will the fact become impressed on our minds, so that when we want a cure we shall ask for Corn's, and will not be put off with any other. Corn must be incessant in proclaiming the virtues of his cure. The demand for any staple article of household consumption can be kept up only by constant advertising. It has been found that the withdrawal of the advertisement is followed by a fall in the demand, even in the case of a well-established business. Corn has been outraced in publicity by a more alert and enterprising rival. The existence of his cure passes completely out of our recollection, once his advertisement disappears from our newspaper, and when we go to the chemist it is Bunion's cure—the preparation of his rival—that we ask for and see that we get. Therefore it is that the knowledge and skill of an expert are needed for the framing of public announcements best calculated, in the first place, to arrest the attention of readers, and secondly to induce them to become purchasers.

The advertisement-writer often displays in his work much native wit and ingenuity, and a most engaging plausibility. The insidious introduction to an advertisement by way of a philosophic essay or a thrilling narrative has gone out of fashion. Here, for example, is the preface to an old advertisement extolling the merits of a liver tonic:

> How sublime, how beautiful the thought that the researches and developments of the nineteenth century have added fresh and glorious laurels to the Great Temple of Fame and Science! In every department and phase of progressive development the hand of the sage and philosopher is ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the amelioration of human woe and the prolongation of life.

How often, too, have we been beguiled into reading an advertisement of some other patent medicine, opening in this exciting fashion:

> "Die!" exclaimed the villain.

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Aiming his revolver straight at the breast of Montmorency Murgatroyd, he pulled the trigger.

The deadly weapon failed to explode.

With a howl of baffled rage the dastardly coward flung overboard the useless revolver, and before any one could stop him he ran to the side of the steamer, shook his fist in impotent wrath at Murgatroyd, leaped lightly over the rail, and fell with a "chug" in the dark waters below.

And concluding with an anti-climax such as this:

In all cases of liver complaint, lumbago, sore throat, rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, or muscular cramps use Nogood's Oriental Ointment. Warranted to effect a cure in each and every case, or money refunded. Put up in shilling and ten-shilling bottles. The ten-shilling doses are much more economical, as forty bottles will effectually cure a cold in the head.

But, nowadays, expert newspaper advertisements may be roughly divided into two classes, both of them simple and direct in method. In the first the skill and ingenuity of the writers is directed to compressing much matter into a few words. The gist of the thing is put, without preface or apology, into some saying as brief and pithy as a proverb. In the other class the advertisement takes the form of a long argumentative article, written in clear, plain, and direct language, extolling its subject, whether it be a motor, a wine, or a patent medicine, with studied moderation of statement, and an assumption of independence and conviction, leading the reader in an easy, alluring, plausible manner—scattering wit and information on the way—to the conclusion that the purchase of the article would be a most beneficial act for himself, his family, and the world at large.

But the matter does not end with the production of an attractive advertisement by a clever writer. The services of an equally clever compositor must now be brought into requisition. There is a fine art in the typographical display of an advertisement as well as in its composition. The choice of the type for the advertisement and its disposition, in order to arrest the attention of readers, are matters for the most careful consideration. The fastidious expert will often have

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the advertisement "set up" a dozen times in different types and varying styles before he is satisfied. In some cases the system of continually varying the nature and style of the advertisement—calling attention now to one aspect of the thing advertised, and again to some other feature—is found to be most remunerative. Other large advertisers adopt the plan of never varying their advertisements, being of opinion that continuity of character in announcements, both as regards phrasing and type, makes them remembered things and household words. These "display advertisements"—as they are called—are usually sent in stereotyped blocks to the newspapers. Sometimes the large advertiser gets a type-founder to design specially a variety of bold, uncommon types, with which he supplies the newspapers for use solely in his own announcements. Under this plan an advertisement, once put into type, or into a stereo-block, stands all the year round, and is of the same uniform character, no matter in how many newspapers it may appear. Under the newer system of continuous change and variety the advertisement of a firm tells a different tale in every appearance. It is this constant demand for new ideas and effective typographical display that tests the qualities of the advertisement-writer and the compositor.

The effect of the advertisement upon the newspaper is a matter of public importance. We sometimes hear homilies on the supposed subserviency of the Press to the advertiser. It must never be forgotten that a newspaper is not a philanthropic institution, founded and endowed for the purpose of providing the public with the news of the world and opinions on subjects political, social, and artistic, and expecting nothing in return but a halfpenny or a penny. A newspaper is a commercial speculation. It is established to make money by providing people with news and a medium for advertising, just as a shop is opened to make money by supplying people with clothes or groceries. Of course, in addition to that commercial and most useful purpose, the Press has a high and noble function to discharge in helping to guide the conscience

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of the nation. But in order to discharge its mission as a teacher and a preacher it must have an income on which it can exist. A newspaper is a very costly thing to produce; and unless it be subsidised, as the exponent of some mission or the advocate of some cause, the money required to carry it on must be obtained partly from the sale of its news, but mainly from the disposal of its advertising space. There was a time when a newspaper could live solely on the sale of its news. The newspapers of the eighteenth century must have done so, for they had few if any advertisements. But that time is over and gone. There was very little news, as well as few advertisements, in the newspapers of the eighteenth century. So enormous is the cost of collecting the supply of news which readers look for to-day that no paper could defray it on the proceeds of its circulation alone. The existence of a newspaper depends, therefore, upon a substantial revenue from its advertisements; and if it fails as an advertising medium, it is doomed—doomed as a caterer of news, doomed in its higher *rôle* as an organ of public opinion. On the other hand, according as it is successful as an advertising medium, it will be enterprising as a caterer of news, and independent and honest as a guide in things political, social, and artistic.

Unquestionably the advertisement has had a most potent influence for good in the development of journalism. Contrast the issue of any daily newspaper fifty years ago with its issue to-day. Half a century ago, because of its few advertisements it had little news. Now it supplies news from all quarters of the world because it has an abundance of advertisements. The newspaper-reading public may, therefore, contemplate the advance of the advertiser with satisfaction, for it means—besides the advantage of a convenient handbook of business—a steadily improving news service, and more brilliant contributions, for their penny or halfpenny.

Many people are annoyed not so much by the excess of the newspaper advertisement as by its ubiquity. It is true

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that advertisements now appear in columns from which they were once excluded. Often, indeed, there is no such thing as "the advertising columns" in the sense of a separate and distinct part of the newspaper. Almost every column, in evening newspapers especially, is an advertising column. In the case of all newspapers the advertiser has invaded the news columns. The time was when most of the newspapers not only confined the advertiser to the advertising columns, but refused to accept "blocks" and insisted upon uniformity of type and modesty of display in his announcements. Now "block advertisements" are common, even in the greatest newspapers, or the announcements are willingly set out in large and obtrusive type, double-columned or triple-columned, with pictorial illustrations, or even filling half a page or a whole page like a placard.

Happily, there is nothing to bewail in these new departures in newspaper advertising. At the worst it is only the artistic make-up and appearance of our newspapers that has suffered, perhaps, by the triumphal progress of the advertiser. So much was inevitable in view of the enormous multiplication of newspapers, and the keenness of the competition among them for the favour of the advertiser; and, moreover, what is known as the "spirit of the age" seems to demand the sacrifice of seemliness and beauty in all things to the useful and utilitarian.

Shall we ever see the day when an advertiser will cry the virtues of his soap or tonic from the vantage-ground of the sacred leading article? Imagine the "leader" being broken up in this fashion:

Whatever the pride of rank, of riches, or of scholarship may have induced
PETER'S PILLS
some men to believe, or to affect to believe, the real strength and all the
ARE
resources of a country ever have sprung and ever must spring from the
THE MOST PERSUASIVE
labour of its people.

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Mr. Labouchere once stated that he had been offered fabulous amounts to allow the lady who graces the cover of *Truth* to be employed for advertising purposes. Her gown could be let out at an enormous sum per inch. A small fortune might be made if her mirror was to proclaim the virtues of a soap, or a hair wash, and her lamp to illustrate the latest thing in incandescent light. But Mr. Labouchere said he had too much respect for the lady to put her up for auction among the advertisers. "I would sooner walk about," he added, "with an advertisement on my hat." What may preserve the leading article from such desecration is the common but erroneous belief that it has declined in influence. "Nobody reads 'the leader'" is a saying heard not infrequently nowadays; and, as publicity of course is the one object of the advertiser, he may never desire to obtrude his presence in the editorial columns, which he presumes are neglected, even if he were allowed. What perhaps is more likely to happen, in the case of small and impecunious country newspapers, as the demands of the advertisers grow stronger with the keenness of the competition among themselves, is that from the record of the most exciting piece of intelligence readers may be bombarded with such pestering questions as "Do you suffer from breakfast-table peevishness?" "Have you noises in your ear?" But all this is merely fantastic speculation. To attract only is not the object of an advertisement. Its real purpose is to persuade readers to buy; and the more vivid and pleasing its appeal the more will it arouse its readers to the desired state of purchasing activity. The appearance of a business announcement in so unexpected an environment as a leading article, or a piece of news, could only have the effect of arousing in the reader a sense of annoyance, which would be followed, as a natural consequence, by a feeling of repulsion from the object advertised in so unseemly a fashion.

The Press is not destined to become more and more "the organ of the advertiser" rather than "the organ of public opinion," which has been its proud title so long. It is not

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developing into an engine simply of puff-puff. Happily, such a degradation of the Press is absolutely impossible It would defeat its own ends. The natural desire of every newspaper is to increase its circulation. It knows that it is only by a wide circulation it can hope to catch the advertiser, without whose support its existence must be brief. The advertiser follows the large circulation. But no journal can obtain this large circulation except by the excellency of its news supply, the ability of its articles and its reputation for independence. A newspaper is made by its literary, not by the advertisement, columns. The experiment of issuing a journal devoted entirely to advertising has been tried, and, although it was distributed gratuitously, it proved a failure. The more a newspaper is converted into an advertising sheet, the more its value as an advertising medium is injured. People will not read a paper solely on account of its advertisements. Every journal is read because of its reputation, its news, its contributions; and subserviency to the advertiser would, in the long run, make it useless for the purposes of advertisement, by impairing its worth in the estimation of the advertiser's potential customers, its own readers.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

Google

THE SERPENT IN LITERATURE

WHEN the snakists of the British Museum or other biological workshop have quite done with their snake, have pulled it out of its jar and popped it in again to their hearts' content; weighed, measured, counted ribs and scales, identified its species, sub-species, and variety; and have duly put it all down in a book, made a fresh label, perhaps written a paper—when all is finished, something remains to be said; something about the snake; the creature that was not a spiral-shaped, rigid, cylindrical piece of clay-coloured gutta-percha, no longer capable of exciting strange emotions in us—the unsightly dropped coil of a spirit that was fiery and cold. Where shall that something be found? Not assuredly in the paper the snakist has written, nor in the monographs and Natural Histories; where then?—since in the absence of the mysterious creature itself it might be interesting to read.

It is true that in spite of a great deal of bruising by Christian heels the serpent still survives in this country, although it can hardly be said to flourish. Sometimes, walking by a hedge-side, a slight rustling sound and movement of the grass betrays the presence of the common or ring-snake; then, if chance favours and eyes are sharp, a glimpse may be had of the shy creature, gliding with swift sinuous motions out of harm's way. Or on the dry open common one may all at once catch sight of a strip of coppery-red or dull brown colour, mottled with black—an adder lying at ease in the warm sun-

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shine! Not sleeping, but awake; a little startled at the muffled thunder of approaching footfalls, and crackling of dead leaves and sticks, as of a coming conflagration; with, perhaps, the appearance of a shape, looming vast and cloud-like on its dim circumscribed field of vision; but at the same time lethargic, disinclined to move, heavy with a meal it will never digest, or big with young that, jarred with their parent, have some vague sense of peril within the living prison from which they will never issue.

Or a strange thing may be seen—a cluster of hibernating adders, unearthed by workmen in the winter time when engaged in quarrying stone or grubbing up an old stump. Still more wonderful it is to witness a knot or twined mass of adders, not self-buried, semi-torpid, and of the temperature of the cold ground, but hot-blooded in the hot sun, active, hissing, swinging their tails. In a remote corner of this island there exists an extensive boggy heath where adders are still abundant, and grow black as the stagnant rushy pools, and the slime under the turf, which invites the foot with its velvety appearance, but is dangerous to tread upon. In this snaky heath-land, in the warm season, when the frenzy takes them, twenty or thirty or more adders are sometimes found twined together; they are discovered perhaps by some solitary pedestrian, cautiously picking his way, gun in hand, and the sight amazes and sends a sharp electric shock along his spinal cord. All at once he remembers his gun and discharges it into the middle of the living mass, to boast thereafter to the very end of his life of how he killed a score of adders at one shot.

To witness this strange thing, and experience the peculiar sensation it gives, it is necessary to go far and to spend much time in seeking and waiting and watching. A bright spring morning in England no longer "craves wary walking," as in the days of Elizabeth. Practically the serpent hardly exists for us, so seldom do we see it, so completely has it dropped out of our consciousness. But if we have known the creature, at home or abroad, and wish in reading to recover the impres-

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sion of a sweet summer-hot Nature that invites our caresses, always with a subtle serpent somewhere concealed in the folds of her garments, we must go to literature rather than to science. The poet has the secret, not the naturalist. A book or an article about snakes moves us not at all—not in the way we should like to be moved—because, to begin with, there is too much of the snake in it. Nature does not teem with snakes; furthermore, we are not familiar with these creatures, and do not handle and examine them as a game-dealer handles dead rabbits. A rare and solitary being, the sharp effect it produces on the mind is in a measure due to its rarity—to its appearance being unexpected—to surprise and the shortness of the time during which it is visible. It is not seen distinctly as in a museum or laboratory, dead on a table, but in an atmosphere and surroundings that take something from and add something to it; seen at first as a chance disposition of dead leaves or twigs or pebbles on the ground—a handful of Nature's mottled riff-raff blown or thrown fortuitously together so as to form a peculiar pattern; all at once, as by a flash, it is seen to be no dead leaves or twigs or grass, but a living active coil, a serpent lifting its flat arrowy head, vibrating a glistening forked tongue, hissing with dangerous fury; and in another moment it has vanished into the thicket, and is nothing but a memory—merely a thread of brilliant colour woven into the ever-changing vari-coloured embroidery of Nature's mantle, seen vividly for an instant, then changing to dull grey and fading from sight.

It is because the poet does not see his subject apart from its surroundings, deprived of its atmosphere—a mere fragment of beggarly matter—does not see it too well, with all the details which become visible only after a minute and, therefore, cold examination, but as a part of the picture, a light that quivers and quickly passes, that we, through him, are able to see it too, and to experience the old mysterious sensations, brought back at his magic touch. For the poet is emotional, and in a few verses, even in one verse, in a single well-chosen epithet, he

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can vividly recall a forgotten picture to the mind and restore a lost emotion.

Matthew Arnold probably knew very little about the serpent scientifically; but in his solitary walks and communings with Nature he, no doubt, became acquainted with our two common ophidians, and was familiar with the sight of the adder, bright and glistening in its renewed garment, reposing peacefully in the spring sunshine; seeing it thus, the strange remoteness and quietude of its silent life probably moved him and sank deeply into his mind. This is not the first and most common feeling of the serpent-seer—the feeling which Matthew Arnold himself describes in a ringing couplet:

> Hast thou so rare a poison?—let me be
> Keener to slay thee lest thou poison me.

When no such wildly improbable contingency is feared as that the small drop of rare poison in the creature's tooth may presently be injected into the beholder's veins to darken his life; when the fear is slight and momentary, and passing away gives place to other sensations, he is impressed by its wonderful quietude, and is not for the moment without the ancient belief in its everlastingness and supernatural character; and, if curiosity be too great, if the leaf-crackling and gravel-crunching footsteps approach too near, to rouse and send it into hiding, something of compunction is felt, as if an indignity had been offered:

> O thoughtless, why did I
> Thus violate thy slumberous solitude?

In those who have experienced such a feeling as this at sight of the basking serpent it is most powerfully recalled by Arnold's extremely beautiful "Cadmus and Harmonia":

> Two bright and aged snakes,
> Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
> Bask in the glens and on the warm sea-shore,
> In breathless quiet after all their ills;
> Nor do they see their country, nor the place
> Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,

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Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus any more.

There those two live far in the Illyrian brakes,
They had stayed long enough to see
In Thebes the billows of calamity
Over their own dear children rolled,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman.

* * * * *

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
Forever through the glens, placid and dumb.

How the immemorial fable—the vain and faded imaginings of thousands of years ago—is freshened into life by the poet's genius, and the heart stirred as by a drama of the day we live in! But here we are concerned with the serpentine nature rather than with the human tragedy, and to those who are familiar with the serpent, and have been profoundly impressed by it, there is a rare beauty and truth in that picture of its breathless quiet, its endless placid dumb existence amid the flowery brakes.

But the first and chief quality of the snake—the sensation it excites in us—is its *snakiness*, our best word for a feeling compounded of many elements, not readily analysable, which has in it something of fear and something of the sense of mystery. I doubt if there exists in our literature, verse or prose, anything that revives this feeling so strongly as Dr. Gordon Hake's ballad of the dying serpent-charmer. "The snake-charmer is a bad naturalist," says Sir Joseph Fayrer, himself a prince among ophiologists; in like manner the

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young man from the Royal Academy School will tell you that your favourite Old Master (Paul Veronese, let us say for the sake of illustration) drew badly—not by any means so correctly as the anatomical young man from Piccadilly is able to draw; it is not, therefore, a lamentable thing, since it detracts not from the merits of the poem, that Dr. Hake is a bad naturalist, even as Shakespeare and Browning and Tennyson were, and draws his snake badly, with venomous stinging tongue, and flaming eyes that fascinate at too great a distance. Fables notwithstanding, he has with the poet's insight, in a moment of rare inspiration, captured the very illusive spirit of Nature, to make it pervade and glorify his picture. The sunny, brilliant, declining day, the joyous and wild melody of birds, the low whispering wind, the cool greenness of earth, where

> The pool is bright with glossy dyes
> And cast-up bubbles of decay:

and everywhere, hidden in grass and brake, released at length from the spell that made them powerless, coming ever nearer and nearer, yet as though they came not, the subtle, silent, watchful snakes. Strangely real and vivid is the picture conjured up; the everlasting life and gladness at the surface, the underlying mystery and sadness—the failing power of the old man and vanishing incantation; the tremendous retribution of Nature, her ministers of vengeance ever imperceptibly gliding nearer.

> *Yet where his soul is he must go,*

albeit now only to be mocked on the scene of his old beloved triumphs:

> For all that live in brake and bough—
> All know the brand is on his brow.

Even dying he cannot stay away; the fascination of the lost power is too strong on him; even dying he rises and goes forth, creeping from tree to tree, to the familiar sunlit green spot of earth, where

> Bewildered at the pool he lies,
> And sees as through a serpent's eyes;

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his tawny, trembling hand still fingering, his feeble lips still quivering, on the useless flute. He cannot draw the old potent music from it:

> The witching air
> That tamed the snake, decoyed the bird,
> Worried the she-wolf from her lair.

It is all fantasy, a mere juggling arrangement of brain-distorted fact and ancient fiction; the essence of it has no existence in Nature and the soul for the good naturalist, who dwells in a glass house full of intense light and without shadow; but the naturalists are not a numerous people, and for all others the effect is like that which Nature itself produces on our twilight intellect. It is snaky in the extreme; reading it we are actually there in the bright smiling sunshine; ours is the failing spirit of the worn-out old man, striving to drown the hissing sounds of death in our ears, as of a serpent that hisses. But the lost virtue cannot be recovered; our eyes too

> are swimming in a mist
> That films the earth like serpent's breath;

and the shadows of the waving boughs on the sward appear like hollow, cast-off coils rolled before the wind; fixed, lidless eyes are watching us from the brake; everywhere about us serpents lie matted on the ground.

If serpents were not so rare, so small, so elusive, in *our* brakes we should no doubt have had other poems as good as this about them and the strange feelings they wake. As it is, the poet, although he has the secret of seeing rightly, is in most cases compelled to write (or sing) of something he does not know personally. He cannot go to the wilds of Guiana for the bush-master, nor to the Far East in search of the hamadryad. Even the poor little native adder as a rule succeeds in escaping his observation. He must go to books for his serpent or else evolve it out of his inner consciousness. He is dependent on the natural historians, from Pliny onwards, or to the writer of fairy-tales: a Countess d'Aulnoy, for example, or Meredith, in the "Shaving of Shagpat," or Keats his Lamia, an amazing

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creature, bright and cirque-couchant, vermilion-spotted and yellow and green and blue, also striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard, eyed like a peacock, and barred with crimson and full of silver moons. Lamia may be beautiful and may please the fancy with her many brilliant colours, and she may even move us with a sense of the supernatural, but it is not the same kind of feeling as that experienced when we see a serpent. That comes of the mythical faculty in us, and the poet who would produce it must himself go to the serpent, even as the Druids did for their sacred stone.

In prose literature the best presentation of serpent life known to me is that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Now, very curiously, although, as we have just seen, the incorrect drawing takes nothing from the charm and, in one sense, from the truth of Dr. Hake's picture, we no sooner turn to "Elsie Venner" than we find ourselves crossing over to the side of the good naturalist, with apologies for having insulted him, to ask the loan of his fierce light—for this occasion only. Ordinarily in considering an excellent romance, we are rightly careless about the small inaccuracies with regard to matters of fact which may appear in it; for the writer who is able to produce a work of art must not and cannot be a specialist nor a microscopist, but one who views Nature as the ordinary man does, at a distance and as a whole, with the vision common to all men, and the artist's insight added. Dr. Holmes' work is an exception; since it is a work of art of some excellence, yet cannot be read in this tolerant spirit; we distinctly refuse to overlook its distortions of fact and false inferences in the province of zoology; and the author has only himself to blame for this uncomfortable temper in his reader.

The story of the New England serpent-girl is in its essence a romance; the author thought proper to cast it in the form of a realistic novel, and to make the teller of the story a clear-headed, calm, critical onlooker of mature age, one of the highest attainments in biological science who is nothing if not philosophical.

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How strange that this superior person should select and greatly exaggerate for the purposes of his narrative one of the stupid prejudices and superstitions of the vulgar he is supposed to despise! Like the vulgar who are without light he hates a snake, and it is to him, as to the meanest peasant, typical of the spirit of evil and a thing accurst. This unphilosophical temper (the superstitious belief in the serpent's enmity to man), with perhaps too great a love of the picturesque, have inspired some of the passages in the book which make the snakist smile. Let me quote one, in which the hero's encounter with a huge crotalus in a mountain cave is described.

> His look was met by the glitter of two diamond eyes, small, sharp, cold, shining out of the darkness, but gliding with a smooth and steady motion towards the light, and himself. He stood fixed, struck dumb, staring back into them with dilating pupils and sudden numbness of fear that cannot move, as in a terror of dreams. The two sparks of fire came forward until they grew to circles of flame, and all at once lifted themselves up in angry surprise. Then for the first time trilled in Mr. Barnard's ears the dreadful sound which nothing that breathes, be it man or brute, can hear unmoved—the loud, long stinging whir, as the huge thick-bodied reptile shook his many-jointed rattle, and adjusted his loops for the fatal stroke. His eyes were drawn as with magnets towards the circle of flame. His ears rung as in the overture to the swooning dream of chloroform.

And so on, until Elsie appears on the scene and rescues the too easily fascinated schoolmaster.

The writing is fine, but to admire it one must be unconscious of its exaggeration; or, in other words, ignorant of the serpent as it is in Nature. Even worse than the exaggerations are the half-poetic, half-scientific tirades against the creature's ugliness and malignity.

It was surely one of Destiny's strange pranks to bestow such a subject on the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and, it may be added, to put it in him to treat it from the scientific standpoint, I cannot help wishing that this conception had been Hawthorne's; for though Hawthorne wrote no verse, he had in large measure the poetic spirit to which such a subject appeals most powerfully. Possibly it would have inspired him to something beyond his greatest achievement. Certainly not

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in "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," the "Blithedale Romance," nor in any of his numerous shorter tales, did he possess a theme so admirably suited to his sombre and beautiful genius as the tragedy of Elsie Venner. Furthermore, the exaggerations and inaccuracies which are unpardonable in Holmes, would not have appeared as blemishes in Hawthorne; for he would have viewed the animal world and the peculiar facts of the case—the intervolved human and serpentine nature of the heroine—from the standpoint of the ordinary man who is not an ophiologist; the true and the false about the serpent would have been blended in his tale as they exist blended in the popular imagination, and the illusion would have been more perfect and the effect greater.

Elsie's biographer appears to have found his stock of materials bearing on the main point too slender for his purpose, and to fill out his work he is obliged to be very discursive. Meanwhile, the reader's interest in the chief figure is so intense that in following it the best breakfast-table talk comes in as a mere impertinence. There is no other interest; among the other personages of the story Elsie appears like a living palpitating being among shadows. One finds it difficult to recall the names of the scholarly father in his library; the good hero and his lady-love; the pale schoolmistress, and the melodramatic villain on his black horse, to say nothing of the vulgar villagers and farmer, some of them supposed to be comic. If we except the rattlesnake mountain, and the old nurse with her animal-like affection and fidelity, there is no atmosphere, or, if an atmosphere, one which is certainly wrong and produces a sense of incongruity. A better artist—Hawthorne, to wit—would have used the painful mystery of Elsie's life, and the vague sense of some nameless impending horror, not merely to put sombre patches here and there on an otherwise sunny landscape, but to give a tone to the whole picture, and the effect would have been more harmonious. This inability of the author to mix and shade his colours shows itself in the passages descriptive of Elsie herself; he

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insists a great deal too much on her ophidian, or crotaline, characteristics—her stillness and silence and sinuous motions; her bizarre taste in barred gowns; her drowsy condition in cold weather, with intensity of life and activity during the solstitial heats—even her dangerous impulse to strike with her teeth when angered. These traits require to be touched upon very lightly indeed; as it is, the profound pity and love, with a mixture of horror which was the effect sought, come too near to repulsion. While on this point it may be mentioned that the author frequently speaks of the slight sibilation in Elsie's speech—a strange blunder for the man of science to fall into, since he does not make Elsie like any snake, or like snakes in general, but like the Crotalus durissus only, the New England rattlesnake, which does not hiss, like some other venomous serpents that are not provided with an instrument of sound in their tails.

After all is said, the conception of Elsie Venner is one so unique and wonderful, and so greatly moves our admiration and pity with her strange beauty, her inarticulate passion, her unspeakably sad destiny, that in spite of many and most serious faults the book must ever remain a classic in our literature, among romances a gem that has not its like, perennial in interest as Nature itself, and Nature's serpent.

If it had only been left for ever unfinished, or had ended differently! For it is impossible for one who admires it to pardon the pitifully commonplace and untrue *dénouement*. Never having read a review of the book I do not know what the professional critic or the fictionist would say on this point; he might say that the story could not properly have ended differently; that, from an artistic point of view, it was necessary that the girl should be made to outgrow the malign influence which she had so strangely inherited; that this was rightly brought about by making her fall in love with the good and handsome young schoolmaster—the effect of the love, or "dull ache of passion," being so great on her as to deliver and kill at the same time.

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If the interest of the story had all been in the dull and pious villagers, their loves and marriages and trivial affairs, then it would have seemed right that Elsie, who made them all so uncomfortable, should be sent from the village, which was no place for her, to Heaven by the shortest and most convenient route. Miserably weak is that dying scene with its pretty conventional pathos; the ending somewhat after the fashion set by Fouqué, which so many have followed since his time—the childish "Now-I-have-got-a-soul" transformation scene with which Fouqué himself spoilt one of the most beautiful things ever written. The end is not in harmony with the conception of Elsie, of a being in whom the human and serpentine natures were indissolubly joined; and no accident, not assuredly that "dull ache of passion," could have killed the one without destroying the other.

The author was himself conscious of the inadequacy of the reason he gave for the change and deliverance. He no doubt asked himself the following question: "Will the reader believe that a fit of dumb passion, however intense, was sufficient to cause one of Elsie's splendid physique and vitality to droop and wither into the grave like any frail consumptive schoolgirl who loves and whose love is not requited?" He recognises and is led to apologise for its weakness; and, finally, still unsatisfied, advances an alternative theory, which is subtle and physiological—a sop thrown to those among his readers who, unlike the proverbial ass engaged in chewing hay, meditate on what they are taking in. The alternative theory is, that an animal's life is of short duration compared with man's; that the serpent in Elsie, having arrived at the end of its natural term, died out of the human life with which it had been intervolved, leaving her still in the flower of youth and wholly human; but that this decay and death in her affected her with so great a shock that her own death followed immediately on her deliverance.

If the first explanation was weak the second will not bear looking at. Some animals have comparatively short lives, as,

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for instance, the earthworm, canary, dog, mouse, &c.; but the serpent is not of them; on the contrary, the not too numerous facts we possess which relate to the comparative longevity of animals give support to the universal belief that the reptilians —tortoise, lizard and serpent—are extremely long-lived.

Now this fact—namely, that science and popular belief are at one in the matter—might very well have suggested to the author a more suitable ending to the story of Elsie than that which he unhappily made choice of. I will even be so venturesome as to say what that ending should be. Let us imagine the girl capable of love, even of "a dull ache of passion," doomed by the serpent-nature in her, which was physical if anything, to a prolonged existence, serpent-like in its changes, waxing and waning, imperceptibly becoming dim as with age in the wintry season, only to recover the old brilliant beauty and receive an access of strength in each recurring spring. Let us imagine that the fame of one so strange in life and history and of so excellent an appearance was bruited far and wide, that many a man who sought her village merely to gratify an idle curiosity loved and remained to woo, but feared at the last and left her with a wound in his heart. Finally, let us imagine that as her relatives and friends, and all who had known her intimately, stricken with years and worn with grief, faded one by one into the tomb, she grew more lonely and apart from her fellow creatures, less human in her life and pursuits; joy and sorrow and all human failings touching her only in a faint vague way, like the memories of her childhood, of her lost kindred, and of her passion. And after long years, during which she has been a wonder and mystery to the villagers, on one of her solitary rambles on the mountain occurs the catastrophe which the author has described —the fall of the huge overhanging ledge of rock under which the serpent brood had their shelter—burying her for ever with her ophidian relations, and thus bringing to an end the strange story of "Elsie Venner Infelix."

W. H. Hudson.

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CORDOVA AND SEVILLE

THE city of Cordova is an image of lamentation, tragic and lamentable. She is like a ruined sepulchre forgotten in the midst of the desert, from which even the dead have stolen away. She is a dead city of the dead, an immense catacomb of pallid gold, bleached to the whiteness of the unburied bones of man; a shining and wasted Golgotha on which the sun beats all day long while the thirsty dust curls up in little tongues like flames, to taste the freshness of the wind.

Before her, shrunken and thirsty, a river passes into the exaltation of the desert; and here and there on its banks tall and ragged palms stand like huge skeletons that seem about to fall to the earth, and from which time has eaten away the grave-clothes and the flesh, soaked though they were in unguents and preserving oils. If you pass into the dilapidated palaces, barred but empty like rifled tombs, everywhere there is the odour of death, a strange and bitter smell, graveolent of the rancid oil of the ointments, the pungent odour of the unguents, the faded sweetness of the perfumes, and over all the empty odour of death itself that will at last overpower bitter and sweet alike in its own oblivion. And if you pass into the desert that surrounds her with an old voluptuous silence, even there too you will find nothing but dust and ashes; for there is no more learning where the dead inhabit, and that death's head should kiss death's head—it is not to be thought of. . . .

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That almost morbid impression of stillness and silence that the traveller finds everywhere in Cordova remains with him to the very gates of Seville, where it vanishes before the curious smile, the languorous gaiety, the subtle unsatisfied excitement of the greatest city of Andalusia. For after leaving Cordova on the way southward, the landscape seems even more arid than before, more melancholy in its immense weariness and immobility; and while it has something of the vastness of the sea, its melancholy and barrenness, there is nothing in those tawny plains of the freshness and vitality of the ocean, but everywhere the very fever and aspect of thirst, the only green things being the ruined hedges of aloes and agaves bristling with thorns, or a long line of sad-coloured olives, bitter and grotesque, furiously twisted in an agony of thirst. Now and then you come upon a cornfield, but it, too, seems to be dying for want of water; and at night-fall, when the relief of evening passes over the world in a breath of wind, it seems to whisper harshly, but so low that you must bend your head to catch the sound, of the torture of the day, the immense burden of life. Deeper and deeper grows the sky till it is like a vast hard jewel, an inverted cup that has fallen over the world; and in all that intensity of light, giddy almost with its own ecstasy, from which the slightest movement of the hand would strike sparks and waves of light, as we may make bubbles and waves by dropping a stone in water, the eyes dazzle, so that the distant houses, the far hills, the desert and the trees seem to be visionary, unreal, wrapped in some glittering sort of mist, and even the shadow of the train is saturated with colour, a long band of violet on the tawny earth.

To enter Seville, beautiful among her orange groves, her acacias, her palms and fountains, beside a river that is like the sea almost, and on which great merchantmen ride at anchor, where there is always life, music, shade, and refreshment, is like a recovery from sickness almost, or the passing of a fever, like waking in perfect health after a troubled night. And it

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might seem that it is this immense relief from reality as it were which she offers to all who come to her, that has made her so beloved; for in spite of her fame she is not so marvellous as Avila, nor so lamentable as Cordova, nor so beautiful as Toledo; she is a strange sweet sorceress, a little wise perhaps, in whom love has degenerated into desire; but she offers her lovers sleep, and in her arms you will forget everything but the entrancing life of dreams; the quietness of the gardens where there are only flowers and shade; the pleasure of the fountains.

Her streets are narrow and tortuous, and some are so quiet that you may catch the very words of a song sung in an upper chamber at mid-day, and if you will you may answer it from the way; in others you will hear nothing but voices—in the chief thoroughfare the Calle de las Sierpes, for instance, which in summer time is entirely covered in with awnings, and through which no carriage or wheeled traffic is permitted to pass. It is strange and beautiful that sound of life, the whisper of many footsteps, the eager voices of men and women uninterrupted by the deadening rumble of wheels; and it suggests again the dreaminess of the city, for indeed in sleep all sounds come to us with hushed footsteps daintily down the vista of a vision. And it is, I think, to the Calle de las Sierpes with its cafés and casinos, open to the street like caves almost, so that those without may speak with and salute those within, that the traveller returns again and again, finding there a quiet animation, an excitement that overwhelms him it is true, but not rudely nor obviously, that is very characteristic of this city of pleasure, a little weary of its own enchantment, and yet convinced of its perfection, growing more subtle, less naïve, less natural perhaps, and with a closer hold on external things, just because they seem to be losing their satisfaction.

On a summer evening after the terrible heat of the day Seville opens like some sweet night flower. In the gardens, in the Plaza Nueva, in Las Delicias, and beside the river, people assemble to listen to music, to talk and to meet their

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friends, or just to breathe the air that under the stars is not really fresher, only less dazzling, than in the sunshine. Everywhere under the palms and orange-trees seats are placed, and whole families come there to spend many hours of the night. If at that hour you walk through the city you will find it almost deserted; here and there at a great barred window you may catch sight for a moment of the pale faces of two lovers, the man patiently standing in the street leaning against the huge carved *reja* of the window, the woman within, guarded by those iron bars on which her little hands are like flowers, whispering for hours; and more rarely you may come upon some nocturne as it were, where in some tiny Plaza, or in the vista of a street, you will see a beautiful cloaked figure playing a guitar before a house that seems to be built of pearl in the moonlight, and something in the words or the music, so sad, so unsatisfying, so passionate, will bring tears to your eyes because—well, just because there are such things left in the world. And by day and by night as you pass along those narrow crooked streets, you will find yourself compelled to look in at those great windows, to become aware of the life of those who live in those immense houses like caverns, where there is no privacy, unapproachable though they be. No blinds or curtains of any sort hinder you from looking into the quiet rooms or the Patios, cool in the fierce heat, where a fountain plays and the plain walls are restful, and only seem to hear the song of the fountains, or the beautiful syllables of the Castilian tongue, or music or the soft voices of young women. Passing by, you may chance to see two girls seated playing music; the one in the background a little like a Madonna is at the piano, she is so still that she looks like a statue, a coloured bust of sixteenth-century work; the girl in the foreground is seated too, but her back is towards the window. She is playing the violoncello, or perhaps she is waiting on some divine interval; a spirit seems to have passed over her soul in the notes of the music. Or, again, you will chance upon a family at dinner; great rugs are on the stones, and the tiniest child is playing at

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the fountain, while the mother looks anxiously towards it smiling vaguely without eating anything, while the rest are busy with their meal. Or, again, you will see a little girl in the midst of a lesson on the guitar; she is seated on a low chair, her mouth puckered up and drawn a little to one side, her forehead frowning, while her black hair has fallen over her cheek; a crimson carnation is about to fall from her hair, her little hands can hardly hold the instrument; the master beats time with his foot, smiling at her, the mother is busy sewing in a deep chair.

It is like paying visits in a dream, to walk through the streets of Seville on a spring or summer night; and you may see there all the life of the city: women more beautiful than flowers, in their summer dresses, lying on couches, women admirable and strong whose gowns hide but to express the beauty of their bodies that seem to live, to possess in themselves, as it were, some exquisite vitality, that are as vivid as flames and more expressive in form than I have ever seen in the North. Everywhere in Seville you meet these women, in Triana, in Las Delicias, in the houses of the wealthy, in the little shops of the poor; for Seville seems to me to be, as it were, a city of women; certainly the women are the most beautiful and the most expressive of its marvels. They are more grave than the deepest and coolest pools, they are quieter than the darkest roses that turn away from the sun; an extraordinary simplicity surrounds them with an immense dignity, and their mysterious and restful spirit seems ever to keep something to itself, some priceless secret, some superb gift that, as I think, is never quite given even to a lover or a husband. So simple and sincere that in the presence of the most beautiful you are, as it were, unaware or at any rate untroubled by the consciousness of sex, away from her you are overwhelmed by just that, embarrassed by it in every thought of her, so that in remembering some incident of the day in her company you are full of wonder that at a touch of her hand—those extraordinarily cool hands—or at the parting of her lips when she was about to speak, you did

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not tremble or, at least, were not aware of the immense physical appeal she appears now to have made to you. But no, she belongs to herself. If you watch her walk or dance, every movement, every gesture conscious or unconscious will seem to you admirable, racy, full of beauty and delight, intoxicating in its directness, its subtle provocation. But if you speak to her a little later you will be astonished that you saw anything but the sweetness and dignity of her spirit, in a self-possession that is a charm in itself, and a perfect comprehension that you are a friend, to whom she wishes to be kind. She is not looking for your admiration, she is careless of the impression she makes, because in no conceivable circumstances can she imagine herself as being made love to by you. If she loves you she will surprise you, because she will love with all that dignity, sweetness, abandonment, and sincerity that you have found in her; but she will not flirt. In some way, I think she might find it vulgar and certainly unworthy or very dangerous: she is too sincere, too elemental, too passionate for that common amusement.

It is, perhaps, a more sullen beauty that you discover in the faces of the women of Triana or Macarena; often, indeed, it is not beauty at all, but the ugliness of misery and toil. How hard are the faces of some of the Cigarreras, who, morning and evening, cross the Triana Bridge on their way to or from their work! They are employed, some five thousand of them, at the Fábrica de Tabacos, a huge building between the Jardines del Alcazar and the Jardin del Palacio. It is like a harem, this immense house full of women, and certainly the most melancholy and distressing spectacle in Seville. As you enter, a strange odour—*odor femina*—almost overwhelms you, penetrated as it is by a curious pungent smell of tobacco and of closeness. After a few minutes you are admitted to the Fábrica itself, where women of every age, and every sort of ugliness and mediocrity, some fat and disgusting, some thin or almost skeletons, some *enceintes*, some with babies in cradles, are overwhelmed by the immense crowd of

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women who are just that and do not call for your attention individually. Some of these are so young as to be even yet children, some are so old that you might think to-day must be their last. It is a herd, a legion, an army that is broken, and you are at its mercy. And, indeed, that warning of your approach which is sent to the forewomen before you enter is very necessary, for in the heat these poor people are almost naked, and even when you enter they are little more than half-clothed—you may see here and there one of the less pretty furtively buttoning her chemise or pinning a handkerchief over her bosom; and you will be ashamed that you have reminded her of life, that you have added to her wretchedness even so wretched a remembrance. It is a spectacle lamentable and disgusting, of an impossible and shameful simplicity. Just in that simplicity I think the traveller becomes aware of his vulgarity. That intrusion, made from curiosity, becomes hideous under the strange scrutiny of those thousands of eyes: "Do not look, do not look," they seem to say; and indeed the hardness of their looks, their brazen courage, is more pathetic than their tears would be. For in spite of the brutality of many of these women, their impudent callousness, their quite naïve animalism, it is, I think, Woman herself you discover there in the midst, gazing with great angry eyes full of tears after all, at you who have spied upon her, have overheard her as it were, and have despised her or laughed at her misery, or brutally enjoyed her in your heart. And so the dominant feeling on coming from this dreadful place, without air or ventilation, where even the healthiest and strongest soon become pale and ill, is one of discomfort, of fear, of shame, in which pity for oneself almost overwhelms pity for these poor people whom it would not surprise one to see leap up and, like a pack of hounds, tear the intruder in pieces.

That melancholy simplicity which we have so little understood is to be found almost everywhere in Seville; life is naked, and if it is unashamed it is only because it is too proud and too unconscious to be aware, till we with our strange eyes

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remind it of our vulgarity. And since it is chiefly of women that the traveller is compelled to think in this beautiful city that is full of them, where in the narrow streets you feel the wind of their shawls; on the Triana bridge you are caught by the sensuous and profound rhythm of their movement; in Triana itself, where you are surprised by their sullen, smouldering beauty a little stupefied by dust and sun; in the Palacios, where you feel the cold passion of every gesture, every glance; or in the Alcazar, where you are overtaken by the memory of one who walked or bathed there long and long ago, and plucked the flowers, and was much beloved; and even in the Cathedral, where on all sides Murillo's Madonnas, full of a distracting and sensual loveliness, smile and smile, pathetic in temptation, it is at last as a divine woman sufficient for us and yet so unsatisfying, full of sweetness that is about to become wearying, that you come to think of the city herself. If you go to the Alcazar, for instance, expecting some great and stern beauty, some altogether strong and lovely thing, you will be disappointed; everywhere you will find flowers that whisper together as though some one had but just passed by; and as you enter room after room, court after court, patio after patio full of silence and sunlight, you will almost hear the soft footsteps of some one who follows you or has but just gone out, leaving a faint trace of their presence in an inexplicable trouble on the threshold, a suggestion of scent in the air, the trembling of a curtain that has just felt the touch of a hand, a fading breath on the window-pane through which some one has glanced a moment before, a blossom fallen on the pathway, the fluttering of a leaf on a tree where some one has just plucked a fruit. And you remember that Maria Padilla often passed through these gardens, that under these very trees she trembled in the arms of her lover, that these cold pavements have felt the tenderness of her feet, this marble the wealth and sweetness of her body.

And seeing that Seville is so full of the memory of women, of woman's laughter like the song of a bird full of delight, that

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you may so often hear in the evenings in Triana, of the voices of women singing children to sleep, of their hands that float like lilies in the Sevillana dance, of their movements full of languor and grace, it is after all just their delight which is the charm of the city herself, an infinite variety in which you will find everything you desire. Something pensive, spell-bound, but half real in the strait, winding Moorish streets, the delicate sleeping patios through which the moonlight creeps like a ghost, combines inconsequently but not unfortunately at all with the melancholy of the Fábrica or the Pottery sheds, the romance of the busy Guadalquivir, the noise and beauty of the quays, the groups of foreign sailors you may see there: while the freedom of the sulky gipsies of Triana, who seem ever about to cry out at you or to spring upon you, contrasts strangely enough with the dignity and seclusion of the women of Andalusia, their immense *ennui* and calmness as it were, their look of exhausted delight, stupefied by their own stupidity.

And so in the spring or autumn evenings and in winter too, if after the strangely elaborate frugality of the Spanish dinner you enter the Novedades Theatre for instance, you may see the Andalusian women dancing very beautifully though a little wearily to the clapping of hands, the throb of the guitar, the eagerness of the castanets. Just there I think you will find the most perfect and the most natural expression of life in Andalusia. It is not a joyful thing at all this strange vivid struggle, in a dance which is like a battle in the soul that has communicated itself to the flesh. It is really a passionate, almost a religious, expression of life, full of an extraordinary seriousness that will produce tears rather than laughter. It is as though in those few subtle movements of the body an art very racy and natural, a dying art it is true, but the only one left in Spain that is even yet alive, had sought to sum up and express as it were in a beautiful allegory the fundamental truths of life, of love, of the creative enthusiasm of man, so pitiful, so involuntary. The dancer stands before her fellows who are

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seated in a semicircle behind her; she wears a long dress that falls in folds to the ground. After a time, while some sing intermittently, some now and then play a guitar, some beat time with their hands and stamp with their feet, she begins to dance to the maddening thunder of the castanets. It is a dance of the body, of the arms, of the fingers, of the head, in which the feet have almost no active part. At first she stands there like a flower that is almost overcome by the sun, sleepy and full of languor; her arms seem like the long stalks of the water-lilies that float in the pools. Suddenly she trembles, something seems to have towered in her heart and to be about to burst into blossom, her whole body is shaken in ecstasy; wave after wave of emotion, of pure energy as it were, sweeps over her limbs, she is like a rose at dawn that gazing at the sunrise has shaken the dew from the cup of its petals, trembling with adoration. Her head leans on her shoulder, she is awakening, the castanets have awakened her; she undulates her hips almost imperceptibly; life has caught her in his arms, he has strained back her head, slowly she has opened her eyelids, she rounds her arms as though to embrace him, she holds out her mouth heavy with an ungiven kiss. Without moving her feet, without bending her knees, slowly she turns her body to follow him. At first she dances gravely intermingling her beautiful arms; her soul suffers in her body, her body suffers in its sheath, she breathes deeply, she cannot close her eyelids and her mouth is like a red rose about to fall. She strains voluptuously; she is free, her body is all joyful, is overwhelmed by the splendour of joy, it is as though she were caught in a profound and serious laughter. With an immense energy life possesses her, wrings from her cries that are as lamentable as those of women at child-birth, cries that are drowned in the thunder of innumerable hands, that seem to stretch forth eagerly to touch life as it passes. Slowly she seems to subside into herself, the undulations of her body grow less and less violent; she seems to be weeping, she seems about to fall, she is quite still—it is finished. In a fierce frenzy, serious, grave

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and passionate, the thunder of applause mingled with extraordinary and beautiful cries grows and dies away into silence in the shabby room.

Just there it seems to me Seville is in her most characteristic mood, finding in so trivial a thing as the dance seems to us to be, a means of expression for the most profound simplicities of Nature; dancing being indeed the only expression of life for which she cares, since it sums up as it were all the rest in its symbolism and in its perfect marriage of matter and form shadows forth in a mortal minute the whole activity of man.

EDWARD HUTTON.

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IMPERIAL CO-OPERATION IN EDUCATION

A FAVOURITE commonplace of English writers on the Colonies, and one which we have learned to look on as sooner or later inevitable, is that young colonials are brought up to speak of England as "home." In a sense that is true. They do speak of it as "home," though as often, if not oftener, as "the Old Country"; but "home" in this case is, indeed must be, a mere figure of speech. How can a country they have never seen, that they have no immediate prospect of seeing, that perhaps even their fathers and mothers have never seen, be "home" to them? They are probably far more interested in the home of their race than in any other country in the world; but very often they have no vivid realisation of its conditions. How should they, indeed?

Conversely, this generation of English children, owing to the constantly increasing amount of space devoted by the Press to Imperial and Colonial topics, is well accustomed to hear about "the Empire," "our Colonies," "independent sister nations," "our oversea possessions," "Brighter Britain," or "Greater Britain"; but what realisation have they of the Empire? How many of them could offhand give a modicum of accurate information about the conditions of life in any one colony? True, the growing generation when grown up will hardly ask such a question as was recently put by a lady of the preceding generation, a lady, moreover, moving in what

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are supposed to be well-informed, highly educated circles. "Where *is* Australasia"? she inquired of a friend who remarked that she had just returned from a tour there. But many of them will probably be only a few degrees less ignorant.

I take it for granted that those who do not desire to strengthen the bonds of union between all the scattered commonwealths and colonies making up the Empire, are too few to be worth considering. We differ widely as to the best means of bringing about that strengthening; but not as to its desirability. Most English people admit, and all Colonials *know* that the Empire is, after all, kept together mainly by the intangible, impalpable, indefinite ties of sentiment. But in the very nature of things, as more and more of the colonial populations become colonial born, a weakening of those ties is inevitable, unless some method is devised of counteracting that weakening. Such a method, I believe, is found in the work of the League of the Empire, now some four years old, and at last beginning to find the recognition it merits. That this Society has hit on the right idea, and is carrying it out in the right way, along non-sectarian and non-party lines, is surely proved by the instant and more than cordial response it has elicited from Superintendents of Education and other educational authorities in the Colonies, and from the official recognition of the value of its work by the British Colonial Office.

Whatever strengthens inter-colonial ties of sentiment must naturally tend to strengthen the position of the whole Empire. And certainly, speaking as a colonial, I think I also speak for colonials when I say that to nothing do they respond more readily than to interest shown in their colonies by people "at home"; and that nothing wounds them like ignorance and indifference on the part of the Old Country or its individuals. For the people who use "colonial" as an opprobrious epithet are still not quite as extinct as the dodo.

Nothing will more surely tend to make all Britain's outlying dependencies feel that they are but the component parts of one whole than such a modification of the British and of

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the colonial systems of education as will ensure that British children grow up realising the actual conditions of life in at least one colony, and that colonial children grow up realising the conditions of life in at least one other colony, or, preferably, in some part of Great Britain. One who has had to work in England on a colonial education, very good as colonial educations count, thinks that the two great weaknesses of such a training are that it is hard to grow up well-informed about current English affairs and the actual conditions of English life, and harder still to be reliably and sufficiently informed about foreign affairs; also that competent training in modern foreign languages is most difficult to obtain. These disadvantages are, I think, very generally felt by colonials; and the first and most serious of them can be largely done away with by the school-affiliation schemes of the League of the Empire.

The work of the Society owes much to the personal, individual efforts of its honorary workers, not only in England and Ireland, but in all parts of the world. For the initiation of the reciprocal education work of the League its honorary secretary, Mrs. Ord Marshall, is responsible. Her studies in education had led her to think that a more natural and responsive effort was due from the children for the great pains expended on their education. A larger comparison of work, personal touch with the countries under study, and the feeling that their work was of some practical use, would, she thought, help to bring about by natural consequence a higher standard of education. It is now three years since definite schemes were evolved by the League for the affiliation of schools throughout the Empire. Papers for the purpose were submitted to experts, and duly presented to the Colonial Office, and to the agents-general of the self-governing colonies for submission to their Governments. In this way the education authorities all over the Empire were approached, for the Colonial Office issued a special despatch to the Crown Colonies.

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The response was all that could have been desired. The reciprocal education work of the League has now the support and co-operation of the Education Departments all over the Empire, whilst, to four of these, the Society is the official agent the world over. To the splendid co-operation of these agents is due the great success of the work. Honorary work from the university, the museum, the Government inspector, the schoolmaster, has established an educational union of the Empire which each month is being sensibly strengthened. The Federal Council of the League now includes members from all parts of the world, while agents for it have been appointed in most of the colonies, either by the Governor, by the Colonial Secretary, or the Director of Education.

In respect to the schools, the names of the new Headmaster of Eton and the Headmaster of Winchester appear among the Vice-Presidents, while on the Federal Council all the great bodies of schoolmasters have appointed representatives. The Museum Committee of the League is doing practical work under the chairmanship of the Director of Dublin Museum, as is also the Nature-study Committee, under Mr. M. P. Hill, of Eton College, and its honorary secretary, Mr. W. Mark Webb. Amongst University members of Committees are Professor Sir Richard Jebb, Professor Mahaffy, Professor Bury, Principal Foster, Principal Reichel, the President of Trinity College, Oxford, and Professor Lodge of Edinburgh. Prominent Canadian, Australian, African, and Indian names are also seen, whilst in New Zealand the Premier, an able man and a man of large ideas, whatever certain English parties may think of him, was quick to allow himself to be nominated a member of the League's Council, and to purchase its literature for distribution through the schools. The Colony's ex-Governor, Lord Ranfurly, also at once saw that here was something which would help to strengthen the weak points in a colonial education.

Public and school lectures form an important feature in the League's programme, but, briefly, in respect to its reciprocal education work, the idea of the Society is that British schools,

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as nearly as possible matched in standing, nature of work, age of pupils, &c., shall correspond for mutual profit, and exchange and comparison of work with schools in a Colony or India; and that colonial schools shall correspond with a British school, or a school in India or in another colony. The applicant to be linked, as the League puts it, with another school, chooses the part of the world from which a school is preferred.

In addition to correspondence, the work aims at embracing exchange, whether of essays, nature-study specimens, photographs, or other objects of interest—an ideal which is being gradually realised, though of necessity the first year's work between schools was confined to becoming acquainted through correspondence, to feeling the way as it were, in an entirely new venture.

To give instances of some of the widely dissimilar schools which are "linked": Winchester High School corresponds with the Advanced School for Girls, Adelaide (S. Australia); Epsom College with Cumbermere School, Barbados; Queen's College, Chester, with Queen's College, Barbados; Truro Normal School, Nova Scotia, with the Training College, Grahamstown, Cape Colony; the Epiphany High School, Poona, with a North Adelaide school for girls; the Presidency Training School for Mistresses, Madras, with the Oxford School, Nova Scotia; Wellington (N.Z.) Girls' High School with the Higher Grade School, Hastings; Montreal High School with the Doveton Girls' High School, India, Madras Presidency; a Westminster Boys' School with a Public School in Cape Town; the Good Hope Seminary, Cape Town, with the Croft School, Betley; Howell's School, Denbigh, with Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto; while a number of Transvaal public schools are cross-linked to English, Canadian, New Zealand and Indian schools. The idea of entailing more work on the schools is always deprecated; it is merely suggested that the curriculum may perhaps be slightly modified, and the composition hour used to better purpose.

Besides the schools which correspond, there is another

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kind of correspondence between individuals in different parts of the Empire, which is also managed by the League, the honorary secretary, Mrs. Haldane, working it from Oxford as a centre. This Branch now numbers over 4000. The choice of subjects is not limited. A little girl of about thirteen desired a correspondent with whom to discuss "poetry and imperial federation"; while the parlous state of the British Army engages the attention of many boy correspondents. This personal Branch is specially valuable in establishing individual interest and friendship between younger members of the League.

Various pan-Britannic school competitions have been inaugurated by the League, the results of which will be of exceptional interest. Lord Meath, to whose efforts the immense extension of this year's celebrations of Empire Day is largely due, has offered Empire Day prizes of two silver challenge cups, modelled on the Warwick vase, and worth £10 10*s.* each. One is offered to the secondary schools of the Empire, carrying with it a personal prize of £5 5*s.* for an essay on "The Ideas expressed by the word 'Empire,'" the subject selected for 1906 by Professor Sir Richard Jebb, Chairman of the Federal Council of the League of the Empire; the other is open to primary schools of the Empire, carrying with it a personal prize of £3 3*s.*, the subject being "The Chief Stages in the Growth of Greater Britain," again selected by Sir Richard Jebb. The League itself also offers a yearly prize of £10 10*s.* for the best design sent in from any school in the Empire, for the cover of a magazine which it intends to bring out next year. These designs, which are to be judged by Mr. Walter Crane, must embody the idea of closer union of Britain and her Colonies, an idea which, from the numerous designs already sent in, must greatly appeal to the youthful colonial mind. Many very original, some highly ingenious, and a few really beautiful designs have been received, it being generally possible to tell the Colony of origin from the animals, birds and flowers introduced.

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As to the value of the work and the interest of the children in it, there is even in this short time abundant testimony. In a primary school linked with schools in several other countries, the Canadian letters once failed to arrive; and great were the lamentations from the children that, though they had heard from Australia and South Africa, "here was the whole school without news of Canada." One head mistress testified that never before had she had such good work done in her school, either as regards composition or the difficulty of the subject. In South Africa alone there are about forty branches of the League, its objects and educational schemes being widely known and increasingly recognised there. There are 1000 members in Adelaide (S. Aus.), and over 200 corresponding members in the Cape Town Branch alone, their correspondents being not only in Great Britain, but in New Zealand, South Australia, Nova Scotia, and the Bahamas. It is noticed, reports the Cape Town secretary, that boys generally ask for comrades in very remote places, an apparent zest for knowledge which is partly attributed to a desire for rare stamps. This, however, is but a slight drawback, if drawback be not too strong a word. The secretary's summing of the results of the League's school-linking scheme is that:

> The friendly intercourse between the linked schools has resulted in a feeling which may be described in the terms used by a modern youth when summing up a message of affection, "intensified reciprocity."
>
> The correspondence with comrades in various parts of the Empire [reports the Secretary of another South African Branch] widens the children's outlook, and gives them an interest beyond their petty local surroundings; the wish to find something interesting to tell their comrades makes them look at the country in a new light, and strengthens their powers of observation. No better way of making the people of England and her Colonies better acquainted could possibly have been thought of; the letters tell of the simple daily life of the children at home or at school, and the grown-ups are quite as much interested in them as the children themselves. Here in South Africa the League is, above all, helping to impress the size and importance of the Empire on many who never before had realised its bigness.

Is it not possible that, despite the League's severely sever-

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ing itself from all party politics, it may yet become an agency for smoothing away some of the political difficulties and dissensions in South Africa? The Croft School, for instance, at Betley, near Carlisle, send their school journals with what the recipients describe as "delightful pictures of girl life in England" to South Africa; they assure their colonial correspondents that "we are all so immensely pleased to do this magazine for you in Cape Town, and have tried to give you some idea of the life in this hive of industry." The multiplication up and down any colony of episodes, of correspondences, and exchanges of work on those lines must produce an effect, and a lasting effect.

"Winchester," says the South Australian Secretary, "is a real place to us [the Advanced School for Girls, Adelaide] now, not a mere geographical term."

The work goes off from the various schools just as it is written, and many of the descriptive letters, especially those from the outlying Colonies, are exceedingly quaint and entertaining. Sometimes there is a string of questions:

"Have you an inspector to inspect your school?" asks a Canadian child of an English child. "Of what are your houses and other buildings built? What is the chief occupation of the people in that part of England where you live? What games do you play at in the winter and summer? Do you, like us, have a holiday on Saturday?"

ending up with an assurance that she will be delighted to answer any questions her correspondent may ask about Canada.

"Our governess has allowed us to choose the part of the world we should like to correspond with," writes a child from a village girls' school near Hastings, "so we have selected Canada. We are most anxious to hear more about this country, as most of us have relatives there, and we also frequently hear of people from this district emigrating there."

"Bathurst (Gambia) is a very nice place," writes a twelve-year-old boy, "during the dry season. But it is not nice during the rainy season, because when it rains you will see all the streets flooded with water, and you can hardly pass through. . . . The boys and girls, too, in our school," he adds virtuously, "have every chance of getting on if they will only try. It is their

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own fault if they do not succeed in this respect. Please I will be glad to receive your letters always."

A little Irish child informs a colonial correspondent that:

The people in general are very well educated, but they don't speak proper, or act with politeness towards each other, it is not that they are ignorant of the proper words, but they seem to think it is a bit of pride for any one to speak or act proper.

The child ends up with a graphic description of various local customs, some of them, such as getting thoroughly drunk on New Year's Eve, more honoured in the breach than the observance.

"I am the daughter of Mrs. Murray," another little Irish girl informed her far-away school friends. "I live in the above address. . . . This is my first attempt at a letter. . . . I have yellow hair. I have four sisters and no brothers. I am indeed very sorry because my sisters and I have more work to do than if we had a brother."

The Saffron Walden children tell their oversea comrades about "the flower which is attached to this paper":

It is called the Saffron Crocus, and from it the name of our town is derived. Walden from wald, wood or large wood, and Dane, a vale, two Saxon words in conjunction, meaning a woody vale, and Saffron is attributed to the fact that Walden was for a long series of years the seat of the culture of saffron crocus flowers, which were largely cultivated in our town and neighbourhood. There are very few, however, seen now, and those only in gardens.

The Banbury children describe their famous cakes; the New Brunswick children their great forests; while the New Zealand children write most graphically and accurately about the Maoris, their dances and habits. Indeed, even the most casual examination of letters taken at random reveals an immense variety of subjects dealt with, from school life, games and matches, to local history and scenery, flowers and birds, and from local exports and industries to the making of armour plates for ships and the printing of a daily newspaper. Some of the letters are illustrated by little sketches, snapshots, and even occasionally maps.

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> Every letter that a scholar receives [writes the principal of an English school] is read to the upper classes; and it would do the sender good to see the lively faces of the hearers and the proud look of the receivers.

One teacher even said that the children followed up on the map the steamers' routes by which their letters had to come.

A colonial superintendent of education may well say that he considers the school-linking and correspondence methods of the League of the Empire as "the most effective way of developing the ideas and interest of pupils, and of preparing them effectively for citizenship of our great Empire."

C. A. Barnicoat.

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ON THE LINE

NOT an attractive subject, you may say, for a summer holiday. But, as a broomstick, properly handled, may stimulate a poet, so railway rates—**Railways and their Rates.** By Edwin A. Pratt. (London: John Murray, 1905)—explained by an expert, and illustrated with a wealth of comparative detail from foreign railway management, may be made interesting. For ourselves we may say that Mr. Pratt presents his case with a completeness and skill which are attractive and almost exciting. His book is one which every person, who is in the habit of expressing or forming an opinion on the commercial and industrial conditions of this country, should read and digest. At its conclusion the attentive reader will feel that he has witnessed a transpontine melodrama. The stock arguments against railway management are neatly laid out on the stage as dead corpses; innocence is vindicated; unjust suspicions against directors are removed, and the supposed villains are proved to be public benefactors.

And yet—prejudices die hard. We are not satisfied of the fairness of through railway rates in the case of perishable goods, where quick delivery is essential to the condition of the goods delivered. If, owing to the competition of other railway companies, for here sea-borne traffic is not a competitor, or for the sake of the pecuniary advantages arising from the distribution of the produce by the carrying railway over its own system, the distant producer can throw his goods on a market

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at a less cost than the near producer, it seems to us that our railway system is unfairly worked. Fiscal questions, like the head of Charles I., protrude themselves into every discussion, and they cannot be excluded from this. To some persons it will be a sufficient answer that through railway rates produce cheap food. Others may think that time and distance give to near producers a natural monopoly, and that the system of through railway rates establishes in its place an artificial monopoly in favour of remoteness.

On one side of the discussion of the conveyance of goods to market, Mr. Pratt seems to us to make out an irresistible case. It has often been urged that the true remedy for the cost and the congestion of railway traffic is the revival of our canal system. The appeal has been enforced by the example of other countries and especially of Germany; it has also been repeatedly asserted that the railway companies have "strangled" the canals in order to secure their own monopoly. We think that no one who reads what Mr. Pratt has to say on the different conditions of German canal and railway traffic, or on the origin of the relations between British railways and canals, will feel that the revival of our canal system will do much good. The slow delivery of canal-borne traffic is an obvious difficulty. But what champions of canals do not apparently realise is the immense cost of the conveyance, when the terminal or cartage expenses are taken into consideration. We commend this section of Mr. Pratt's work to those who wish to study the question of canal and railway transport in all its bearings.

Even in a country where feminine influence has always played so conspicuous a part, few women have left a larger mark on the history of France than Catherine de' Medici. (**Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation.** By Edith Sichel. London: Constable & Co., 1905.) Round her name lingers all the fascination of mystery, heightened by the properties of a stage villain, a trafficker in magic and poison. What was the real nature of this woman, whose

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baffling lips, colourless eyes, and veiled look were painted by François Clonet? From her cradle the centre of plots and intrigues, she seemed to have had one only means of safety—her power of outwitting her contemporaries. Yet we cannot help wondering how far her character, as displayed in action, was the creation of her cruel circumstances, and whether a happier fate ought not to have been the lot of the timid, shrinking child, who, even as Queen of France, looked back with longing to her quiet happiness among the nuns at the Murate Convent at Florence. Her girlish sentiment for her cousin Hippolyte was nipped in the bud, and her real love for her husband not only unrequited, but subjected to the test of seeing a rival mistress preferred to herself.

No pleasanter fortnight can be spent in France than one passed in following the footsteps of Catherine de' Medici—from Fontainebleau, where she vainly strove by a perpetual Arabian Nights Entertainment to lay the ghost of remorse in her unhappy, lean, demented, red-haired son, Charles IX., to Blois, and Amboise, and Chaumont, and Chenonceaux, and the radiant castles of Touraine. The art that specially flourished under her rule was architecture, and in its triumphs her memory is enshrined. Nor is it her memory only as a patron of art. In stone and colour is chronicled the history of her rivalry with Diane de Poictiers, *la vieille ridée*, who caught and held the heart of Henry II., and with her crescent moons, and stags and leverets, and bows and arrows disputes with the monogram of her legitimate rival the possession of royal palaces.

And if travellers seek thus to combine amusement with instruction, let them prepare themselves for their journey by reading before they start Miss Sichel's "Catherine de' Medici." It is a historical study of the character of the cynical woman who bided her hour, watching the stars, till time gave her power and vengeance on her rival. It is full of suggestion, based on a wide knowledge or the era, and, though necessarily incomplete as a history of the Queen's life, tracks the clues to her actions with skill and penetration.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXVI

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES IN BY THE DOOR

MAJESTY was frowning. My lord Sunderland was laughing. "Sure, now," says he, "now we perceive my lord Sherborne's notion of treason. 'Tis to embrace Mistress Charlbury."

"The girl lies for the sake of her lover, my lord," cried Sherborne. "I can bring my fellows that spied on Beaujeu to swear it."

"My dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, "I will bring a hundred knaves to swear the Pope a heretic for a crown a piece."

But Majesty was frowning steadily at Rose: "You are in my displeasure, woman," he said peevishly. "'Tis wantonness such as yours that brings trouble on the land. The wrath of heaven is——"

But there was a scuffle at the door and a cry: "*Corbleu*, if the good God is there himself, I will enter the same!" Rose was pale in an instant and started round. My lord Sunderland's lips curled back, and Sherborne flushed and clenched his hands, as M. de Beaujeu broke into the room—to check, to bow low before the frowning King, and to say "I pray pardon of your Majesty. One told me" (he talked indifferent English with difficulty) "one told me—my wife

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was called to Whitehall. I desire always to stand beside my wife:" and he moved to Rose and took her hand. The girl looked into his eyes. Her lips were white.

"Wife!" cried Majesty and Sherborne.

Beaujeu bowed and drew himself up, a stiff soldierly figure. But his hawk face was white as the girl's. "Wife!" he repeated.

"You did not tell me that, ma'am!" cried Majesty, frowning at her. Rose hung her head.

"I am ashamed," says Beaujeu. "I had desired it secret."

"It need not have been secret from the King," said Majesty.

"At least, I tell it first to your Majesty," says Beaujeu with a faint smile.

"Well, monsieur, well! I am not displeased. There is over-much evil-living," says Majesty graciously. "But let me warn you," his face darkened again, "I hear ill report of you. You are Huguenot. You are suspect of plotting against me."

"I, sir? I? And my wife," he held her hand still, "my wife—was she called here to speak for me?"

"Ay, monsieur! cried Sherborne. "And now, without a girl to answer for you, tell us where you were on Wednesday se'nnight."

"With one of whom I am infinitely unworthy," says Beaujeu very quietly.

"Bah!" Sherborne flung round on his heel.

But Sunderland, touching the King's arm, whispered, "Your Majesty marks it—he and she tell one tale," as if that were strange. And Majesty was impressed and nodded.

"I trust," says Beaujeu, looking at the King, "I trust I am as loyal to your Majesty as my lord Sunderland."

"You are Huguenot," said his Majesty dubiously; and then with some eagerness: "Pray, monsieur, have you ever thought seriously of these matters of faith? Let my lord Sunderland send you a priest!"

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Beaujeu bowed at Sunderland and smiled: "Sir, I should be rejoiced to receive my lord Sunderland's confessor.

"Do so, monsieur, do so!" says Majesty smiling. And M. de Beaujeu and his wife with reverences departed.

"Does your Majesty complain of me still?" Sunderland asked meekly.

"No, my lord, no!" Majesty patted Sunderland's trusty shoulder.

"'Tis indeed my whole offence that I would not use your Majesty's power in aid of my lord Sherborne's amours," says Sunderland in the humility of rectitude.

"You serve me well, Sunderland." Majesty patted again, then turned with falling brow on Sherborne. "And you, my lord Sherborne, you are in my displeasure. Go. I shall not see you at court for a year."

"Sir, will you believe a girl lying for her lover?" cried Sherborne.

"My dear Sherborne," says Sunderland blandly, "'twas yourself confessed that we might believe her."

"You are always right, Sunderland," said the King. "He did so." And then shrilly: "Will you go, my lord?"

"Sir," cried Sherborne desperately, falling on one knee, "for your own sake ——"

"Am I to bid you twice?" cried the King.

Sherborne sprang up, dark cheeked with swollen eyes: "Some day, sir, you will know who have been your friends!" he cried and flung out.

"Insolent!" muttered Majesty.

"I trust that already your Majesty knows your friends," says Sunderland gently.

"I do, Sunderland, I do." The dark face of Majesty smiled. "Why, he would have had me help him to mortal sin. And made me ludicrous. I am always in your debt, my lord ——"

"Nay, sir, nay. Do I not owe you more than any man can repay? Did you not teach me the Catholic Faith?" my

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lord Sunderland bent and kissed the King's hand—who smiled graciously, a sallow saint.

"Do not thank me, Sunderland," said Majesty devoutly. "What are we all—even I—but instruments? Do you know I felt myself drawn to this Beaujeu. He seems one with a desire for truth."

"I trust 'tis so." Sunderland turned up his eyes. "Does your Majesty desire I should see him again?"

"Do so, my lord, do so. Plant the seed. You have a kind heart, Sunderland. Well, it grows late;" the Horse Guards' clock was striking midnight. "I must leave you. At your devotions, as I found you?"

"I snatch moments from the world," said Sunderland bowing low, and Majesty smiled approval and went out.

At once my lady came through the curtains gay and laughing: "La, my lord, there is none your equal—in your own trade," she cried.

My lord gave her his chill smile: "I believe I satisfy his Majesty," says he.

My lady came to the couch and stretched herself upon it in luxurious, lazy grace: "Oh, 'twas infinite worthy," she said, and laughter rippled through her voice and shone in her eyes. "You were all vastly comical. I do not know when I have had so pleasant an hour." She paused to laugh again. "Faith but I have had my tit for tat with Beaujeu at last."

Sunderland's dull eyes dwelt upon her: "That girl loves him, my lady—and now he knows it."

"Lud, I profess he might," my lady tittered.

"I am sorry for that," says Sunderland, eyeing her still.

"Oh, get to your devotions!" cried my lady, and my lord went out with his chin on his breast. He feared he had been unselfish and was pained. My lady was left alone with her mirth.

M. de Beaujeu mounted into the coach after Rose and they jolted off into the dark. Nor the man nor the woman found aught to say. Beaujeu was thinking—thinking—thinking—

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and Rose could not think at all. Sitting beside her, very stiff, very cold, M. de Beaujeu had to live again his glorious past.

Toiling through the ruts of the hill past St. Martin's, the coach stopped creaking by Rose's gate. Through the fragrance of the midnight dew Beaujeu led her in. The little green room was light with many candles. As she sank down to her chair with a sigh Beaujeu looked again to her eyes—dark, tear-laden now.

M. de Beaujeu fell on his knees and cast his arms about her and hid his face in her dress and groaned, "Rose, Rose."

"You do know? Ah, you do know now?" she cried all trembling.

Beaujeu lifted his head. "If I had not been very vile I had known always," he said slowly, and his keen eyes were dim.

Rose tried to smile: "I—I never thought you so," she murmured, and Beaujeu bit his lips, and his arms fell away from her. His throat was quivering. Rose saw it and laid her hand on his.

"I do not merit—to see you—to breathe your air," says Beaujeu with slow heavy stress, gazing at the fair white face. "Yet you—you forgive."

"I had never thought of that," said Rose simply. "I—I only hoped—some day—you would know."

M. de Beaujeu's eyes fell as he flushed. On his knees before her with bowed head he tasted shame. At last the dull eyes were lifted again to hers. "No use in words," he said slowly, "I see at last," the thin lip curled, "what I am." Rose pressed his hand. He cast his arm about her again "And yet—and yet—" he muttered hoarsely—then drawing her close: "dear heart, can you take the rest of my life?"

Rose let his hand go: she leant back in her chair away from him and looked long into the dull eyes. "You forget," she said very quietly. "'Tis not as of old—" and then as he winced—"No!" she cried "I did not mean that! I did not say it to hurt you. But then you were but a boy—just the squire's son ——"

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"I would I were still!"

Rose turned upon him a strange intent glance: "Do you mean that!" she said slowly.

Beaujeu waited before he answered. "Ay, if it would undo what is done. But at least I can give you a worthier place."

Rose sat very still, unyielding to his arm. "You forget," she said again. "I am a common player—and you a great man in the state. I ——"

"Great!" cried Beaujeu. "Great—beside you! Dear heart, 'tis I am unworthy—and you—you!" He threw his other arm about her and drew her down to him. But she put up her hands to stay him.

"No—no indeed!" she cried, and at once he let her go.

M. de Beaujeu rose to his feet and now his lips were white. "Forgive me again," he said. "I am too base."

"No," Rose murmured, "not that." She pressed her hand to her head, white amid the black curls. "Ah, not now. Do not ask me now. I cannot think." She looked up at him smiling a little and he saw tears sparkling on her cheeks. "I am tired, you see, so tired."

Beaujeu bowed. "May I come on the morrow?"

She rested her head on her hand, the broad brow furrowed. "Give me a day," she said at last. "You may need think too."

"At noon then," said Beaujeu, and took her hand, but as he bent to kiss it, met her eyes. A moment he gazed and saw the dark gold of them glow: "Rose!" he cried, and caught her to him and kissed them. She yielded and lay still on his breast. Then very gently he laid her in her chair again. "Dear heart, God keep you," he said softly, and kissed her hand and went out.

> "It was a lover and his lass—
> With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,"

Mr. Healy carolled gently as he came downstairs on the sound of the opening door. "Is it peace now, Jehu?" says he smiling.

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"I have been saved by the devotion of Mistress Charlbury," said Beaujeu, and Healy had to look at him to be sure that he was not sneering. In the same passionless voice Beaujeu told tale. At the end of it he looked at his friend. Mr. Healy said nothing. Mr. Healy put a hand on his arm. "I have never thought a man so vile as myself," says Beaujeu, and passed on up stairs.

Mr. Healy looked after him and smiled a little. "Dear man!" says he to himself.

CHAPTER XXVII

M. DE BEAUJEU FIGHTS FOR ANOTHER

M. DE BEAUJEU, a gentlemen of responsibilities, could not spare a day for thoughts of love. From morn till night he laboured with Mr. Healy on a document (you may read it yet) which told in detail of the King's troops and propounded the strategical needs of an invading army. Mr. Healy, who had a true affection for the art of war, enjoyed himself vastly. And Mistress Nancy Leigh cultivated gillyflowers and patience. Then after nightfall Mr. Healy must go forth with the work of genius in his bosom and deliver it to a mysterious cloaked gentleman under the Piazza for swift conveyance to the Hague, and M. de Beaujeu, visiting a half-score honest gentlemen, moderate their zeal to revolt untimely. M. de Beaujeu's revolt was to be contrived on scientific principles.

So his day was full of good works, and when he rose on the morrow duty still called. To be sure of missing none of the talk of the town he went to Jeremy's on his way to Rose.

Jeremy's was crowded and gay. All men were turned fierce Whigs again, and there was babble enough of treason to deaden the waiters' footsteps and hang a town. The Prince of Orange was hourly expected—he would sail up the Thames and land at the Tower—he had sworn to hang King James from an arch of London Bridge—he was bringing an army of giants,

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Switzers, Swedes, and Brandenburghers, seven feet high apiece.

On this wise talk came M. de Beaujeu, and at once was assailed by many crying "Well, monsieur, well, what news?"

M. de Beaujeu smiled amiably. "Eh, messieurs, how fine weather!" says he. "One tells me they may yet save the wheat. But the barley—hélas!—it is very sick."

"Like the King," cried one.

"Ah, truly? I had not heard it. I trust he will be restored soon. Pardon, messieurs, pardon;" and he passed on to a knot of friends by the window.

Behind him, "Close, devilish close," says one nodding wisely.

"Ay, he could an he would."

"A devilish deep fellow, gentlemen."

M. de Beaujeu came to his friends. "Eh, my dear Laleham, but you bloom," says he. Wharton, who had been speaking, had fallen silent and looked at him curiously. My lord Laleham grunted. My lord Wickham, the third in the group, burst out laughing.

"Zounds, here is the sinner himself," he cried.

"Sinner?" Beaujeu inquired.

And my lord Wickham laughed the louder: "Oh, ay, ay, innocence! You will tell us now you are not a man."

Beaujeu yawned: "But you are marvellous witty, my lord."

Wickham clapped Wharton and Laleham on the back. "Zounds, gentlemen, look at the saint! You'ld not know a woman from a man, would you, Beaujeu?"

Beaujeu sat down leisurely: "Nor a man from an ass, *parfois*," said he.

But Wickham laughed boisterously again: "'Tis no use Beaujeu! We have laughed at it for an hour."

Beaujeu glanced at Wharton and Laleham: "Then why stop for me?" he inquired. Laleham appeared uncomfortable and angry.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders: "A stale jest," he drawled. "Wickham likes 'em so—women or jokes."

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"So does not Beaujeu, begad!" cried Wickham. Then shook his head humorously over Beaujeu. "Naughty fellow! Still in her teens, too!"

M. de Beaujeu's eyes flashed. He rose up before my lord Wickham: "I fail to understand you, my lord," he said sharply.

"Oh, you would! You would! No, begad, 'tis all a fiction, and her mother has never whirled her back to the country at all."

"Do you know what he means?" Beaujeu turned frowning to Wharton.

But Wickham cried between chuckles: "Oh, oh! St. Beaujeu! Did little Nelly give you a bad night then? Eh, St. Antony—little Nelly d'Abernon?"

Beaujeu whirled round. "You lie, my lord; you understand me? Lie!" he said quietly into Wickham's face, and his pale blue eyes were flashing. Before them my lord Wickham retreated.

"Why, why, damme, Beaujeu—" he expostulated. "Why flare up so? We all know she went to you from Laleham's rout. Her mother told the Mazarin."

"I said that you lied, my lord," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, stepping nearer. Again my lord drew back. Laleham and Mr. Wharton looked at each other.

"Zounds, but she did!" muttered Wickham. "Why, the old lady has took her back to the shire in disgrace. 'Tis common talk." He looked to the others for support.

"Fight your own fights, Wickham," drawled Wharton, shrugging his shoulders.

"She came to my house and left it—as my own sister," says Beaujeu. "You have chosen to say other. *Bien!* I have called you a liar, my lord." He paused, and they glared at each other. "Shall I call you a coward also?" cried Beaujeu.

"Monsieur!" cried Wickham, growing pale.

"Your most obedient——" Beaujeu bowed. "Wharton, you will serve me!" Wharton nodded.

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"Laleham?" cried Wickham, turning to him.

"Go to your friends, my lord," growled Laleham, drawing back.

"I'll remember you for that, my lord!" cried Wickham flushing, and then called across the room "Seymour!"

A vastly fine gentleman made his way to them daintily: "Stap me! what have we here?" he inquired, and now the chatterers turned and fell intent to listen.

"I desire it known," says Beaujeu, "that the gentleman who talks lightly of Mistress d'Abernon has affair with me."

"Little Nelly d'Abernon?" Mr. Seymour laughed. "Why, stap me, though! They talk of her——"

"Seymour, you become objectionable," drawled Mr. Wharton.

Mr. Seymour stared in some surprise: "Gad be good to the wench that Tom Wharton defends," said he.

"Seymour, you become offensive," drawled Mr. Wharton, and stood up.

Mr. Seymour stared with larger eyes. "Do you mean that offensively, Wharton?" he inquired.

Mr. Wharton grinned. "I mean it intellectually," says he, and Mr. Seymour scratched his cheek.

"I accept any place, any time, any weapons, Wharton," says Beaujeu—then swung round upon the listeners. "And in this cause, messieurs, any opponent." No gentleman grasped the occasion. Beaujeu turned round again, bowed to Wickham and Seymour, and "*Au revoir*," says he.

"Gadsbud, no!" cried Wickham. "We'll end it now!"

"Mr. Wharton," says Seymour ceremoniously, "we demand to meet immediate."

Beaujeu frowned: already it was time he should be gone. "It is inconvenient, Wharton," says he.

"La, la, and all times were alike to him i' gad!" cried Mr. Seymour. "You insist, Wickham?" Wickham nodded. "We insist, Mr. Wharton."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "Verdict—suicide," he

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remarked. "Swords? Behind Montagu House?" Mr. Seymour bowed. "Have with you then!" cried Wharton, and took his hat and Beaujeu's arm. "Send Dr. Garth in a coach, Laleham," and they passed out. On the stairs Mr. Wharton observed that a procession followed; he turned, and "Gentlemen," says he smiling, "duty calls you elsewhere. Listen to duty, I beg."

So the four passed out alone and mounted hackney coaches and jolted off. "Gad, Beaujeu, 'tis something hard on the poor devil," said Wharton.

"Let him tell no lies of a woman."

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "you have never told one yourself, neither." Beaujeu bit his lip. "Lies, were they then?"

Beaujeu turned to him: "Lies, before God!" he said sharply. "She came with a message from the Sunderland. She saved me." Wharton laughed. "And why that?" snapped Beaujeu.

"At your being saved by a woman," Mr. Wharton chuckled continuously.

Soon they had passed up Drury Lane to the Oxford Road. The coaches stopped, the four walked round the garden where Montague House stood white and new, with the tilers busy on the roof, and came to a narrow meadow. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun; it was well past noon, and the hedges threw a tiny shadow. In a moment he was out of coat and hat and wig, a gaunt, bald figure of strength.

My lord Wickham kept him waiting. My lord had to try a pass or two with Mr. Seymour—to turn his shirt-sleeve up and to turn it down—to take off his broidered-silver undercoat and to put it on—while Wharton grinned and Beaujeu looked sourly. Came the rattle of a swift-driven coach, and out of the coach Dr. Garth's round, jolly face was thrust. He hurried across the meadow, and Mr. Wharton turned to meet him: "We are waiting Wickham's courage, doctor," says he.

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"Gadsbud, Mr. Wharton, I have work enough without your making it," says the doctor, shaking his head.

And at last Mr. Seymour announced that my lord was ready.

My lord Wickham tried immediately to beat Beaujeu's blade out of line, failed, and sprang back. He was agile and very lithe, and never a second still, but Beaujeu used little of his great reach nor ever stirred from his place. Only my lord was let feel that he had never before countered so stiff a blade. My lord grew red—in anger that he availed nothing, in heat because he tried vastly; my lord grew rash, jumped in to attack again and again and wildly. M. de Beaujeu stayed one lunge and another—came a third, very wild and fierce M. de Beaujeu threw back his left leg, bowed to a thrust that ran gleaming through the air over his head, straightened his ong arm, ran his point neatly between my lord's right ribs at the side and checked on the instant. My lord dropped his rapier and clapped his hand to the smart. Dr. Garth and Mr. Seymour ran to him together.

Beaujeu gave his rapier to Wharton and came forward. "My lord, I am sorry," says he, and Mr. Wharton stared. "I believe that it is not dangerous. I sought to avoid that."

My lord, who was rather white, gave a doleful laugh. "Begad," says he. "I have enough—and you might have given me more, Beaujeu," and he held out his hand. Beaujeu took it.

And the doctor, looking up from the wound, "Egad, monsieur, but you're an anatomist," says he. "You have missed every thing I 'ld have asked you to miss."

"I desired so," says Beaujeu. Wickham's eyes followed him as he moved away, rested on him while he stood with Wharton helping him into his clothes.

"Beaujeu!" said Wickham, and Beaujeu came up settling his cravat. "I am your debtor. I'll take back what I said."

"You oblige me much," says Beaujeu, bowing gravely.

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"You know me—you might well doubt—but before God my story was true." Mr. Wharton strolled up grinning.

"Stap me!" muttered Mr. Seymour, staring at Beaujeu. Then "Gadsbud, Beaujeu, I believe you myself," he cried. Beaujeu gripped the two men's hands before he turned and hurried away.

"Gad," muttered Mr. Wharton, looking after him curiously, "gad, where's the old Adam?"

M. de Beaujeu had sprung into a coach, and bade the man drive hastily to Rose's cottage. Come there late, and at last, M. de Beaujeu received a surprise.

The shutters were shut over the little casements, Loud knocking brought no answer till a woman looking over the hedge of a farm hard by cried to him that Mistress Charlbury had driven away in her coach an hour agone. Whither then? Towards the town.

Beaujeu strode frowning home. There a letter waited him:

"Dear heart,—You were right not to come. You see now, 'twas right what I said. I knew I could not be y^e^ fitt Mate for you. But 'tis kinde in you not to say it. And indeede 'tis much best that I should not see you. Do not troubble after me. I will always remember how noble you were to me at y^e^ Pallace. It was like you. God keep you in your grate Perrils. Dear, be cauteous. You are too brave. Pray, Mr. Dane, think of me sometimes. But do not be troubbled, dear. I shall be happy.

"Rose."

CHAPTER XXVIII

M. DE BEAUJEU OPINES HE IS DEAD

M. de Beaujeu went out into the highways and hedges, sought diligently till the moon was high for man or woman who could tell him aught of Mistress Charlbury's coach. It

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was not to be traced beyond Charing Cross. M. de Beaujeu came home very weary to read once again that consoling letter.

Mordieu! how could she dream that he would change as basely, how could she dream that he would fail her? . . . Eh, how could she dream anything else? It would seem quite in his character—nay, passably honourable for him. To spare her the pain of hearing that she was beneath him, why, that would be chivalric—for M. de Beaujeu. Never before had he liked himself so little.

But after all—after all—she would come back. Let a few weeks pass and she must be found. *Bien*, in a few weeks this work would be done, his own place established. Then truly he would be her "great man in the state"—then with all his honours upon him he would show her that he had not failed. Ay! So perhaps it was best. Let the weeks pass—there was work enough to fill them—when he had set a King of his own making over England, when that King had paid him his due, then—why then, confessed of all, not least of Englishmen, he would show Rose that he could never be too great for her. Egad, 'twould be vastly better, vastly nobler so. And M. de Beaujeu went, not ill-content, to bed.

In the morning Mr. Healy and he and a map of England worked together on the problem of which brave gentlemen should seize which towns—but, behold Mr. Healy found his friend slow. That admirable keen brain was blunted. M. de Beaujeu was strangely slow to see the obvious. In fact, M. de Beaujeu was not so well content as he had been: monsieur found it merely impossible not to think about Rose: monsieur gazed stupidly at the big map adorned by Mr. Healy with pins and wondered where on it Rose might be—wondered so zealously that he let Mr. Healy make all the plans of himself.

"Danby takes north of Humber and the devil takes north of Tweed, good neighbours, faith, and that's the whole of it," says Mr. Healy at last, reaching out for a pipe. "We'll be

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staying in town our mighty selves and never smell steel at all! Heigho!" Mr. Healy gave a great sigh.

"I must stay in town," growled Beaujeu frowning.

Mr. Healy stared at him. "I did not deny it, my dear," he said in surprise. Beaujeu got out of his chair and began to pace up and down the room with short quick steps. Mr. Healy was wrapt in amazement.

The door broke open. Spattered with mud, haggard, red-eyed, Jack Dane rushed in. "I have ridden post from Harwich, Beaujeu," he cried hoarsely. "On Black James's horses, begad!" and he dragged a letter from his breast. Beaujeu pounced upon it and walked away to the window.

Mr. Healy filled Jack a glass of wine and Jack drank thirstily. Beaujeu stood reading, his keen face outlined against the light, and as he read he smiled. A tap at the door and there came grinning Mr. Wharton. Beaujeu looked up, saw him, and jumped at him. "Begad, in good time, Wharton! Little Hooknose comes with the first fair wind, and you had best be off to your shire hastily!"

Mr. Wharton's grin broadened. "Softly now, softly," says he. "What! Master Jack here?" he paused to chuckle. "Well, damme, come in!" he beckoned to the open door. A grave and reverend gentleman appeared in grey frieze and his own grizzled hair, and Jack stared and Beaujeu drew away frowning. "I present Master Antony Smallpiece," says Mr. Wharton, "attorney to Sir Matthew Dane."

"Umquhile, sir," says Master Smallpiece squeakily, "umquhile attorney," and made his bows. "Mr. Dane, sir, it is my grievous duty to convey to you the annunciation of the late demise of——"

"My father!" cried Jack, starting up. "Dead? And why was I not summoned."

Master Smallpiece coughed. "By your leave, Mr. Dane, by your leave," he said nervously. "I am not, I profess, obnoxious to any censure. Merely as a concession to the sanguine tie I presented to Sir Matthew that he should call

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his son to his last mortal couch. He replied, even moribund, vigorously. I grieve at the relation, Mr. Dane. 'I am sick (even as Eli) at my son's transgression' (I relate his own words). 'Do I desire see him? Unnatural!' (says Sir Matthew, pray understand me) 'Infamous. At least he shall gain nothing. Unnatural—infamous,' and soon after breath left him. He was much wasted."

"Damme," says Mr. Wharton, chuckling, "damme he faced it out." Jack, who had been sitting with bowed head, looked up suddenly and flushed. "Well, Jack, you have not seen much of him in this world. Pray that you get no chance in the next." Jack started up, and Mr. Healy, putting a hand on his shoulder, said swiftly:

"Wharton, my friend, may be you'ld be a gentleman if you were dumb." Mr. Wharton, who was never touchy, gave an amiable chuckle and put up his hand in the gesture of a fencer confessing a hit. Jack turned away and stood looking down at the cold hearth.

Master Smallpiece again coughed. "I profess, Mr. Dane, I am distressed at my tidings," says he. "And I apprehend the residual is no more comfortable. Sir Matthew hath confided to me a testament (In the making whereof I am in truth no more than a mere instrument, sir). The Send estate, entailed upon you, remains still your own. But Sir Matthew hath chosen to bequeath Bourne Manor to your cousin, Thomas Dane, where and whensoever he may be found."

Jack laughed a little. "I am glad of it," says he, and Master Smallpiece gaped. But Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton directed their eyes to M. de Beaujeu who stood in the shadow silent.

"So, Sir Matthew thought Tom Dane was still with the living, did he?" says Mr. Wharton grinning. "Well, may be he was right."

"Sir Matthew was of that conviction, Mr. Wharton," says Master Smallpiece. "I might aver that he lived in daily fear of Mr. Thomas Dane's return."

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"Begad, they would have had a happy meeting," says Mr. Wharton.

And out of the shadow spoke M. de Beaujeu. "Eh, gentlemen, an old man's fancy. This Thomas Dane—who has heard of him in seven years? Certainly he is dead."

"Oh, you think so?" says Wharton grinning.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders: "Who can doubt?"

"Not I, begad, if you say so," laughed Wharton. "Faith you ought to know!"

But Beaujeu struck in, drowning the last words. "Also, also—surely in your English law an outlaw cannot inherit, eh, master attorney?"

Master Smallpiece scratched his nose. "You make a point, sir," says he, "you ——"

"Gad, Beaujeu, do you think I want my cousin's land?" cried Jack.

"Sure he makes a point too, Beaujeu," says Mr. Healy.

"I do not think so, Mr. Dane," Beaujeu said. "But in fact, if he is dead, the acres should stay in the family."

"And how do I know that he is dead?"

"I met Mr. Dane when he came to Flanders," says Beaujeu quietly. "He went to the wars—he vanished. I have not heard of him in seven years. I conceive, Master Attorney, your English courts would readily pronounce him dead?"

"I apprehend, sir, I apprehend, if properly approached," says Master Smallpiece with dignity.

"Courts pronounce?" cried Jack. "What do I care for that? If he is alive——"

"I knew Mr. Dane well," says Beaujeu sharply. "If he were alive, he would scorn to take what your father had held . . . Eh, do you wonder?" and he gave a shrug and a sneer.

Master Smallpiece coughed. "*De mortuis*, gentlemen, *de mortuis*. You are acquaint with the Roman adage? Mr. Dane I should be much honoured by your command to bring the cause to court."

"Oh curse the cause! Curse the estates!" cried Jack.

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"God, do I care for them? We—I—" it was difficult to speak yet to be silent of his father, and his face worked, he flushed crimson and at last turned away with a groan.

Master Smallpiece stared. "I will wait upon you at another occasion, Mr. Dane sir," says he and backed out.

Beaujeu came out of the shadow: "Away with you, Wharton. The first east wind brings Little Hooknose now. You rise when you hear he is at Exeter. You should join him at Salisbury or sooner."

Mr. Wharton looked him up and down. "Tell me, are you flesh and blood?" he inquired.

"Whatever I am, I win," said Beaujeu sharply.

"Humph. Well, that is a human speech," said Wharton grinning: he held out his hand as they gripped: "I'll have a fine crop of rebels from my shires I swear. And you?"

"I'll hold London."

"A handful," laughed Wharton and departed.

Beaujeu turned to Healy: "See gallopers go to Devonshire and Danby, Healy," said he, and in a moment he was left alone with Jack.

He poured himself a glass of burgundy, and sat down to sip it. He looked curiously at Jack over the wine. In a moment Jack turned pale and distraught: "Beaujeu," says he, "have you seen Nell again?"

Beaujeu put down his wine: "In effect, no:" he remarked. "It was scarcely possible. Her mother, who appears to be a fool, learnt that she had come here at night—chose to believe the worst—and (in order, I conceive, that every one else might believe the worst) has hurried her daughter away to the shire. Mistress d'Abernon, if you please, is disgraced."

"Disgraced?" cried Jack flushing. "Zounds, let me hear a man say so!"

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "I do not think you will hear many men says so," says he.

But Jack did not heed. "God! I must go to her," he muttered and turned on his heel.

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"I have something to say to you first," said Beaujeu. Jack turned again to stare at him and Beaujeu sipped his wine again. "It is right that you should know. The bullies who assailed you in Mistress Charlbury's house were there unknown to her."

"'Unknown to her'?" Jack muttered. "She was innocent?"

"Innocent—since you choose the word," said Beaujeu with a sneer.

"And how can you know it?"

"Because it was on my motion that Sherborne sent the bullies," said Beaujeu quietly.

"You?" cried Jack, starting back. "You? And you've posed as my friend."

"Endeavour to believe that I am," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "I would now give my right hand that I had not done it."

"But why—why? What end did you gain?"

"I was fool enough to believe Mistress Charlbury a common woman," says Beaujeu in the same level tone. "I thought her unworthy of you. I desired that you should break with her. Thinking like a mean knave, I acted as a mean knave."

Jack stood a moment with wrinkled brow, puzzling it out, then flushing started forward. "You—you—" he cried fiercely, and lifted his hand to strike.

Beaujeu sat quite still: "It is merely your right," he said calmly, looking into the angry bloodshot eyes.

Jack's hand fell: "God, Beaujeu, how could you do it?" he cried. "Do you know what I called her? And she—she— My God, I must see her, and—"

"And your cousin Nell?" Beaujeu asked quietly.

Jack stared at him a moment, then stumbled to a chair and pressed his hands to his head: "What can I do?" he muttered to himself.

"You can go to your cousin," said Beaujeu, "I do not think your 'Delila' hurt Mistress Charlbury deeply. She did not love you." Jack looked up, dazed. "I have had to tell

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her how base to her I have been. Believe me, it is not you that have hurt her."

"You love her yourself?" Jack muttered.

"Mr. Dane, I have never known a man act so vilely to a woman as myself. It is to me marvellous that Mistress Charlbury can forgive me. Nor to her nor to you can I pretend to excuse myself." The passionless voice fell to a deeper note. "Believe me, if yet you can, I had no thought to rob you of her love."

"I never had it, I know that," Jack muttered. "But what I said to her—oh, why have you made me such a knave?" And Beaujeu stared at the ground. Jack gave a short sharp laugh. "Begad, I think there has been but one gentleman of my name for many a year, and that is my cousin Tom." Beaujeu stirred in his chair. "And you say he is dead?" said Jack sharply.

"Certainly he is dead," Beaujeu repeated.

"And I am left!" said Jack, and laughed again. "A curst quaint world!" Then he turned on Beaujeu. "Tom loved the Charlbury, you know."

"Perhaps not more worthily than I," said Beaujeu quietly.

Jack looked at him sneering a moment; then rose wearily: "I go to Nell," he said; but on his way to the door turned back and caught Beaujeu's arm: "Man, if they talk of her in town answer it, for God's sake—till I am back again."

Beaujeu bowed: "But I do not think they will talk," said he, and his eyes glittered.

(*To be continued*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS AND CANADA

CANADA'S attitude towards Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is of some consequence. It may be stated in this way:

1. Mr. Chamberlain advocates the establishment of a protective tariff. To this Canada says nothing.

2. Mr. Chamberlain proposes preferential tariffs within the Empire. Canada is almost unanimously in favour of such tariffs.

3. Mr. Chamberlain desires commercial union of the Empire. Canada does not.

4. Mr. Chamberlain urges political union of the Empire. Canada dissents.

PROTECTION

Protection carried the Canadian elections in 1879. Those who then voted "Nay" are now Protectionists (if they yet live), and their discarded opinions have been adopted by nobody. Canadians are inclined to think that Protection would be beneficial to the United Kingdom, but they recognise that the conditions differ, and they leave the debate to those who are better qualified than they for its discussion.

Protection in the United Kingdom may be detrimental or advantageous to Canada. If unaccompanied by exemption of Canadian products, Canada must suffer by its enforcement,

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for her exports to the United Kingdom include much that might be excluded by tariff walls. And if the walls are erected Canada will have no right to complain.

PREFERENCES

Canada favours preferential tariffs within the Empire; but at the same time she intends to maintain her protective tariff as against everybody. In other words, Canada will remain protective (even against other parts of the Empire) with reference to all articles on which she can produce; but as to those which she must import, she will give preference to products of the Empire. The resolution of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association expresses Canadian policy. It declares that while the

> tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should nevertheless give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other parts of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged: recognising always that under any conditions the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to Canadian products.

At first Mr. Chamberlain objected most strenuously to this suggestion. In his speech before the British Empire League (March 25, 1896) he said:

> But the principle which I claim must be accepted if we are to make any, even the slightest, progress, is that, within the different parts of the Empire, Protection must disappear, and that the duties must be revenue duties and not protective duties in the sense of protecting the products of one part of the Empire against those of another part.

Mr. Chamberlain soon receded from this. He saw that Protection would not disappear, and at Birmingham (May 15, 1903) he suggested a compromise: Canada, he observed, and the others have made certain progress in manufacturing; now

> suppose that we intervene in any stage of the process and say to them, "There are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production—leave them to us as you have left

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them hitherto." If we do not do this, Canada will fall to the level of the United States, Australia will fall to the level of Canada, South Africa will fall to the level of Australia.

That is to say, Canada and the others (from their standpoint) will *rise* to the level of the United States as a manufacturing country. Canada will not agree to any intervention tending to prevent or retard that consummation; and Canadians are glad to gather from Mr. Chamberlain's later speeches that from the policy of this one, also, he has receded—that he is now willing to negotiate preferential tariffs along the line of Canadian policy.

Indeed, one of his suggestions is a very distinct adoption of Canadian methods, and indicates the distance travelled since the declaration that "within the Empire Protection must disappear." I refer to his proposal (Welbeck speech)

to put such a duty on flour as will result in the *whole* of the milling of wheat being done in this country.

Canadian mills would suffer heavily by the imposition of such a duty, but Canada would not complain—the leaf is out of her own book.

The flour suggestion is a very good illustration of the difficulties which will have to be met when we come to settle the terms of preferential treaty—difficulties so great that some persons declare that the necessary bargaining between different parts of the Empire will lead to friction, to ill-feeling, and possibly to dissolution. Canada's experience lends some colour to this contention. The most formidable Canadian movements towards annexation with the United States arose because of the United Kingdom's termination (1846) of the preference which prior to that date she had given to Canadian products; and an increasing cordiality between Canada and the United States was turned into hostility (1865) by the termination at the instance of the Americans of the Reciprocity Treaty. But such possibilities cannot be avoided. We cannot refrain from the creation of advantageous relations, either

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with the United Kingdom, or the United States, or any other Power, merely because of possible differences. Such possibility must no doubt be one of the factors for careful consideration when making our bargain; and we must see to it that either we are in some way secured against it, or that the arrangement is sufficiently advantageous to ensure us against the risk.

All, then, that Canadians can at present say upon the subject of Protection and preferential tariffs is:

(1) We believe in the protection and development of our manufactures; and we cannot agree (*a*) that "within the Empire Protection must disappear;" or (*b*) that with regard to articles which we do not now make we will leave their manufacture to others; or (*c*) that we will order our affairs so that we may not "fall (or rather rise) to the level of the United States."

(2) Nevertheless there is scope for preferential arrangements; and we believe that a treaty can be made which would be beneficial both to the United Kingdom and to Canada.

(3) We are ready to try what a spirit of good-will can accomplish.

Thus far there can be little doubt that I have reflected Canadian opinion. The following consideration comes from myself. It has not been adequately (hardly at all) discussed in Canada. It relates to the indirect effect of preferential tariffs; by which I mean the hostility that would be aroused in other countries by preferential arrangements between the United Kingdom and Canada.

Some are foolishly inclined to declare that they do not care what that effect would be. That is, of course, very absurd. We propose an arrangement in which we see certain advantages, and we are stupid indeed if we take no note of the disadvantages.

Others, with more appearance of reason, protest that Great Britain and Canada are both parts of one Empire; that we are perfectly entitled to make internal arrangements without properly provoking the hostility of anybody else; that the States

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of the American Union and the German Union have such arrangements, and no one deems them a matter for foreign protest or reprisal; and that if such countries object to what they are themselves doing well, we must fight it out on that line.

An old adage tells us, "Be sure that you are right; then go ahead." As a matter of present and very unpleasant fact, we are aware that Germany and Canada are at present in a state of tariff war because our duties upon German goods are higher than on British, that is because of the preference which we give to British goods. Has Germany any reasonable ground for her action?

The essential difference between the case of Germany (in permitting free interchange among her component States, while charging duty upon foreign imports) and ours, is that Germany is for commercial (and other) purposes a unit. She is one country, with one tariff, one commercial policy, one control of foreign arrangements—she is a single fiscal entity.

The United Kingdom and Canada on the other hand are, for commercial purposes, quite separate and distinct. They have very different tariffs, different commercial policies, different foreign arrangements—they are two fiscal entities; so much so that they have negotiations, and are considering making commercial treaties with one another. Germans do not object if Lancashire goods go into London free of duty, even as Saxony's output is not subjected to imposts in Berlin. But Germany regards Canada as commercially distinct from Great Britain, and so she is. It is not so in other Empires, France, for example, and her Colonies form one fiscal unit. Canada, in obtaining commercial independence but still retaining her association with the British Crown, has introduced a new phenomenon in colonial connection, and here is one of the problems with which it confronts us.

It is useless for me to endeavour to settle the question. I cannot settle it. I state it for Canadian consideration with

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a view of enabling them to see the nature of the arguments against us; to point out to them that we are already suffering for our adhesion to our purpose of Imperial preference; and to ask whether we are ready to fight it out on that line, no matter how disastrous the consequences. I am among the last to be charged with truckling to the United States, but consideration of reasonable consequences of a preference given by the United Kingdom to Canadian goods as against those going from the United States, cannot and ought not to be disregarded. Our trade with our neighbours last year amounted to about two hundred million dollars; our imports from them being no less than sixty per cent. of our total imports. And the practical question is not whether we believe ourselves to be in the right, but whether we are so clearly, indisputably and demonstrably right that we ought to disregard the contrary view as such an unreasonable and unwarrantable encroachment upon our freedom of action as must be intolerable to us, no matter what the consequences?

For my own part I cannot deny that the German view has much to support it. The Crown Colonies are in every sense a part of the British Empire; but for almost all practical legislative and commercial purposes Canada is not, she legislates for herself. She enacts her own tariff. She hits at Germany (and other nations) without consulting anybody; and if she makes a preferential bargain with the United Kingdom, it will be because she chooses to do so and not because of any constitutional subordination to the United Kingdom.

A preferential system, then, may breed reprisals. That will mean a great deal to the United Kingdom, for her foreign trade is enormous, but relatively it may mean very much more to Canada. Her punishment would come principally, and with heavy hand, from the United States. Are we ready for it?

I know that few things could be more unpopular at this particular moment in Canada than a suggestion of reciprocity with the United States. I do not seek popularity, and I care little for it. Let me say what I think. Frequently preferen-

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tial tariffs with the United Kingdom and reciprocity with the United States are put in sharp antagonism the one with the other; and men say that they would rather have the first than the second. I can give no such answer. You might as well ask me whether I would rather have a British horse or an American bull. Everything depends upon the details of the two propositions. If you say that they are equally advantageous to me, I have no difficulty in saying that I prefer the horse. But this exact equality is extremely rare; and so I cannot say whether I would prefer British preference or American reciprocity. If I cannot have both, then I desire that which is best for Canada.

But why assume that the one necessarily excludes the other? Of course, we cannot give to the United Kingdom, as against the United States, such a preference upon articles which they both produce as would exclude the American product; and at the same time offer to both their products equality of access to our markets. But it must be borne in mind that our imports are of the most varied and diverse character, and it may well be that with reference to some of the articles comprised in what may be called our field for negotiations, there may be some with reference to which we could bargain with the United Kingdom and others which would form the subject of agreement with the United States.

For example, is there any Canadian who would not gladly welcome a renewal of our Reciprocity Treaty with the United States which existed between the years 1855 and 1866? If there is, I am inclined to think that he has not given the subject much thought. That treaty would not, by its terms, prevent our establishment of the contemplated preferential arrangements with the United Kingdom, for it related to natural products only. And it was of vast benefit to us. Let me give you the figures showing our trade with the United States. Remember that the treaty period was March 16, 1855, to March 17, 1866:

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Year ending June 30	Imports into United States	Exports from United States	Year ending June 30	Imports into United States	Exports from United States
	Dollars	Dollars		Dollars	Dollars
1850 . .	5,179,500	9,515,991	1878 . .	25,357,802	38,284,421
1851 . .	5,279,718	11,787,092	1879 . .	26,133,554	30,843,702
1852 . .	5,469,445	10,229,608	1880 . .	33,214,340	30,775,871
1853 . .	6,527,559	12,423,121	1881 . .	38,041,947	39,512,876
1854 . .	8,784,412	24,157,612	1882 . .	51,113,475	38,569,822
1855 . .	15,118,289	27,741,808	1883 . .	44,740,876	46,590,253
1856 . .	21,276,614	29,025,349	1884 . .	39,015,840	46,411,450
1857 . .	22,108,916	24,138,482	1885 . .	36,960,541	40,124,907
1858 . .	15,784,836	23,604,526	1886 . .	37,496,338	34,785,021
1859 . .	19,287,565	28,109,494	1887 . .	38,015,584	36,162,347
1860 . .	23,572,796	22,695,928	1888 . .	43,084,123	37,245,119
1861 . .	22,724,489	22,676,513	1889 . .	43,009,473	42,141,156
1862 . .	18,511,025	20,573,070	1890 . .	39,396,980	41,503,812
1863 . .	17,484,786	27,619,814	1891 . .	39,434,595	39,448,755
1864 . .	29,608,736	26,574,624	1892 . .	35,334,547	44,885,988
1865 . .	33,264,403	28,829,402	1893 . .	38,186,342	48,628,509
1866 . .	48,528,628	24,828,880	1894 . .	31,326,731	58,313,223
1867 . .	25,044,005	21,020,302	1895 . .	37,006,163	53,981,768
1868 . .	26,261,379	24,080,777	1896 . .	41,212,000	61,086,046
1869 . .	29,293,766	23,381,471	1897 . .	40,722,792	66,028,725
1870 . .	36,265,328	25,339,254	1898 . .	32,242,601	84,889,819
1871 . .	32,542,137	32,276,176	1899 . .	31,604,135	89,570,458
1872 . .	36,346,930	29,411,454	1900 . .	39,931,833	97,337,494
1873 . .	37,649,542	34,565,113	1901 . .	42,902,478	107,746,519
1874 . .	34,365,961	43,473,174	1902 . .	48,787,573	111,708,275
1875 . .	28,271,926	36,225,735	1903 . .	55,649,656	125,776,203
1876 . .	29,010,251	35,004,131	1904 . .	52,541,324	133,902,411
1877 . .	24,277,378	39,374,180			

Observe that in the year preceding reciprocity, our exports to the United States were $8,784,412; that the next year they were $15,118,289; that at the end of the treaty period they had risen to $48,528,628; that they had therefore increased over 450 per cent. in twelve years; that in the following year they at once dropped to $25,044,005 and that during the next thirty-four years they reached the highest reciprocity figure but once.

I am not of the opinion that our neighbours are willing to renew that treaty. I believe they are not. But I do think that there is a much stronger disposition south of the line than there ever has been since 1866, to enter upon more sensible and mutually beneficial international trade relations

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than is represented by our present antagonistic tariffs. I agreed in reasonable protection for our own manufacturers; and I agree in preferential tariffs with the United Kingdom; but I do not agree that these things necessarily preclude us from friendly commercial relations with the rest of the world. If they do, I denounce them as detrimental not only to that spirit of harmony and good-will which should characterise our relations with our brother men wherever they may be found; but detrimental also to our economic interests, disregard of which would not only be childish but unpatriotic, and well calculated by its ruinous results to dissolve every Imperial Association. The slightest familiarity with the necessities of British and Canadian geographical, manufacturing, and commercial situation, renders this assertion indisputable.

Summarising thus far, then, we may say:

1. A protective policy may be of advantage to Great Britain, and, if so, it will sooner or later be adopted there.

2. Such a policy, unaccompanied by any special arrangements in our favour, would be detrimental to some Canadian industries.

3. Preferential arrangements between Great Britain and Canada, productive of direct benefit to both countries, can be made.

4. Such preferential arrangements (it depends upon the nature of them) may provoke retaliation on the part of other countries.

5. Whether the benefits of preferential arrangements will more than offset the injuries depends entirely (1) upon the specific nature of the arrangements, and (2) the extent to which hostility is induced, and the length to which it is carried.

6. Reasonable regard to the interests of others is not only proper but profitable.

7. A Pan-Britannic commercial league against the rest of the world would mean financial and commercial upheaval and disaster; and for that reason the overthrow and dissolution of the British Empire at no very distant date.

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THE POLITICAL PURPOSES OF PREFERENCES

Mr. Chamberlain's purpose in proposing preferential tariffs within the Empire is predominantly political, and only secondarily economic. As this is probably not the general impression, I give some quotations from his speeches:

I am a fiscal reformer mainly because I am an Imperialist, mainly because I believe that upon the maintenance of a great Empire we have inherited depends the greatness of our own country. In saying that, I do not wish to underestimate the economic side of the question we have under consideration only I say that that is secondary; it is not vital. (*Times*, July 9, 1904.)

The tariff reformers believe, that by recovering our freedom of action and by re-arming ourselves with the weapon of a moderate tariff, we may still defend our home market against unfair competition, and may at the same time secure a modification of foreign tariffs which would open the way to a fairer exchange of our respective products than we have hitherto been able to obtain.

But they attach even greater importance to the possibility of securing by preferential and reciprocal arrangements with our Colonies a great development of trade within the Empire and the nearer approach to a commercial union which, in some shape or another, must precede or accompany closer political relations, and without which, as all history shows, no permanent co-operation s possible. ("Speeches," Introduction, p. 9.)

We are prepared to make concession or changes in order to induce a larger intercourse between ourselves and you, believing a larger intercourse will tend to closer political union. We all desire commercial union as the first step towards political union and organisation for common defence. (Rochester.)

Aye, as Yorkshire and Lancashire are bound to Middlesex and Surrey, so let Australia and Canada be bound to South Africa, to the United Kingdom. (Newport.)

And at a meeting of the British Empire League (March 15, 1896) he indicated a purpose

to create a new government for the British Empire—a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation over countries separated by thousands of miles, in conditions as various as those which prevail in our several Dependencies and Colonies; and said that he hoped to approach this desirable consummation by a process of gradual development.

To my mind few things are more remarkable than the persistence of the notion (in spite of all experience to the contrary)

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that Colonies must be governed and controlled, or they will cease to be of any use. The history of the growth of Colonies is very largely the history of their struggles to be free, the history of a determination on the other side to retain supremacy. And now that some of the British Colonies have reached their majority and are almost entirely self-controlled, the old idea is revived, in the more alluring form of a partnership or federation in which the United Kingdom would be the predominant partner, and to which the Colonies would give up a part of that self-government which with such difficulty they have at last succeeded in securing.

Mr. Chamberlain has frequently been charged with misrepresenting colonial opinion. So far as he has declared that Canada is desirous of preferential arrangements with the United Kingdom he is quite within the truth; but I am bound to say that he has been misinformed, and is far from correct when he asserts that Canada wishes either commercial or political union with Great Britain and Ireland. And it is but right to correct him upon this point, for Canada at least does not desire to obtain any advantages by pretending that she is desirous of commercial or political federation.

I believe that I speak the mind of Canada when I say that the following language of Mr. Chamberlain is not well founded:

> Here are eleven millions of white men—flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood, of the same religion, and with the same reverence for the British Empire—claiming to share its history and its glorious past; they are willing to unite their future to yours. ("Speeches," p. 99.)
>
> Well, what is the position? These great Colonies of ours have decided with a unanimous voice—which is wonderful if you consider the differences of their circumstances, the variety of their conditions, the number of their local and separate interests—that this great question of union can best be approached on the commercial side. (Birmingham, p. 12.)
>
> What do you say to these men who retain so lively a recollection of their connection with the Old Country, who long for the time when we shall be indeed a united Empire? Will you snub them? Will you reject the offers which they make to you? Then, indeed, you are not worthy of the inheritance

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that you have gained from the ancestors who fought for it, and who have left to you the duty of maintaining it.

I believe that our children are ready and willing to share the privileges of the Empire, and at the same time to share its responsibility. And these growing States—great already, but whose future greatness it is impossible for any of us to measure—will now, if we are willing, freely associate their fortunes with ours.

In my opinion the two great objects which I have in view—the prosperity of the home trade and the closer union of the Empire—are within our reach.

I have not Mr. Chamberlain's ability nor in very many lines his experience, but, nevertheless, I have some confidence that I understand the Canadian side of questions better than he does. In fact, it is quite possible that to the Canadian side I have given too much attention. Nevertheless, there is a Canadian side which must not be omitted from view, and that view, I have no hesitation in saying, is that the powers of self-government which we possess we shall hold; that while we are absolutely loyal to our King we owe no fealty or subjection whatever to Westminster or to Downing Street; that we have our own fiscal ideas, and we do not intend to submit them for revision to electors who, as many of our people think, are unable rightly to settle their own tariff—who are the despair of Mr. Chamberlain himself; that we have our own notions as to our own development, and are not inclined to brook criticism of them from those millions who know little of the conditions and aspirations of a young, vigorous community of gigantic proportions and illimitable possibilities; that we are a democratic, peace-loving community, and that we are ill-suited for political union with a nation whose characteristics are much more decidedly aristocratic, hierarchical, and militarist than ours, and whose predominance in federal councils would make us mere endorsers of a policy that we do not approve. Co-operation with our sister British States and not incorporation in them is, in our judgment, the best way in which all interests may be advanced and subserved.

Mr. Chamberlain insists upon binding "these folks of ours" "by the bond of commercial unity," by a political union which will bind Australia and Canada to South Africa and the United

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Kingdom, even "as Yorkshire and Lancashire are bound to Middlesex and Surrey." Is it possible that a man of Mr. Chamberlain's acumen has not discovered that bonds do not bind? that it was bonds, legislative and administrative, that severed the American Colonies from the mother country? that it was bonds that provoked the Canadian rebellions in 1837? that it was bonds that kept Ireland poor and discontented? and that it is the removal of bonds that has partially reconciled the glad green isle, and has produced in Canada an enthusiastic and demonstrative loyalty to the British Crown that Mr. Chamberlain so much admires, but so strikingly misinterprets? It may be that the establishment of preferential trade relations with the United Kingdom will, by encouraging mutually profitable intercourse, tend to increase the sympathy between the two countries. But all that can be done in that way can be accomplished by treaty. Commercial union is not only not necessary for the purpose, but would be injurious.

What has thus far been said as to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals has been based upon his speeches merely, and Canada's reply has been formulated in my own language. Proposals and reply are, however, to be found in much more satisfactory, because authoritative, form, namely, in the records of the various Imperial Conferences.

In his opening speech at the Conference of 1897 Mr. Chamberlain said that it would be desirable "still further to tighten the ties which bind us together." He thought

> that it might be feasible to create a great Council of the Empire to which the Colonies would send representative plenipotentiaries; not mere delegates who were unable to speak in their name, without further reference to their respective Governments, but persons who by their position in the Colonies, by their representative character, and by their close touch with colonial feeling, would be able, upon all subjects submitted to them, to give really effective and valuable advice. If such a Council were to be created, it would at once assume an immense importance, and it is perfectly evident that it might develop into something still greater.

The reply of the Colonial Premiers was as follows:

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The Prime Ministers here assembled are of the opinion that the present political relations between the United Kingdom and the self-governing Colonies are generally satisfactory under the existing condition of things.

Mr. Seddon and Sir E. N. C. Braddon dissented.

At the next Imperial Conference (1902) called to discuss "the political and commercial relations of the Empire and its naval and military defence." Mr. Chamberlain was a little more urgent and insistent, if not just a trifle impatient:

I say our paramount object is to strengthen the bonds which unite us, and there are only three principal avenues by which we can approach this object. They are: through our political relations in the first place; secondly, by some kind of commercial union; in the third place, by considering the questions which arise out of Imperial Defence. These three great questions were considered at the last Conference, and I think it is clear they must form the principal subject of our deliberations on this occasion, and, indeed, of those of any future Conferences which may afterwards be held. I may be considered, perhaps, to be a dreamer, or too enthusiastic; but I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, the political federation of the Empire is within the limits of possibility.

Referring to a suggestion for colonial representation in the Imperial House of Commons, he said:

If it comes to us, it is a proposal which his Majesty's Government would certainly feel justified in favourably considering; but I have always felt myself that the most practical form in which we would achieve our object would be the establishment or creation of a real Council of the Empire to which all questions of Imperial interest might be referred, and if it were desired to proceed gradually, as probably would be our course—we are all accustomed to the slow ways in which our Constitutions have been worked out—if it be desired to proceed gradually, the Council might in the first instance be merely an advisory Council. It would resemble, in some respects, the advisory Council which was established in Australia, and which, although it was not wholly successful, did nevertheless pave the way for the complete federation upon which we now congratulate them. But although that would be a preliminary step, it is clear that the object would not be completely secured until there had been conferred upon such a Council executive functions and perhaps also legislative powers, and it is for you to say, gentlemen, whether you think the time has come when any progress whatever can be made in this direction.

For commercial basis Mr. Chamberlain desired Free Trade within the Empire:

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Our first object, then, as I say, is Free Trade within the Empire. We feel confident—we think that it is a matter which demands no evidence or proof, that if such a result were feasible it would enormously increase our inter-Imperial trade; that it would hasten the development of our Colonies; that it would fill up the spare places in your lands with an active, intelligent, and industrious, and, above all, a British, population; that it would make the Mother Country entirely independent of foreign and raw material.

As to colonial contribution to Imperial defence he said:

But now that the Colonies are rich and powerful, that every day they are growing by leaps and bounds, their material prosperity promises to rival that of the United Kingdom itself, and I think it is inconsistent with their position—inconsistent with their dignity as nations—that they should leave the Mother Country to bear the whole or almost the whole of the expense. And I think, therefore, you will agree with me that it is not unreasonable for us to call your serious attention to a state of things which cannot be permanent. I hope that we are not likely to make upon you any demand which would seem to you to be excessive. We know perfectly well your difficulties, as you probably are acquainted with ours. Those difficulties are partly political; partly, principally probably, fiscal difficulties. The disproportion to which I have called your attention cannot, under any circumstances, be immediately remedied, but I think that something may be done—I hope that something will be done—to recognise, more effectually than has hitherto been done, the obligation of all to contribute to the common weal.

The Colonial Defence Committee presented a memorandum to the Conference, in which they said:

For these reasons the Colonial Defence Committee earnestly hope that the great self-governing Colonies may be able to give some assurance as to the strength of the contingents which they should be able to place at the disposal of his Majesty's Government for extra colonial service in a war with a European Power.

And Lord Selborne proposed cash contributions to the British Navy.

In their reply the Premiers made no reference to political relations, probably judging that the resolution of the previous Conference sufficiently showed their views. As to commercial matters they resolved:

That this Conference recognises that, in the present circumstances of the

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Colonies, it is not practicable to adopt a general system of Free Trade as between the Mother Country and the British Dominions beyond the seas.

That with a view, however, to promoting the increase of trade within the Empire, it is desirable that those Colonies which have not already adopted such a policy should, as far as their circumstances permit, give substantial preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom.

The reply of Canada and Australia to the request for contingents was as follows:

The representatives of Canada and Australia were of opinion that the best course to pursue was to endeavour to raise the standard of training for the general body of their forces, to organise the departmental services and equipment required for the mobilisation of a field force, leaving it to the Colony, when the need arose, to determine how and to what extent it should render assistance.

Canada's reply to the request for contribution to the Navy was as follows:

The Canadian Ministers regret that they have been unable to assent to the suggestions made by Lord Selborne respecting the Navy and Mr. St. John Brodrick respecting the Army. The Ministers desire to point out that their objections arise, not so much from the expense involved, as from a belief that the acceptance of the proposals would entail an important departure from the principle of colonial self-government. Canada values highly the measure of local independence which has been granted to it from time to time by the Imperial authorities, and which has been so productive of beneficial results, both as respects the material progress of the country and the strengthening of the ties that bind it to the Mother Land. But while, for these reasons, the Canadian Ministers are obliged to withhold their assent to the propositions of the Admiralty and the War Office, they fully appreciate the duty of the outlay for those necessary preparations of self-defence which every country has to assume and bear.

That the taxpayers of the United Kingdom should desire to be relieved of some of the burdens which they bear in connection with military expenditure is quite reasonable. Canada in the development of its own militia will be found ready to respond to that desire by taking upon itself some of the services in the Dominion which have hitherto been borne by the Imperial Government. What has already been done by Canada must give assurance of the disposition of the Canadian people to recognise their proper obligations.

At present Canadian expenditures for defence services are confined to the military side. The Canadian Government are prepared to consider the naval side of defence as well. On the sea-coasts of Canada there is a large number

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of men admirably qualified to form a Naval Reserve, and it is hoped that at an early day a system may be devised which will lead to the training of these men and to the making of their services available for defence in time of need.

In conclusion the Ministers repeat that, while the Canadian Government are obliged to dissent from the measures proposed, they fully appreciate the obligation of the Dominion to make expenditures for the purposes of defence in proportion to the increasing population and wealth of the country. They are willing that these expenditures shall be so directed as to relieve the taxpayer of the Mother Country from some of the burdens which she now bears, and they have the strongest desire to carry out their defence schemes in co-operation with the Imperial authorities, and under the advice of experienced Imperial officers, so far as this is consistent with the principle of local self-government, which has proved so great a factor in the promotion of Imperial unity.

Mr. Chamberlain does not quite appreciate this attitude, and yet it is a necessary corollary from Canada's political position as recognised by no one, now, more clearly than by Mr. Chamberlain himself. In his very recent speech to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (Birmingham, June 26, 1905) he said:

What are we all? We are sister States, in which the Mother Country, by virtue of her age, by virtue of all that she has done in the past, may claim to be first, but only first among equals. Now the question is, How are we to bring these separate interests together, these States which have accepted one crown and one flag, and which in all else are absolutely independent one of the other?

To Canadians it appears axiomatic that if they are an independent State they ought to build up military and naval forces of their own, rather than send money to any other State, of equal or unequal rank with them, to be expended by it. That we are under one Crown is no reply to this. If it is, then I say: "Canada has a magnificent lot of men engaged in her fisheries, as well fitted for naval employment as any men in the British Isles; but Canada's income must very largely be spent upon her growth; let, therefore, the United Kingdom remit to Ottawa a couple of millions annually to be spent by Canada in the creation of a Canadian Navy." That would appear to our British brothers to be a very ridiculous proposition, but it

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is really quite as sensible as the suggestion that the cheque should go from Canada. To my mind, it is perfectly clear that Canada's contribution to defence must be along the lines of national growth. She must strengthen herself, train her own men, maintain her own forces, and thus learn to do her own fighting. In the past Canada has done her share, and more than her share, in the Empire's wars—wars which she had no share in causing, and as to which her opinion was not asked. It is now proposed that besides continuing war help, she should contribute to the peace establishment, not of the Empire but of the United Kingdom. She has declined to do so. And she is right. Let each part prepare itself in time of peace. The whole will thus be the stronger when comes the stress of war.

Canada's attitude, then, as to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is as follows:

1. Protection is Canada's policy. She offers no suggestion as to that of the United Kingdom.

2. Canada favours the idea of preferential tariffs throughout the Empire. The terms, and their effect upon other nations, are matters for most careful consideration.

3. Canada is an independent State under the same Crown as is the United Kingdom. She will not enter any commercial union; nor agree that her tariffs shall be regulated by any body other than her own Parliament. And no political union which would remove from her exclusive governance the control of any part of her own affairs would be acceptable to her.

4. At the same time Canada anticipates and desires eternal association with the United Kingdom; for therein she sees benefit not only to herself but to the United Kingdom and to the world. Co-operation always, incorporation probably never, is the summation of the whole matter.

5. Lastly, Canada is not prepared to agree beforehand that she will assist in every war which, without consultation with her or without her assent, the United Kingdom may at any time be engaged. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking against Imperial Federation, has said (Hansard, April 7, 1892):

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I do not believe in Imperial Federation. If colonists are to be represented at Westminster in the same way that Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen are represented, then of course colonists must assume the duties and responsibilities which are borne by Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen to carry on the wars which are almost perpetually engaged throughout the civilised and uncivilised world. I think these are consequences before which the people of Canada will recede.

Just before proceeding to the Imperial Conference of 1902 Sir Wilfrid said:

We are invited to discuss the commercial situation, the political situation and the military situation. Our answer has gone forth at the same time that we see little advantage in discussing the political situation or the military situation. . . It would be a most suicidal policy for the Canadian people to go into any scheme of that nature. It would be the most suicidal policy that could be devised for Canada to enter into that vortex in which the nations of Europe—England included—are engaged at the present time, and which compels them to maintain great military armaments. . . The principal item in the British Budget is the expenses for naval and land armaments. . . Now my honourable friend[1] says that Canada should follow in the same course, that she should take part in the scheme of Imperial military defence. Sir, Canada is in a different position. Canada is a nation with an immense territory but with a sparse population of five and three quarter millions of souls, scattered over an area of three thousand miles in extent from east to west. The principal items in the Budget of Canada are what? Public works, the development of the country, the construction of railways and harbours, the opening up of ways of transportation. This is the work to which we have to devote our energies, and I would look upon it as a crime to divert any part of that necessary expenditure to the supply of guns, cannon and military armaments.

These pronouncements of the Premier of Canada have never been challenged by any of the leaders of the political party opposed to him. They indicate that not only as regards commercial questions, but as to all other matters, Canada intends to control her own affairs. Her affection for the United Kingdom is deep and indisputable, but her national status precludes the possibility of submission to any governance but her own.

JOHN S. EWART.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

[1] Mr. McLean, a somewhat independent member.

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THE DIPLOMATIC BALANCE-SHEET OF THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

THE end of the Far Eastern War opens up the prospect of many international questions of the highest importance. The changes wrought by the giant battles on the Manchurian plains and in the waters of the Yellow Sea are as yet incalculable, and it will probably be many years before we can appreciate their effects to the full; all we can do at present is to try to understand the new tendencies and world forces which have been brought into play. Two master-facts stand out above all the others—the welding of Japan into a nation of the first rank, fit to take its place by the side of the oldest and mightiest Empires of the world, and the shattering of Russia's schemes of absolute dominion throughout Asia and of predominance in Europe. A third indirect consequence is, I venture to add, the gradual transformation of Russia from a mediæval and semi-Oriental despotism into a modern Constitutional State. It is the object of this paper to indicate the directions of some of these political changes in the balance of power.

I must first say a few words on the peculiar position enjoyed by Russia before the outbreak of the war. For the last three-quarters of a century Europe has been living under the incubus of the Russian spectre. The belief in Russia's over-

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whelming might has been almost an article of faith with nearly every European statesman from the Congress of Vienna to the present day. Fear of Russia was the keynote of the foreign policy of every State whose territories bordered on hers. Her supposed vast power and her irresistible destiny impressed the imagination of friend and foe alike, and her alliance was sought by those whose interest did not clash with hers as the most solid guarantee against all dangers. By many she was hated, by a few—from a safe distance—admired, by all feared. The prestige of Russia had various outward effects and manifestations in different countries, and was maintained owing to a variety of circumstances.

Russian foreign policy has always followed three historic tendencies: the first is the conquest of Constantinople, which, apart from political considerations, appealed to popular religious enthusiasm, which has ever been a vital force in Russia, as a sort of Crusade and holy mission assumed ever since the days of Peter the Great; the second is the desire to bring about the federation of all the Slavonic peoples under Russian hegemony, "the union of the Slav streams in the Russian Sea"; and the third is the tendency to expand Eastward and towards open warm water ports wherever they are to be found. This last movement has been more due to purely political considerations than the others, but the Government has made use of all three in turn for the furtherance of its vast schemes of conquest. The complete realisation of all these objects would have involved the absolute predominance of Russia both in Europe and in Asia. Pan-Slavism meant the annexation of Prussian Poland, Silesia, Galicia, Bohemia, Moravia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Montenegro and Macedonia; and as the Southern Slavs are separated from their Northern brothers by a wide belt of non-Slavonic lands, Hungary and Rumania would have to be absorbed as well to complete the union. The conquest of Constantinople would involve that of all European Turkey and part of Asia Minor. The desire to expand Eastward had practically no limits, and Prince Ukhtomsky once boastfully

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declared that it was Russia's mission to dominate the whole of Asia, an ambition which was shared by most Russian statesmen and generals, and many schemes were on foot to make it a reality. Russians certainly knew the art of "thinking Imperially," but unfortunately for themselves their actual deeds did not always correspond to their aspirations, and the means adopted proved utterly inadequate. Such a programme naturally aroused the jealousies and suspicions of the whole world, but strangely enough Russia succeeded in communicating her own blind confidence in her destinies to her rivals and enemies. The enormous influence of Russia seems incredible in the light of recent events, and forms one of the most curious political phenomena of modern times. The belief in Russia's invincibility was partly the outcome of the worship of size, which was deemed synonymous with strength, and cast a spell over the minds of a large section of humanity, especially during the last quarter of a century, which has been marked by a strong reaction against idealism and enthusiasm. Her failures were forgotten, and her successes alone remembered; her steady advance in Asia, and her conquests over immense though thinly populated territories, strengthened her influence on the imagination, especially among Orientals, for her progress appeared to have the inevitable relentlessness of a law of nature. Even her bitterest adversaries, who were perpetually denouncing her Machiavellian wickedness, and the mendacity and unscrupulousness of her statesmen and diplomats, were only too ready to take the wildest Russian boasts on trust. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing diabolically subtle about the methods of Russian statesmanship, which consisted largely in vainglorious boasting, and in being "too clever by half"; the actual results of this and the Empire's policy would have been *nil*, had not foreign Powers been driven into a state of hysterics at every Russian menace. Again and again Russia has been defeated in battle as in the Crimea, and her diplomacy outwitted, as at Berlin in 1878; yet by the fear which she inspired she succeeded in acquiring an influence out of all proportion with her real power.

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Germany, ever since 1870, has been living in fear of the "Eastern neighbour," to cultivate good relations with whom was the chief aim of Bismarck's policy.[1] With a hostile France on one side and a potentially hostile Russia on the other, the position of Germany might well seem precarious, and even the general staff at Berlin rated Russia's military efficiency very highly. Germany literally cringed before Russia, and the persistent attempts to sow discord between England and Russia on the one hand and to encourage the latter in her Middle and Far Eastern adventures constituted an integral part of Teutonic diplomacy. However aggressive the tone of the German Government and Press towards other Powers might be, the greatest pains were taken to conciliate Russia.

In Austria-Hungary the Russian spectre loomed even larger than in Germany, and played a great *rôle* in almost every question of internal policy. When the Pan-Germans cried *Hoch* to Bismarck in the streets of Gratz, or sang *Die Wacht am Rhein* in Bohemia, the Slavonians and Czechs replied by talking about Pan-Slavonic unity, and airily invoking Russian assistance to liberate them from "German tyranny." In the struggles between Italians and Slavs on the Adriatic Littoral, in those between Serbs and Croats, and between Magyars and Croats, Russian influence in one form or another was ever present, and the great quarrel between the two halves of the Dual Monarchy was for a long time prevented from coming to an acute crisis by the dread of Russia. However much Germans, Magyars, and Slavs might hate each other, none of them really desired to fall under the blight of Russian rule, and all feared this possibility.

In the Balkans Russia was everything. The attitude to be adopted towards Russia was the paramount question in every Balkan State. Although her aggressive and interfering

[1] In 1880, for a brief period, Bismarck indulged in a policy of pin-pricks towards Russia by means of the Press, which published inspired anti-Russian articles; but it was only a temporary relapse from his usual attitude to show his independence, which no other German statesman has dared imitate.

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policy ended by alienating the sympathies of the majority of the peoples whom she had liberated from the Turkish yoke her influence was still enormous, and every Balkan parliament was divided into Russophobes and Russophils. There was a general apprehension that Russia would in the end absorb the whole of the peninsula; this view was common to friend and foe alike, and the only difference of opinion was as to whether it were wiser to resist Russian encroachments in the hope of putting off the evil day and trusting in the jealousy of other Powers, or to resign oneself to the inevitable, and make the best terms with the future dominator of the Balkans. There was not a quarrel between rival parties or nationalities in which Russia through her consuls and agents did not play some part and exercise influence; and this influence, far from being carried on in deep secrecy by marvellously clever diplomats, as sensational and awestruck journalists told us, was flaunted openly by blustering, tactless agents in such a manner as to excite the greatest possible opposition. Although Austria had of late years taken an increasingly active interest in Balkan affairs, the general impression was that, even though she might be co-operating with Russia, she was merely doing the latter's bidding, and would have to content herself with any crumbs which her all-powerful rival-ally might see fit to throw to her.

In Asia Russia enjoyed similar influence. Her conquests in Central Asia, her encroachments on China, and the ruthless severity with which she treated all who opposed her, created a profound impression among the natives, and the fame of her exploits and the terror of her name was spread from bazaar to bazaar throughout the East. Travellers in that part of the world, both within the Russian dominions and beyond the borders, were of opinion that in the native mind Russia was far stronger than England. Colonel Younghusband, for instance, wrote as follows on the subject:

> Even if they have not really got the greater strength, the Russians succeed better in producing an impression of it than do the British. Their numbers in Central Asia are really very small, but they are much more

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numerous in proportion to the numbers of natives than are the British in India. Then again the Russians, when they strike, strike very heavily; and when they advance they do not go back, as the British generally find some plausible reason for doing. Moreover, they have subjugated people who were easy to conquer, and the general result of all this, and of the rumours of untold legions of soldiers stationed in Russia proper, is to impress the Oriental mind with the idea that the Russians have a greater strength in comparison with the British, than they perhaps actually have.[1]

In India itself Russia had a very great prestige among the natives, to whom her name was one of awful and mysterious significance, and Englishmen, both military and civil, were in perpetual anxiety as to a possible Russian invasion. Every movement of troops on the Afghan border, every attempt to spread Russian influence in Afghanistan and Persia, caused the liveliest apprehension, and although not openly admitted, there was a deep-down feeling in all classes that an attack by such vast armies as Russia was supposed capable of putting into the field would be very difficult to resist. The prospect of a war with Russia on the Indian frontier was almost too terrible to contemplate.

Further East there was the same dread of Russia and confidence in her destinies; her absorption of Northern China and Manchuria, and her predominance over the whole of the Middle Kingdom, was generally regarded as a foregone conclusion by all save the Japanese, who alone understood Russia's real weakness.

Now, in consequence of the collapse of Russia in the Far East, the eyes of the world have at last been opened, and the realisation of the real position of the Empire is bound to exercise the most widespread effect on world politics. The Russian spectre is laid, and new forces and influences are coming into play. In Europe the first result of the new order of things will, I think, be an increase of German influence, at least in certain directions. Germany, once the pressure on her eastern

[1] "The Heart of a Continent," 3rd ed. pp. 310–311. This passage refers particularly to the state of affairs at Kashgar in 1890–91.

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frontier is relaxed, is free to devote herself to a policy which a year and a half ago would have aroused the opposition of Russia, and would, therefore, not have been attempted. She now feels able to adopt a very different attitude towards the France of to-day to that which she had felt obliged to adopt in the palmy days of the Franco-Russian alliance. The first manifestation of the change is seen in her Morocco policy; for years Germany had been seeking for some outlet wherein to develop German interests and prepare the way for an eventual German colony. She has cast covetous eyes on South America, South Africa, China, and Asia Minor in turn. But for a variety of reasons, among which Russian opposition was important, no definite policy could be carried out as yet in any of these directions. There remained Morocco, where, however, French opposition was to be feared, and France was backed up by Russia; but as soon as the collapse of Russia in the Far East destroyed the value of her assistance and the fear of her enmity, Germany at once initiated a forward move. The result will largely depend on the real strength of the Anglo-French *entente* when put to the test. It is by no means improbable that we shall also witness a revival of German activity in Asia Minor and in other parts of Turkey, which Germany had ear-marked for her own, although Russia had hitherto been the chief opponent of Teutonic influence, and the railway policy which had been in abeyance for some time will now be actively pushed once more. On the other hand, we must remember that Germany has always had two distinct Russian policies; and that if, as the rival of France, and as an aspirant after predominance in Austria and the Near East she has been opposed to Russia and feared a Russian attack, on the other hand, as the rival of England, she was inclined to seek Russia's friendship. It has been the constant practice of her diplomacy and of her "inspired" press to stir up bad feeling, or, rather, to increase the existing bad feeling, between England and Russia, and to flaunt the possibility of a Russo-German alliance, to make England's "flesh creep." She

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encouraged Russia in her Asiatic adventures against England, and against Japan as England's ally, and throughout the war her Government has shown strong sympathy with Russia, which took the form of practical assistance in the way of coaling facilities, the sale of transports and arms of all kinds, and large loans. As long as Russia had a chance of victory Germany did all she could to help her, and to pose as her only friend; but the moment the Eastern neighbour is hopelessly beaten Germany is ready to take advantage of its collapse to further such of her own interests as clashed with those of Russia.

In Austria the first effect of Russia's defeat has been to strengthen the centrifugal forces and to accentuate the conflict between the two halves of the Monarchy, because, at all events according to popular opinion, the chief danger which separation would entail is removed. The Hungarians, no longer afraid of being crushed by Russia, are readier than before to contemplate scission from the Habsburg Monarchy. That such a move would be wise we may well doubt, for the substitution of two weak States for one large one will offer opportunities for aggression on the part of other Powers beside Russia.

South of the Carpathians and the Save the earlier defeats of Russia created widespread anxiety, because it was feared that her loss of prestige in the Far East would lead to a policy of more active interference in the near future, and some "adventure" on the part of the Black Sea Fleet as a set-off against Port Arthur was regarded as not improbable. The Turks expected a Russian attack, and the Bulgarians feared that Russia would provoke war between themselves and Turkey, interfere on their behalf, and end by reducing them to a state of vassalage. Everywhere among the weaker Powers there was a fear that Russia, exasperated and humiliated beyond endurance, might run amok. More recent developments, especially the internal troubles and the mutiny of the Black Sea Squadron, which, to the Balkan States and to Turkey, who had no navies to speak of, was the most

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formidable weapon of offence, have somewhat mitigated this danger.

But it is in the Middle East that the defeat of Russia will produce the most interesting developments. I have alluded to Russia's great prestige among the natives both of her own Central Asiatic territory and of the neighbour lands of Persia, Afghanistan, and India itself. To maintain this prestige is very important for Russia, apart from any schemes of expansion, for she is a great Mohammedan Power, the greatest, indeed, after Great Britain, Turkey, and China, having some 15,000,000 Moslem subjects. But in many parts of the territories occupied by them Russian rule rests upon a somewhat insecure foundation. In the Caucasus, which has never been thoroughly pacified, the events of the Far East have provoked serious troubles, more serious, probably, than the public is aware of; for besides the sporadic outbreaks at Baku, Erivan, and Nakhitchevan, there is open rebellion in some of the mountain districts where Russia's writ no longer runs. Just as the tales of Russia's might and of her terrible severity to her foes were spread abroad throughout Asia, so now in every bazaar from Constantinople to Kashgar the tale of her defeats is told and wondered at. Everywhere men are beginning to ask themselves whether Russia is so great and terrible after all. I do not suggest that even in her present crippled state she could not quell a Moslem rebellion, but the mere fact that her power is doubted may cause very serious trouble and entail heavy sacrifices. In Central Asia the garrisons have been strengthened ever since the commencement of the war, quite as much with a view to a possible agitation among the fanatical Mohammedans as with the intention of making a "demonstration" on the Afghan frontier, although doubtless the latter possibility was also contemplated. Throughout the Russian Empire there is active discontent, especially among the non-Russian peoples who have felt the weight of Russia's hand, and the Mohammedan races are always liable to outbursts of fanaticism against Christians. There is a sort of

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freemasonry among Mohammedans regardless of racial distinctions, a solidarity comparable with that of mediæval Europe under the Holy Roman Empire and the Catholic Church. Consequently there is always the danger that Russia, in order to restore her prestige in Asia before the effects of the Manchurian disasters are thoroughly realised, may indulge in some policy of adventure either against Turkey, whom she is sure she can defeat, or by further advance in Central Asia or Persia. Such a policy would not only be comparatively easy and would revive the respect for Russian arms among her own Mohammedans and those outside her borders, but it might arouse the patriotic enthusiasm of the Russian people, who can understand a holy war against Mohammedans and Turks, although they had no sympathy with the Manchurian policy. Hence it behoves all those Powers who are interested in the Middle and Near East, and who would view with disfavour further Russian conquests in that direction, to be well on their guard.

The effect produced by the Japanese victories on the native mind in India is a subject of very interesting speculation just now, but one extremely difficult to gauge even by those who have a thorough knowledge of native Indian opinion. It has been said in some quarters that Japan's triumph over Russia will appeal to the people of India, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, as a victory of an Asiatic over a European nation, and that it may encourage their nationalist feelings against the British Raj. I do not venture to express a definite opinion on such a question, but from all that is generally known of the East it does not seem very likely that among a collection of peoples differing so widely from each other in race, language and religion, as do the natives of India, who have not even the idea of a nationality common to all the inhabitants of the Peninsula, a feeling so vague as that of "Asiatic solidarity" can have any practical effect. It has no doubt been mooted at times by the native press, and may be discussed by Babus, but it is hardly

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probable that it can impress the fighting tribes of the North, and still less the people of Afghanistan. The success of Japan may have certain effects on educated Indians, effects on the whole of a desirable kind, in supplying them with admirable models and ideals to which to aspire; but that it can persuade the people of India as a whole not only that they are a nation, but a nation akin to the Japanese, and therefore capable of shaking off alien rule and of doing what the Japanese have done, seems a very far-fetched notion. The native races of India and the Middle East oscillated between confidence in England and confidence in Russia, with a tendency, at all events outside British dominions, in favour of the former, not from sympathy, but from a belief in her greater material strength, the manifestations of which they were more capable of appreciating than the blessings of British rule. Of the other European and Asiatic nations they had but the vaguest notions; England and Russia were the only two Powers of whom they knew something, from being in contact with them. The course of the present war has merely shown them that Russia is much weaker than they supposed, and that she has been defeated by a Power hitherto unknown to them, but the ally of England. British prestige should certainly revive, at least negatively, owing to the defeat of her rival.

But no accurate forecast of Russia's foreign policy after the war can be made until the internal situation of the country becomes clearer. Everything will depend on the character of the future Russian government. If the autocracy succeeds in suppressing the Liberal movement altogether, Russian foreign policy, remaining in the same hands, will be weaker perhaps than before, but equally adventurous, disturbing to the peace of the world, and unreliable. Expansion or "peaceful penetration" will doubtless be pursued as usual along the line of least resistance in Persia, in Asia Minor, in the Balkans, in Austria, in Western China, perhaps in Norway. But in view of present circumstances such a result does not seem at all probable. If Russia emerges from her present state into the light of modern civili-

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sation and methods of government, a wiser policy of retrenchment and reform, of *recueillement* and internal development, will probably be followed, and indefinite expansion and reckless political extravagance will give place, for a long time to come, to a saner and more peaceful policy. A Liberal Russia, unlike revolutionary France, should not, I think, adopt an aggressive attitude, for the Russian character is lacking in that proselytising spirit which resulted in the Napoleonic wars. At the same time the liberalisation of Russia will have one effect on international politics of a most desirable kind. Russia has hitherto stood for despotism and reaction, and as a bulwark against liberal ideas throughout Europe. Russian example was the chief encouragement to reactionary tendencies, especially in Germany and Austria. In Germany, the apparent success and efficiency of Russian methods of government made the mouths of the Berlin bureaucrats water, and a sort of international solidarity of autocracy was established, which, although allowed at times to fall into abeyance, has revived periodically from the days of the Holy Alliance to the Dreikaiserbund and the Austro-Russian agreement in the Balkans. Within very recent times this tendency has become more and more manifested in the division of Europe into the Western progressive Powers —England, France, and Italy—and the three non-Liberal military Empires of Russia, Germany, and Austria. The same principle which led to the intervention of the Czar Nicholas in favour of Austria against the Hungarian rebels in 1849, has resulted in German support of the Sultan's misgovernment in Turkey, and the friendly assistance given to Russia in stamping out Liberalism (see, for instance, the attempt on the part of the Prussian Government to procure a condemnation of the Russian revolutionists in the Königsberg trials). The defeat of Russia weakens the autocratic principle throughout Europe in a negative sense; the conversion of Russia to Liberal principles would be a positive gain to civilisation, and "count two in a division."

The progress of Russia towards freedom is now, I venture

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to believe, an assured fact, and this should be a cause of satisfaction to all right-minded people, especially in England. But there is the danger that the present period of chaos may be indefinitely prolonged, and that in the interval the Russian Foreign Office, naturally the last department of the public service to be subjected to any form of popular control, may in a state of desperation and of loss of balance plunge into some other mad folly, which, even if unsuccessful in the end from Russia's point of view, may prove extremely troublesome and inconvenient to the Powers concerned, and perhaps involve the whole of Europe in a general war. Russia, although greatly weakened, is by no means annihilated, and is capable of much greater efforts than is generally supposed. But in spite of a possible clash of interests there is no reason why England and Russia should be eternal enemies. England and France were so considered until the spell was broken by the *entente cordiale*, and there is nothing to prevent some understanding being now arrived at between England and France's ally. There is none of that bitter race hatred between Russians and Englishmen such as there is between Germans and Englishmen. One of the chief causes of disagreement was Russia's aggressive policy in the Far East, and that is now eliminated. There remain other questions, it is true; but when one of the most serious is removed the task of conciliation should be rendered easier, especially if Russia, on emerging from the terrible plight into which the folly of her bureaucrats have led her, should take her place as a progressive nation. Russian aspirations towards the overlordship of the Far East, if not over the whole of Asia, and towards absolute predominance in Europe, are incompatible with the aspirations of other Powers. Now that those vain plans are shattered the balance of power in the Far East is restored, and divided between England, Japan, and the United States, with freedom of trade and equality of opportunity to all nations. In Europe the breakdown of Russia opens up a prospect of another danger, that of German hegemony, which, if realised,

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would be as disastrous to the peace of the world as was the prospect of Russian hegemony. Pan-Germanism, which aims at the absorption of Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and even Hungary, and at predominance throughout the Balkans and Asia Minor, is an even greater danger to peace, progress, and freedom than was Pan-Slavism. It is for this reason above all others that an understanding between the Western Powers and Russia, a Liberal Russia that is to say, is desirable. It is in the highest interests of every nation that each should have room to develop its ideals and legitimate aspirations, and that no one of them should wield absolute predominance over the others. Universal dominion is an institution which England has consistently opposed from the days of the Spanish Armada to those of Napoleon, primarily from self-interest no doubt, but a self-interest which corresponded with the real interests of all other Powers as well. It was given to Japan to defeat Russia's attempt at universal hegemony; but now it is the duty of the Western Powers, together with the United States and Japan, to resist any other Power that should attempt to take up Russia's baneful heritage. The temporary disablement of Russia has freed the world from the Muscovite incubus, but in our relief at this benefit we must not be blind to other and no less dangerous forces which are coming into play. The disruptive tendencies in Austria-Hungary and in Scandinavia are also the outcome of Russia's collapse, and Germany will certainly try to profit by the altered state of things on the diplomatic chessboard, not only at Russia's expense but at that of every other Power. England is threatened in the Middle East, in her various colonial possessions, and on the high seas; France in Morocco; Austria in her very existence; the Balkan States in their freedom; while for Italy there is always looming in the background the danger of a German Trieste and a German Pola, and perhaps a German Avlona, which would mean *Finis Italiae*. Hence it is now most urgent that the Liberal forces, who are opposed to all "one-man shows," should co-operate as guardians of the peace and of the open

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door. The Anglo-Franco-Italian understanding on the one hand, and the Anglo-Japanese alliance on the other are the best guarantees of peace for the present; but they must be consolidated and extended, and the friendly action of the United States assured, together with that of the New Russia, which, Phœnix-like, is arising on the ashes of the old Muscovite bureaucracy. Thus alone can the grave problems arising in connection with the changes in the Far East, with the coming crisis in the Balkans, with the Austrian problem, and with Morocco, be faced with equanimity, and with the assurance that all nations shall have equal opportunity of development and of fulfilling their legitimate aspirations.

L. VILLARI

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ALPHONSE DAUDET

CHARM was the pervading personal atmosphere of the graceful, subtle novelist who has delighted the world with "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan," "Le Nabab," and other admirably artistic works.

A thorough meridional, Alphonse Daudet might at first sight appear to be himself of the type which he satirises in "Numa Roumestan," when he puts into the mouth of that worthy the remarkable saying: "When I am not talking I am not thinking." Capricious, impulsive, generous to a fault, sensitive, mobile, of fiery temper, given to exaggeration, to what is termed in vulgar parlance "drawing the long bow," gay, apparently incapable of sustained effort, such was Alphonse Daudet in his youth. Nevertheless, behind the froth and ferment which he shared with many of his young countrymen from what he terms "the stony South," was the mysterious attribute of genius which made him a being apart, and drove him into paths where their careless erratic footsteps could never follow him.

His genius! It brooded in his eyes when they became dreamy, and did not even see objects naturally within the small range of their short-sighted vision; it led him away from the song, the laughter, and the brilliant lights, to where he could be alone and hear its voice in the silence, and sometimes it became keen and observant, and he knew—though the face of the man speaking to him was dim to his sight—

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exactly what his features must be, or became like the great Balzac a "voyant," and by the power of imagination quitted his own personality for that of some other being, possibly of some poor vagabond whom he had gazed at with pity and curiosity. This pity, and exquisite sympathy with suffering, this indulgence towards his fellows, was perhaps the keynote of the extraordinary attraction which the French Dickens, the author of "Le Petit Chose" and "Jack" exercised over his contemporaries.

His personal beauty, which was in his youth remarkable, no doubt also helped to draw hearts to him. Theodore de Banville, in his "Camées Parisiens," after describing with enthusiasm his warm amber-coloured skin, and straight silken eyebrows, his burning and liquid eyes lost in dreams, his small delicate ears and abundant hair, says:

> With this extraordinary physique Alphonse Daudet might in justice have been an idiot; instead of that, he is the most delicate and sensitive of our poets. Why was he not also a millionaire like Rothschild? It would not have cost him much more while he was about the business of making paradoxes.

Certainly, as Zola remarked, all the good fairies were present at Daudet's cradle, and the wicked fairy of tradition was sternly kept at the door, so that blessings only were showered on the head of the future author of "Contes du Lundi" and of "Froment jeune et Risler aîné."

As a young man he was wild and dissipated. Tavern brawls, Bohemian wanderings, lively suppers, nothing came amiss to the precociously gifted youth who was tingling with eager curiosity for new impressions and fresh experiences, and to whom life was so highly fraught with interest that it was impossible to limit or stint himself till he should have seen and tasted everything at her varied banquet.

Nevertheless his experiences in Bohemia seem never to have hardened or coarsened him, there was always something refined and almost feminine in his composition, he was to the end the elusive delicate "Petit Chose," whose

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sensitive soul languished in a loveless atmosphere, and trembled at a harsh word, while at the same time, by a strange dualism of nature, he slyly poked fun at himself and observed those around him with the unerring eye of a keen physiologist. Even the critic who was annoyed by his susceptibility to everything which was not undiscriminating praise of his works, could not find it in his heart to be really brutal to le Petit Chose; for about him lingered the charm with which those little gems of diction entitled "Lettres de mon Moulin" and "Contes du Lundi" are redolent. It seemed needlessly harsh to criticise ruthlessly one who had the strange power of enabling you to see with him, who took his readers completely into his confidence, and while laughing gently at himself, made them feel—for feeling is everything with Daudet—that he understood them and their compeers, and expected a like comprehension and sympathy on their part.

Later on, when a happy marriage had steadied and strengthened him, success had given him confidence, and pain, that great educator, had become his constant companion; when he observed mankind as one of his contemporaries remarked "from a cross," the impression we receive of Alphonse Daudet is more virile and imposing than in his younger days.

He had become the guide and adviser of his sons, and their most intimate and sympathetic friend; but besides his paternal office proper he was father confessor to many an unfortunate whom he hardly knew, but who had been attracted by reports of the successful writer's ready sympathy and kindness of heart. His sensitiveness, quick intuitions, and early struggles had taught him much, and in his later years he was seldom deceived, his short-sighted eyes saw almost unerringly; and he had learnt to distinguish between the true sufferer and the man who spoke with what he called the "voix de gorge," and who was dismissed with the irony of which Daudet was master. But for the truly unfortunate his pity and comprehension were

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infinite, "son regard réchauffait" his son says, and his delicate tact taught him when to speak and when to be silent, and guided him even to the psychological moment when it was kind not to look at the sufferer, but to pretend to hunt for papers on a crowded writing-table.

He loved to picture himself when his own work in life should be over as a "marchand de bonheur." Most men were, he said, somnambulists, who wandered unseeing through life, never realising the right path, and knocking their heads against obstacles which it would have been easy to avoid. The work of the "marchand de bonheur" would be to gain the confidence of these blunderers by gentleness, and—suiting his advice to the exigencies of each case—to show the sufferer that there is always a meaning in the affairs of life, always a method by which they may be turned to the best advantage.

His pity for poverty and suffering often took very practical forms. During his last years, when he could not walk without help, and drove every day in the Champs Elysées or in the Quai de Béthune, he would always choose the shabbiest cab from the stand, the one that he thought no one else would hire.

I remember [says his son, who tells the story] a very old coachman who drove with difficulty a very old horse, and sat on the shaky box of a fantastic cab like what one sees in a nightmare. My father had adopted this melancholy conveyance, and we were sure to see it jolting towards us when we turned into the Rue Bellechasse. The old driver on his side had become fond of the easy client who never objected to slowness or to dirt. One of the last times that we employed him before he was submerged in the depths of Paris, we found that the happy idea had struck him of writing A.D. in red ink on the panels and windows in order to announce that he belonged to the person who had taken pity on him.

Alphonse Daudet had known misery himself, for his childhood and youth were passed in the midst of constant anxiety about money matters. In "Le Petit Chose" he gives an account of these early years, his father and mother, and his devoted brother Ernest, being faithfully depicted. Alphonse

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was born at Nîmes on May 13, 1840, and was the third son of his parents. His eldest brother Henri became professor at the College of the Assumption at Nîmes and died at the age of 24, just before taking Orders. Ernest, the second, the Mère Jacques of "Le Petit Chose," was three years older than Alphonse and was his constant companion, his protector, and devoted slave. In 1848 the Daudet family was completed by a little girl, who eventually married Madame Alphonse Daudet's brother.

The Daudets were of lowly origin, Alphonse Daudet's grandfather, a simple peasant, having come down from the little village of Concoules in the Cevennes at the beginning of the Revolution of 1789, and settled in Nîmes as a weaver. He nearly lost his life during the Terror, for he dared to express pity for some Beaucaire artisans accused of Royalist tendencies, whom he met on their way to the scaffold, and it was with difficulty that he escaped from the hands of the infuriated crowd. He was a successful man, he opened a shop and made a small fortune. Vincent, Alphonse Daudet's father, was his fourth child. Vincent was a man of ambition, as was sufficiently indicated by his dress. His tight coat and white cravat made him look, his son Ernest remarks, "like a magistrate," and showed plainly that he intended to leave the peasant class far behind him, and aspired to become a pillar of the Nîmes bourgeoisie. He was ambitious too in his marriage, for surely it was an audacious idea to hope for the hand of a member of the distinguished Reynaud family, who were at the head of the commerce of Nîmes, who possessed a country house in the Ardêche Mountains, and who in 1829, when he wooed the eldest of the "demoiselles Reynaud," were at the height of their prosperity.

However, in spite of opposition, he succeeded in his suit, and Adeline became Madame Vincent Daudet. Delicate, romantic, unpractical, she was not an ideal wife for a struggling man, and her sons' recollections of her seem to be chiefly summed up in the fact that she was more interested in reading

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novels than in the ordinary affairs of life, and that in the days of misfortune she was always in tears.

However, during the first few years of Alphonse Daudet's life his father's affairs were tolerably flourishing, and life was cheerful in the Maison Sabran, that little grey house which Daudet describes in "Numa Roumestan" as his hero's birthplace, and which faced on to the Petit Cours, where all the Nîmes commotions took place. The inhabitants of Nîmes were like other good meridionals, extremely inflammable, and often the cry "Zou, zou," which was the signal for battle, would be heard in the cool of the evening, and the nurse would hurry the little Daudets into the house. Then crowds of weavers would pour out of the royalist quarter and a fight would ensue, and, as the police never interfered, would continue till the combatants disappeared, or grew tired of throwing stones at each other. Daudet's books abound in allusions to his early years, and the account of Élysée Méraut's youth in "Les Rois en Exil," of the royalist traditions with which he was surrounded, and of the street fights between Catholics and Huguenots, in which even the children joined, is the record of his own childish experiences.

A knowledge of the excitable meridional temperament was thus early stamped upon Alphonse Daudet's mind, and he already began unconsciously to collect material which would in the future be used in portraying Élysée Méraut, Numa Roumestan and the Nabab, those masterly studies of "L'Homme du Midi."

The little Alphonse was a fragile, pretty child, with large brown eyes and delicate features. His short sight involved him in many dangers, so that at different times he narrowly escaped being burnt, drowned, poisoned, or crushed, and he inherited a very hot temper from his father and his two grandmothers, so that he was a difficult child to educate. The first few years of his life passed uneventfully in the rooms above the shop in the old Maison Sabran. The children had many toys given them by the kind old grandfather Reynaud, they

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were taken for occasional excursions into the country, and the Beaucaire fair, which Daudet describes graphically in "Numa Roumestan," was a yearly delight. Even before he and his brother Ernest were allowed to go to it they looked forward eagerly to its advent, for in their parents' absence they had the run of the house, and once, instead of toys, their father brought back "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson" from the fair. Alphonse was fascinated by Defoe's masterpiece, which he studied every evening after supper, and all day he enacted the part of Crusoe, while the concierge's son impersonated Friday. Those were delightful games!

In 1844 the Daudets moved to the Maison de Vallonge, and soon afterwards grave trouble came upon them. For two years Vincent Daudet's business had not prospered, and when old M. Reynaud died in 1848 it was discovered that his sons had squandered his fortune, and that the money on which Vincent had counted to help him to tide over his difficulties would not be forthcoming. He was furious with his brothers-in-law, and talked of bringing an action against them, while his wife wept continually at the breach in the family, and at her husband's distress and indignation. It was a miserable household. In "Le Petit Chose," Alphonse Daudet speaks thus of this father at this time:

> Suddenly M. Eyssette became terrible. His was naturally an inflammatory, violent, exaggerated nature, given to shouting, breaking, and storming. In reality he was an excellent man, only quick with his hands, loud in his speech, and actuated by an imperative desire to make those around him tremble. Evil fortune exasperated instead of cowing him. From morning till night his was a formidable anger, which not knowing on whom to vent itself attacked everything, the sun, the mistral, Jacques, the old Annou, the Revolution, oh, above all, the Revolution!

Nevertheless, whatever his faults of temper, Vincent Daudet was, according to his lights, a good father, and however severely he had to stint himself to find the necessary money, he kept firmly to the principle that his sons must have the best education that it was possible for him to provide for them. At

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Nîmes their instruction was at first confided to the Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne, of whose stringent methods of discipline Daudet tells in "Numa Roumestan"; but before the crash came and the family left Nîmes this school had become too expensive, and the boys had been sent to one of more modest calibre.

In the spring of 1849 the family moved to Lyons, the city, according to Alphonse Daudet, of sooty skies and continual mists, and poor Mme. Daudet was inconsolable at her separation from friends, relations, and all reminding her of the sunny south. Black times followed for the whole family, who felt exiled in what to them was a cold, damp, northern city. Business, too, did not prosper, and it soon became necessary to move from their modest fourth floor apartment in the Rue Lafont and to find a lodging in a dark old house in a badly-paved alley close to the Rhone. The situation was not very healthy, for whenever the river overflowed its banks the doorway and part of the staircase were submerged, and the inhabitants could only leave the house in boats. Among these gloomy surroundings several miserable years were spent, years in which debts accumulated, bankruptcy continually threatened the unfortunate Vincent Daudet, and his temper grew ever harsher under the strain and humiliation of constant failure to meet his liabilities.

At Lyons the boys were sent first as sizars to the monastic school of St. Pierre. Here they learnt nothing, as all their time was passed in the discharge of their duties as choir-boys. Their next move was to the Lyons Lycée, where their shabby clothes exposed them to acute humiliations, but where Alphonse at least distinguished himself and was looked upon as a most promising pupil. He was not model in his behaviour, as his work was intermittent, long days being spent in playing truant, when he would unloose some boat from its moorings and row on the river till he was utterly exhausted. He loved the water, the sense of freedom and adventure, and the escape from the gloomy home, where the father was always scolding

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and the mother in tears; but the small boy struggling with a heavy boat was often in the utmost danger, and these days of forbidden pleasure entailed a system of duplicity to which his brother Ernest was often privy. Sometimes, too, he fell in with bad companions and went through strange adventures, coming home pale and exhausted, and occasionally even intoxicated with absinthe. The episode in the "Contes du Lundi," entitled "Le Pape est Mort,' gives an account of one of these river excursions. His genius was precocious and already yearned for material and for means of expansion, and he would follow strangers through the streets trying to guess their occupations, to enter into their minds and read their thoughts. His reading, too, was at this time omnivorous, and his vigils for this purpose were prolonged far into the night.

The death of the eldest brother, of which a graphic account is given in the chapter entitled "Il est mort! Priez pour lui" in "Le Petit Chose," further deepened the gloom of the melancholy home; and the only ray of happiness which visited the two boys at this time was their invincible trust in their literary vocation, and in the great future which awaited them. A love for books seems to have been born with them, and writing verses came naturally to Alphonse. At the age of thirteen he astonished his master by the excellence of an ode, entitled "The Praise of Homer," which had been set as a school task, and by the time he was fifteen he had composed several poems which may be found in the volume called "Les Amoureuses," among them being "La Vierge à la Crêche," and "Les Petits Enfants," both remarkable compositions for a boy. About the same time he wrote a novel, "Léo et Chrétienne Fleury," which his brother says showed all the grace, wit, and freshness of style of his later works. Mayery, the editor of the Royalist *Gazette de Lyon*, accepted it for his paper, and was amazed that it had been written by a boy of fifteen; but unfortunately the *Gazette* was suppressed by the Imperial police, and the precious MSS. disappeared.

Alphonse was already a local celebrity, and apparently

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enjoyed the *rôle*, when a sad change took place in his fortunes. His parents could not pay the fees for his final school examination, and therefore settled that he should enter the college at Alais as usher. He was only sixteen years old, delicate, and small for his age, and the year spent in Alais was the most unhappy in his life. The masters refused to uphold his authority, and the boys played him cruel tricks, so that after a day's misery he would hide himself in bed and bite his coverlet that his tormentors should not hear his sobs, and long after he had left the college he would wake in the night in tears —dreaming that he was still usher and martyr. There was now no home in Lyons, for soon after Alphonse's departure to Alais his father had been forced to abandon the hopeless struggle, to sell his stock, give up business on his own account, and compound as well as he could with his creditors. Vincent Daudet became traveller for a firm of wine merchants, his wife and daughter were given a home by her sister, and Ernest, who had worked gallantly—first as assistant bookkeeper to his father, then as receiver of pledges in a pawnbroker's shop, and last as clerk in a forwarding office—went to Paris in the hope of making his fortune by writing. He had introductions, he obtained work on the staff of an Orleanist newspaper *Le Spectateur*, at £8 a month, and at once sent for his younger brother, whose miserable letters had filled him with dismay.

Alphonse Daudet arrived in Paris on November 1, 1857, in a half frozen and starved condition. A little felt hat was perched on the top of his long frizzy hair, he was shod in goloshes, and wore a shabby summer suit as he possessed no winter clothes. During the forty-eight hours journey from Alais he had had nothing to eat or to drink except some brandy and water which some sailors had charitably offered him. His brother met him at the station, and after giving him a meal, took him to the garret they were to share in the house grandiloquently called the Hôtel du Sénat in the Rue de Tournon.

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So began Daudet's career in Paris, and he tells many stories about his experiences in "Souvenirs d'un homme de Lettres," and "Trente ans de Paris." There he speaks of his timid wanderings while his brother was at work, of his joy and pride if he chanced to have the opportunity of exchanging a few words with a literary celebrity, of his excursions into Bohemian society, his first sight of Gambetta, his fruitless visits to publishers, and his delight at the discovery at last of one who consented to publish "Les Amoureuses."

We also hear of his first party, which also entailed his first evening coat. It was at Augustine Brohan's house, and he owed his invitation to the appearance of his book of poems. The affair was not a success as far as he was concerned. No one knew him, and owing to his short sight and nervousness he knocked over a number of glasses on the refreshment table, and was too shy after the accident to eat anything. Finally he was mistaken for a Wallachian prince who was expected; and to escape from the embarrassing dignity thrust upon him by this error, he fled from the house in a snowstorm, and his wardrobe not including a great coat, arrived at the Rue de Tournon wet through, having done himself no good by the expedition, as Ernest sagely remarked next morning.

Both brothers were sometimes locked out of their room all night by the landlord because they were not able to pay the rent, and Alphonse was so miserably poor that he could not buy himself boots, and often had to wear dirty linen because no money was forthcoming for the washerwoman. Nevertheless he began to be known to a small section of the Parisian world, and in "Trente ans de Paris" he gives a vivid and amusing picture of the humours of several of the so-called literary salons to which he was admitted about this time. He had become a regular contributor to the *Figaro*, and this in itself showed that he had attained to a certain status as a writer.

Good fortune awaited him from another quarter, as one of his poems, "Les Prunes," was recited before the Empress at

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the Tuileries, and she inquired about the circumstances of the author. When she heard that he was starving in a garret, she requested the President of the Legislative body to find some occupation for the talented young man, and the Comte de Morny therefore gave Alphonse Daudet the post of attaché du cabinet, a sinecure, to which a handsome salary was attached. He had now ample opportunity for continuing his literary work in comfort, without the fear of starvation before his eyes.

His privations, however, had affected his health, and he spent the winter of 1861 in Algeria, and that of 1862 in Corsica, collecting in both places material for future novels.

In 1867 a change took place in his life, as he married Mlle. Julia Allard, a few months after falling in love with her at his parents' house, where he saw her for the first time, and dressed in white she recited some verses composed by herself. She had already noticed him at the theatre on the occasion of the performance of De Goncourt's unsuccessful drama "Henriette Maréchal," and had been much struck by his appearance, so that on both sides it was a case of love at first sight.

Daudet owed much of his success as a writer, as well as his happiness in life, to his marriage. Madame Alphonse Daudet was, as he always said, essentially a "Femme du Nord," and her prudence, caution, and good sense, were invaluable to her impetuous husband, whose good-nature and generosity were often grievously abused by his so-called friends. She was herself a writer, besides being a critic of considerable powers, and De Goncourt gives a charming picture of the husband and wife at work together; he writing, and she revising, while little Léon, their eldest child, carried the pages from one to the other.

Her husband discussed everything he wrote with her, and he tells us that from morning to night, at meals, going to the theatre, driving from an evening party, his questions went on ceaselessly: "What do you think about my making Sidonie

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die? Shall I let Risler live? What shall Délobelle or Frantz or Claire say to each other?"

She had very decided views about style, which she considered the one essential in writing, and it was owing to her influence that her volatile husband often toiled for hours at the perfecting of a few sentences, and thus became a consummate stylist. Nevertheless her household duties came first in her scheme of life, the home was managed with ecomony and comfort, and in its dainty neatness bore the impress of her care and attention; while she was an admirable mother, and acted as tutor to her children till they were old enough to go to school.

Her marriage must have been a startling change to her, and she showed considerable strength of mind as well as affection for her fascinating husband, when coming straight from a correct bourgeois home she adapted herself without complaint to a Bohemian household, and to continual incursions of Daudet's noisy, lively friends, who would borrow anything from money to a pair of trousers. Of his occasional visits to the pawnbroker she did not know till long afterwards, when she heard of them with horror; but she was sometimes saddened by his return late at night, his face bleeding from some street or tavern affray.

Gradually, however, her good influence made itself felt, and Daudet became an energetic though intermittent worker. Sometimes he would remain apparently idle for months, but when inspiration visited him he would rise before daybreak and often write for eighteen consecutive hours, being so absorbed in his labour that he was unconscious whether it were night or day. The war of 1870, during which he served as member of the National Guard and was made Knight of the Legion of Honour, first made him think seriously of life, and he reflected sadly that if he were to die he would leave nothing worth remembering behind him. "Les Amoureuses," one or two not very successful plays, "Lettres de mon Moulin" and "Le Petit Chose" were all that he had produced at this time. He

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therefore put his shoulder to the wheel, and in 1874 appeared "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné," which many people consider to be his masterpiece. In the account of this novel, which he gives in "Trente ans de Paris," he relates his usual methods of writing.

Like Zola, the De Goncourts, and the rest of the so-called realist school, he always carried with him a little black moleskin book in which he scribbled notes on anything which might help him in his work; conversations, curious proper names, gestures, even intonations—all were included in that terrible "carnet." He copied the characters and details in his novels as far as possible directly from nature, and his father, mother, brother, and most of his relations became involuntarily his models. Sometimes he would not even change the proper name of his victim, and this method of work raised many enemies against him.

The resemblance between the works of Dickens and of Daudet is obvious, especially in the cases of "Le Petit Chose" and "David Copperfield" in each of which the author gives an account of his early sufferings and struggles. The two writers are alike in their intense pity for the poor and the unfortunate, and in the emotional character of their writings; though in the case of Daudet this is tempered by exquisite artistic judgment. It is remarkable, however, that Dickens far excels his French rival in the number and variety of the types he has created; and perhaps Daudet's multiplicity of notes, and his anxious care for truthfulness of detail, have sometimes interfered with his conception of his characters as a whole.

When Daudet had long thought over a projected novel, had studied and arranged the different parts till they fitted into each other like mosaic, and had arranged the chapters in his mind and felt that the characters were living, he would begin to write. He wrote in a copybook on one side of the page, and started rapidly, for the events and personages would crowd into his mind so that there was no time to pause for

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corrections. The work was passed on to his faithful collaborator, returned to him for further revisions, and then rewritten on the blank side of the paper. Now came the real labour, for to write in Daudet's style entailed tireless exertion, and often the task of composing a few sentences, apparently of the utmost simplicity, would leave him utterly exhausted after several hours of mental strain.

His art was essentially picturesque, he was a painter in words, and his aim was to present to the reader not only the situation but also its psychological meaning. To do this not only swift intuition, but also an exquisite choice and arrangement of words, were necessary. By this means he secured the illusion of life, but sometimes he would see a certain scene with such insistence, that he must perforce reproduce it, whether it came naturally within the limits of his story or not.

Even in "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné," which is one of the best planned of his novels, characters and episodes are introduced, which, though charming in themselves, seem extraneous to the story; and, therefore, to some readers Daudet's short sketches, "Lettres de mon Moulin," "Contes du Lundi," "Les femmes d'Artistes," and the series entitled "Robert Helmont," in all of which his admirable skill is expended on single episodes, appeal more strongly than his longer works. He is essentially a poet, he feels as well as sees, and we notice this especially in the stress he lays on his sensitiveness to the locality in which his different novels were written.

He tells us that when he returned to his native province in 1866 he was so powerfully affected by the memories of his youth evoked by his surroundings, that he wrote "Le Petit Chose," instead of continuing the drama he had retired into solitude to finish. Elsewhere he remarks that his apartment in the quiet old house in the Marais imparted the requisite atmosphere for his musings on "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné"; and calls attention to the fact that "Les Rois en Exil"

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was composed in a little tent on a balcony, in an old courtyard with grass growing between the worn stones, and picturesque houses all round.

His married life was passed partly in Paris, and partly at Champrosay, near Draveil, and was completely devoted to literature. He belonged to a small literary coterie consisting, beside himself, of Flaubert, Zola, Tourgueneff, and De Goncourt, and every month till Flaubert died the five met for "dîner Flaubert" or "the dîner des auteurs sifflés" which was held at different restaurants.

Those were delightful evenings, Daudet says, but catering for the repasts must have been rather difficult, as the dishes the company favoured were varied. Flaubert insisted on Normandy butter and stuffed Rouen ducks, Edmond de Goncourt required gingerbread, Zola was not happy without sea urchins or shell-fish, while Tourgueneff considered no meal satisfactory which did not include caviare.

However, they were all united in the great struggle which, according to Zola, the realistic novelist must wage against an ignorant public; were agreed in their contempt for the bourgeois; and considered that, in writing fiction, imagination must be a humble servant, never a master; and even when used in quite subordinate positions, must be regarded with suspicion. Had not its abuse led to the literature of romanticism, with its portrayal of "princes travelling incognito with their pockets full of diamonds," and like extravagances? An ubiquitous note-book and observant eyes were the principal requisites to success in fiction, and an artist must take himself and his art absolutely seriously, and never stoop to devices for pleasing an ignorant public.

Although he conformed to them outwardly, many of these views were modified in Daudet by the peculiar bent of his genius, and by the circumstances of his life. According to the theories which he ennunciates in "Les Femmes d'Artistes," marriage is generally disastrous to an artist, who is wise to remain a bachelor and devote himself whole-heartedly to his

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work. Yet by what he considered a miracle, the union between himself and his wife was very happy; and there is no doubt that his sympathies were enlarged, and his conceptions of life humanised, by the cheerful home and the companionship of his dearly loved children.

The fact also that he was essentially a poet, and was, therefore, according to Zola, subject to the semi-hallucination characteristic of those possessed of fervent imagination, made him stand slightly apart from the little company under whose flag he had enlisted himself. His innate refinement and keen sense of pity saved him from all that is brutal in realism, so that even when he attempted a subject like "Sapho," he treats it with delicacy, and without unpleasantness of detail.

What was sordid in realism became in his case simply pessimistic; and it is remarkable that though he charms us by wit and humour by the way, nearly all his novels end tragically, except "Le Petit Chose" and the delightful "Tartarins." . . . "Sapho" closes with the parting of the lovers and the ruin of the man's life; "Numa Roumestan" with the significant words "Joie de rue, douleur de maison"; "The Nabab" and "Les Rois en Exil" in each case with the disillusionment and death of the hero; "l'Evangéliste" with the separation of the mother and daughter; and "l'Immortel" in general disaster.

Possibly Daudet was afraid of pandering to the public, and thus of betraying the realist cause, if he were to write pretty stories which ended happily, and certainly his character possessed that undercurrent of melancholy, which is almost a necessary ingredient in the composition of a great humorist.

He—like the creations of his fancy—experienced the irony of fate; for at the height of his fame, when he was writing "Les Rois en Exil," he was suddenly seized with hæmorrhage, and appeared for some time to be in a dying condition. He recovered slowly; but he felt, he says, that something was broken in him, and that he would not in the future be able to treat his body like a rag, to deprive it of air and movement,

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and in the fever of production to prolong his vigils all through the night.

Gradually, as the terrible malady of the spinal cord which had attacked him gained ground, he lost all power in his legs, and could not walk without support, or sleep without taking chloral. Sometimes he would wake in the morning to find his hands withered like leaves, and his last ten years were spent in such constant suffering, that he who had loved life with intensity, and possessed the best that it could give, often longed for death merely as a cessation from pain.

Nevertheless, though he passed through many dark hours, he was to the end the mainspring of happiness in the house, and his family could often only tell by a nervous contraction of the muscles of his face that his sufferings were specially severe, while his gaiety bubbled up with the slightest diminution of pain. He followed to the letter the advice which he gave to other invalids: "Distract your mind and struggle to the end. Do not tire out or worry those around you."

With his head up, and his eyes bright, he would welcome a friend as though nothing were the matter, and to the last would relate marvellous tales to his little daughter and grandson about the stick with a silver knob which was his constant companion, or would delight them by putting up his eye-glass to find the insect who had carried away the end of the story he was telling them.

He died suddenly during dinner, surrounded by his family, on December 16, 1897, being then fifty-seven years old.

M. F. Sandars.

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THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF THE EROTIC NOVEL

CIRCUMSTANCES necessitate my reading a great number of modern novels in the course of the year, and I am not alone in noticing that during the past five or six years the English novel of average merit has been steadily undergoing a change. It seems but yesterday that quite a big proportion of the ordinary reading public, by which I mean more particularly the circulating library public, professed to consider a number of works of fiction by the popular authoress known as "Ouida," and by one or two of her contemporaries, very "improper" indeed, and in many households that contained growing daughters of an inquisitive turn of mind watchful parents and guardians were ever on the alert to prevent any book whatever by those writers from being admitted into the family circle. To-day there may be said to be comparatively few schoolgirls well in their teens—and I don't make this assertion without having first of all gone carefully into the subject and made strict inquiries—who would not smile at the thought of exception being taken to their reading anything "Ouida" ever wrote. Nor is this to be wondered at if you come to look into the class of fiction that the schoolgirl has been battening upon, either with or without the consent of her guardians, for the past few years. For, out of eighty-seven selected novels that I have by me at this moment, and that have been published within the last three years and a half,

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books that have had a considerable vogue, and have all, at one time or other, been obtainable at the circulating libraries, seventeen adopt the attitude of sneering at matrimony as a thing "played out"; eleven raise upon a pinnacle imaginary co-respondents in imaginary divorce cases; twenty-two practically advocate that married men shall be allowed to keep mistresses openly; seven hold up to ridicule the woman who is faithful to her husband; and twenty-three describe seduction as openly as it can be described in a book that is not to be ostracised by the book-stalls.

It may be argued that the circulating library reading public wants this sort of thing, and that the demand has therefore created the supply. Very possibly that is so—upon that point I am not in a position to speak with authority—but if so it is, to say the least, regrettable. And it is regrettable in more ways than one. Apart from the false impression of life that is conveyed in works of fiction whose sole "merit" is that because they deal more unreservedly with themes and topics not usually spoken about quite so bluntly in everyday conversation they are able to command a good sale, there is the probability that the taste such books leave will whet the mental appetite for something stronger still. And as the mental appetite becomes so whetted, the desire to read books that possess literary merit of any kind almost invariably grows feebler. It is no unusual thing to-day to hear women of a certain set asking one another what books they have read and can recommend that are "really *haut-goût*," a phrase meaning, when used by them with reference to novels, books that verge as closely as possible upon the immoral. Only recently, indeed, a woman of this stamp remarked to me in the most ingenuous way imaginable that when she "got hold of a book" she had been told contained "equivocal passages," she at once tried to find the passages referred to, "and then, when I have read those parts, my interest in the book is at an end." Could anything be much more pitiable? Place before such a reader a masterpiece by de Maupassant, by Zola, by Pierre Loti, or

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even a finished work by one of our modern English novelists known to be a little unconventional in his treatment of certain situations, and the only portion that will in the least interest her—and she is typical of a class of readers that is steadily increasing—will be a page or two here and there that deal with unsavoury subjects and are intended to be introduced only incidentally. All the true merits of the book, the dramatic power possessed by its author, his charm of style, the strength of his writing, his vigorous handling of the chief characters, will be passed over unrecognised. Yet such readers constitute the class that probably is directly to blame for the descriptive writing that year by year comes closer to the boundary line at which the censor will lift up his hand, and it will be interesting to see how close to that line the writers will be allowed to approach before the censor thinks it time to interfere.

Glancing again at the rows of novels by modern writers of moderate repute that it has been my fate to read within the last few years, I am struck by the fact that by far the most "daring"—I should like to call them the most prurient—books among them have been written by women. It may be an ungallant thing to say, but it is none the less the truth, that whereas a man able to write clever fiction generally deems it more artistic to veil, to some extent, his descriptions of certain scenes, the woman novelist of the same calibre will, when describing similar situations, tear off every stitch of veiling that can by any possibility be spared. And as it is the nature of woman to endeavour to outshine, or as it is now commonly called "go one better than" all other members of her sex who may be following the avocation she herself is engaged in, so when it comes to writing "boldly" Mrs. A. will, in her new novel, sail just a little closer to the wind than Mrs. B. did in her last successful work, and then when Mrs. B.'s turn comes again, Mrs. B. will place Mrs. A.'s audacious story quite in the background by promulgating some preposterous theory on the advantages of free love, or some such subject, that will set a considerable section of the lending library public whispering

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and surreptitiously tittering, and will at the same time gratify her vanity and perceptibly increase her royalties.

That all women writers have recourse to these rather despicable tactics I do not for a moment maintain; but that many, especially many writers in what may be called the second and third ranks of women novelists, are unable to resist the temptation to outstrip their rivals, if they can, and that they attempt to outstrip them by bordering more and more closely upon the indecent, plenty of the books that I have before me as I write prove. At the same time these books prove also that women writers are not by any means the only offenders in this respect. Looking over half a dozen novels that I know for a fact have sold remarkably well, though their authors are far from being in the front rank of purveyors of fiction of this kind, I find that the second book of each writer is far more "daring" than his first, and that in each case his third comes very near to describing in very plain English certain acts that a limited number of medical works alone are supposed to deal with. Now, those two writers, I happen to be aware, began to see their names in print in the same year, and almost at once from being merely club acquaintances, neither of whom was in the least in sympathy with the other, they developed into very bitter rivals, "jealous as girls." Looking still further into their books, which have appeared alternately, no one accustomed to dissecting works of fiction and to some extent analysing the thoughts and sentiments that inspire authors to advance peculiar theories can have any difficulty in placing his finger upon the exact passages in these particular books that were written when Mr. C. was cherishing uncharitable recollections of Mr. D. and Mr. D. was metaphorically grinding his teeth at the thought that Mr. C. should have had an inspiration that might just as well have come to him.

And all this being so, it is interesting to observe how different the tone of the serial story of average merit is that appears in our weekly and monthly periodicals from that of

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the average novel of equal literary merit that is published between covers before appearing elsewhere. It is safe to say that no serial story at present running in any English daily newspaper or in the ordinary periodical press of England is unfit to be read by the class that we have gradually come to speak of as "young people.' Why this should be I am unable to say, unless it is that editors of periodical publications have a greater sense of their responsibility, and of the duty they owe to the community, than certain publishers. But such a supposition, considered from the rational standpoint of hard common sense, must unfortunately be deemed quixotic, and therefore the only alternative conclusion to be arrived at is that a vast section of the multitude of men and women who read serial fiction regularly have not really a craving for stories that have a vein of *double entente* running through them, or that appear to advocate a loose code of morality, but that on the contrary they desire the fiction they read to be sound and wholesome throughout. Possibly it is this very desire that leads certain well-meaning persons to grow by degrees fastidious in precisely the opposite way. The editor of one of our most popular weekly journals showed me quite recently a handful of letters that he had just received from men and women in different parts of the world who took very strong exception to a young man being described in a story in his paper as kissing a girl to whom he was not engaged to be married! "I think," one letter ran, "that descriptions of this kind can serve no good purpose, and may indirectly lead some of our young men into sin." Another correspondent declared that "no man has a right to embrace a member of the opposite sex other than his wife or a near relative, and for the author of your story to picture his principal character as doing so as though it were an everyday and quite harmless occurrence betrays, I think, the fact that he himself cannot be a very highly principled or right-minded man"; while a third correspondent, a lady, wrote that "any young person allowing a young man practically unknown to her to encircle her waist

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with his arm and press his lips to hers could certainly be no lady in the meaning in which that word was understood twenty years ago."

As I have pointed out, however, the increasing tendency of a great bulk of modern fiction of average merit is to deal with unsavoury topics with quite unnecessary freedom; and though the "problem" novel that we were so surfeited with a few years ago has died a natural and very welcome death, each publishing season we now see placed upon the market books containing narrative and descriptive matter that fifteen or twenty years ago would not have been tolerated for a day by the lending library public, or by the better class of publisher. If these volumes were masterpieces of their kind, as so many of the French works are, that certain hypocritical Englishmen and women profess to turn away from with horror, their existence might to some extent be justified; but that is precisely what they are not, and what, to do them justice, they do not pretend to be. What they pretend to be is exactly what they are—stories, many of them clever, written with a very "daring" (*sic*) hand, or, to speak quite plainly, stories as immoral as their publishers deem it safe to let their authors make them. Unfortunately, new writers anxious to attract attention—and every season new writers of some merit make their appearance in our midst—for the most part take their cue from the already existing producers of ephemeral but highly-spiced "literature," and at once set to work to see how cleverly they can wrap up their own nasty stuff in language that to the uninitiated or to the dull intellect will convey nothing in the least equivocal, but that for the reader at all imaginative or quick-witted has a very significant meaning. What the end will be, where the line will be drawn, and by whom or when it will be drawn, it is not possible to say at present. That it will be drawn sooner or later is certain, and the probability is that the first move will be made by some body of men of a highly religious bent, who will defeat their own object at the outset by endeavouring to discover a great deal of evil where

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no evil exists, and by condemning a number of very admirable novels simply because these books, being among the most widely read of modern novels, they will deem it "politic" to attack in the belief that in doing so they are attacking the very foundations. Indeed, as serving to illustrate the likelihood there is of this occurring, it is interesting to note that recently attacks have been made by various no doubt well-intentioned clergymen, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, upon at least two of the finest and most dramatic novels that have been published within the last few years, namely Mr. Robert Hichens's "Garden of Allah," and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "Secret Woman." Such books belong to the very class to which this article is not intended to refer. It is because we have so few such masterpieces that a great proportion of the lending library public is driven to fall back upon the scores of novels that, being only moderately clever, endeavour to compensate for their obvious deficiency by purveying obscenity glossed over. As a very distinguished writer said to me lately, "It is not that we haven't authors with imagination, and it is not that we haven't authors with a practical and extensive knowledge of life, and it is not that we haven't authors with brains; but it is that we haven't authors, or at least that we have so few authors, with the three attributes combined."

BASIL TOZER.

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MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DISSOLUTION OF 1874

THE House of Commons during the past Session was on more than one occasion occupied in discussing the constitutional practice concerning its own dissolution, of which the most noteworthy was the day in July when the Government, though defeated by a small majority on a vote in supply, decided that, according to the precedents, the incident did not render necessary either their resignation of office or a dissolution of Parliament. Among the precedents relied upon by the Prime Minister was Mr. Gladstone's dissolution in 1874. The Liberal leaders, on the other hand, insisted that the whole circumstances of that case told decisively against the course which Mr. Balfour announced his intention of following. A pleasant little episode was thereupon enacted. Mr. John Morley sat on the front bench with a volume of his own "Life of Gladstone" open before him, and at Mr. Balfour's request courteously handed him the book across the table of the House after turning up the passage which his Parliamentary opponent desired to quote. Mr. Gladstone's biographer disputed the legitimacy of the use Mr. Balfour made of the precedent, and called his attention to another passage, which he maintained pointed to a different conclusion. The true bearing of the precedent then became a matter of vehement contention in the debate that followed, and subsequently in the Press.

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This is not to be wondered at, for the facts connected with the dissolution of 1874 are surrounded by some obscurity, and have given rise to much controversy in the past, which has by no means been finally settled by the publication of Mr. Morley's biography of the chief actor; and it will be my endeavour to show in the following pages that neither party in the recent dispute in the House of Commons got at the true motive for Mr. Gladstone's action.

There were two circumstances which at the time, and also more recently, provoked criticism of Mr. Gladstone's conduct on that occasion. These were (1) the personal difficulty in which Mr. Gladstone found himself owing to the doubt whether or not his assumption of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in addition to that of First Lord of the Treasury in the summer of 1873 had made it necessary for him to seek re-election for Greenwich; and (2) the proposal to repeal the Income Tax, which furnished the "cry" with which he appealed to the country. Mr. Morley, in his anxiety to brush aside criticism that has been passed on Mr. Gladstone's conduct in these respects, quotes *exempli gratia* the generous words in which Disraeli, when the new Parliament met, deprecated inquiry into the circumstances in a spirit hostile to his defeated rival. But while it was fitting enough for a magnanimous opponent in the hour of triumph to let bygones be bygones, yet, if history is to pronounce any judgment at all on the incident, it may not be amiss to question whether the last word on the subject has been spoken by Mr. Gladstone's biographer.

Parliament was dissolved on January 26, 1874. There have been many dissolutions that took the country by surprise, but the dissolution of 1874 was not only unexpected, it was mysterious. The Ministry had not been placed in a minority in the House of Commons, for Parliament was not sitting, but was on the eve of re-assembling for a new Session; nothing had recently occurred of a public nature to imperil the Government; and there was no particular reason that anybody could

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perceive, why they should suddenly appeal to the country. It is true that Mr. Gladstone's popularity and authority had been for some time on the decline, and had been rudely shaken by his defeat on the Irish University Bill in the spring of the previous year. It is also true that the Parliament had been in existence nearly six years, and the remainder of its life was therefore at best a matter of months. Both these circumstances, or either of them, would have afforded an intelligible reason for a dissolution if that course had been decided upon after the prorogation in the summer of 1873. But instead of that being done, the Cabinet, after being laboriously reconstructed in August, held its customary meetings in the autumn, and prepared its programme of legislation for the coming Session. It was indeed discredited—Mr. Gladstone himself had admitted privately in July that it deserved a vote of censure—but it was in no immediate danger of Parliamentary disaster. So late as December 2, 1873, Mr. Gladstone assured the Queen that he did not think of recommending a dissolution until another Session had run its course. Yet, on the 21st of the following month, when the opening of Parliament was imminent, he wrote to her Majesty informing her that he had resolved to advise an immediate dissolution.

What was the reason for this sudden and unexpected decision, which the Queen very naturally learnt "with some surprise"? The explanation that has been most frequently put forward, and by men moreover who were in a position to speak with authority, is that the Prime Minister, finding himself in a fix owing to the doubt whether he had not legally vacated his seat in the House of Commons, coupled with the probability that he would be defeated if he had to offer himself for re-election, came to the conclusion that the only way out of his personal difficulty was to send everybody else as well as himself back to their constituents. He would thus escape the humiliation and inconvenience of finding himself, while head of the Government, without a seat in Parliament during the interval till some accommodating follower should make way

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for him. The Lord Chancellor, who presumably knew as much about the matter as any one, distinctly asserted that he had no doubt this personal embarrassment of the Premier's was the determining cause of the dissolution. Mr. Childers was equally clear on the point. But Mr. Morley will not hear of such an explanation of the incident. He impatiently speaks of the whole episode as "a trivial affair," for devoting a page or two to which he must apologise to his readers, and which he would have passed over in total silence had it not been that "paltry use was made of it in the way of groundless innuendo" —the "groundless innuendo" apparently being what one of the leading members of the Cabinet, and one of the most prominent of Mr. Gladstone's adherents in the House of Commons, both firmly believed to be the plain truth of the matter.

In seeking to disprove the account which is thus supported by the testimony of Lord Selborne and Mr. Childers, Mr. Morley comes perilously near that "importunate advocacy" which he tells us he strove to exclude from his work. Mr. Childers' opinion he attempts to discount by reminding the reader that he was not at the time a member of the Cabinet, and by intimating that though "this able and excellent man" was doubtless quite sincere in his belief, "his surmise was not quite impartial," because he was disappointed in not having been given the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in the preceding summer when Mr. Gladstone assumed that office himself. As to Lord Selborne's statement, Mr. Morley can only say that it is uncorroborated by any of the documents which he has examined; and further that

> Mr. Gladstone gave an obviously adequate and sufficient case for the dissolution both to the Queen and the Cabinet, and stated to at least three of his colleagues what was "the determining cause," and this was not the Greenwich seat, but something wholly remote from it.

From this it would appear at all events that Mr. Gladstone did not give the same reason for the decision to dissolve to all who had a right to the Prime Minister's confidence. The

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"determining cause" of the dissolution was, it seems, confided to three favoured Ministers; while for the rest of the Cabinet and the Sovereign an "adequate and sufficient case," in contradistinction to "the determining cause," was made out. But is it so certain that the true "determining cause" was not something different from either of these two pretexts—that it was not in fact precisely what the Lord Chancellor, notwithstanding the "adequate and sufficient case" laid before him and the rest of the Cabinet, never doubted it was, namely, the difficulty that had arisen about Mr. Gladstone's seat? No one, of course, supposes for a moment that Mr. Gladstone was capable of deliberately deceiving either the Queen or his colleagues. But nothing is more certain than that he was only too capable of unconsciously deceiving himself. Mr. Morley himself tells us when relating a quite different incident in Mr. Gladstone's life, that "he felt the necessity of some explanatory reason, and with him to seek a plea was to find one." So it was with regard to the dissolution of 1874. No doubt Mr. Gladstone persuaded himself both at the time and still more easily a quarter of a century afterwards, when he wrote a memorandum on the point, that the "determining cause" of his sudden resolve to appeal to the country was that which he confidentially laid before three of his colleagues, namely, disagreement between himself and two other Ministers about the Army and Navy Estimates for the coming year. He may also have believed that his mind was to some extent influenced by the reasons deemed sufficient for the rest of the Cabinet, which, as he observed in a minute addressed to Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Goschen, "must be on the same basis as my statement to the Queen." The statement to the Queen among other pretexts included one so remote from what we are told was the true "determining cause" as the recent loss of a bye-election by the Ministry. It was to this passage in the letter to the Queen that Mr. Morley called Mr. Balfour's attention in the House of Commons on July 23 last, as proving that Mr. Gladstone dissolved in consequence of

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by-election losses. But the hollowness of this contention is apparent from the fact that when Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Queen in December saying he had no intention of advising a dissolution for another year, no less than seven seats had been lost by the Government during the preceding twelve months, whereas they had suffered only one additional loss in the interval before he suddenly changed his mind and decided to dissolve immediately.

In the fragment written in the last year of his life Mr. Gladstone justifies himself for keeping the majority of his Cabinet in the dark as to "the actual occasion of the measure" on the ground that it had "a sufficient warrant from other sources." There is, therefore, nothing extravagant in the supposition that just as there lay behind the explanation offered to the Queen and the Cabinet, quite a different "determining cause" confided to individual Ministers, so behind this again there lay a more actual determining cause not openly acknowledged but clearly enough recognised by some at all events of those in close touch with the Prime Minister; and that it was in fact the embarrassment of his personal position as member for Greenwich that set him seeking for the plea which his biographer tells us he always found when he sought, and which, though he may never have permitted it to come to the front of his mind as a conscious motive, nevertheless was the real ground of his abrupt change of purpose between December 2, 1873, and January 21, 1874, when he advised the Queen to dissolve forthwith the Parliament which was on the eve of reassembling.

At any rate it is to be observed that the reasons furnishing "a sufficient warrant from other sources" laid before the Cabinet as a whole, were not accepted as the true explanation of the dissolution by one of the ablest and most eminent of its members, and there is no reason to suppose that the Lord Chancellor would have been any better satisfied with the pretext confidentially supplied to Granville and Cardwell than he was with that proffered to himself and the rest of his colleagues.

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Whatever may be thought of Mr. Morley's attempt to discredit Mr. Childers' corroboration on the ground that, though one of the most prominent members of Mr. Gladstone's party, he did not happen to be in the Cabinet at the actual date of the events under discussion, and had been disappointed at being passed over for promotion in the preceding summer, no such pleading serves to dispose of the evidence of Lord Selborne, to which Mr. Morley alludes with evident impatience. None of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues had a warmer admiration, and even reverence for him personally, than Lord Selborne; how then was it that, like Mr. Childers, Lord Selborne was certain that the real reason for the dissolution of 1874 was the difficulty about Mr. Gladstone's seat, if, as Mr. Morley would have us believe, the idea is wholly absurd and a mere invention of enemies for "paltry use in the way of groundless innuendo"?

Even if it be the fact that "in the mass of papers connected with the Greenwich seat and the dissolution there is no single word in one of them associating in any way either topic with the other," this negative evidence would hardly seem sufficient to dispose of the firm belief of two statesmen, neither of whom was likely to be mistaken about what was taking place in the inner councils of the party of which both were front-bench members, and one of them a distinguished and active leader. But is it accurate to say that the belief of Lord Selborne and Mr. Childers receives no corroboration from any of the papers to which Mr. Morley has had access? The careful reader will, perhaps, find some such corroboration without searching beyond the documents which Mr. Morley has printed in the "Life." It is, it is true, only indirect and inconclusive; had it been otherwise, Mr. Morley, it need hardly be said, would not have denied its existence.

Lord Selborne not only "never doubted" that Mr. Gladstone's difficulty about his seat was the reason for the dissolution, but he had himself advised the Prime Minister that a dissolution was the only escape from that difficulty. Mr.

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Morley is annoyed with Lord Selborne for this "dogmatic assertion," against which he says may be set the "sensible view of Lord Halifax and Mr. Bright." But there was no real conflict between the opinion of the Lord Chancellor and the "sensible view" of Halifax and Bright. The advice of the latter was that when Parliament met Mr. Gladstone should place himself in the hands of the House, when a Committee would be appointed to determine the constitutional question at issue, and that during the deliberations of this Committee the Prime Minister should absent himself from Parliament. But this advice was confined to the procedure to be adopted by Mr. Gladstone when at close quarters with the difficulty; it did not touch the merits of the question. What if the Committee to be appointed by the House of Commons should decide that the seat was vacant? It would then be too late to cut the knot by a dissolution, and the Prime Minister would have had to face a by-election with every probability of losing his seat, a catastrophe that would have been not merely a galling personal humiliation, but a final blow to the falling fortunes of the Government. And was it unlikely that a Committee of the House of Commons would declare the seat vacant? The legal authorities consulted were nearly equally divided in opinion on the point. The highest of all, the Lord Chancellor himself, held that the seat was vacant, and the Lord Advocate agreed with him. Lord Bramwell thought differently, and was supported by the two law officers of the Crown. But both the latter were promoted while the matter was under consideration; and their successors, after consulting "the brilliant and subtle Charles Bowen," could arrive at no definite conclusion. It was, therefore, to say the least of it, an even chance that the point would be decided against Mr. Gladstone if he followed the "sensible" advice of Lord Halifax and Mr. Bright, and under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at if Mr. Gladstone's own mind was disposed to agree with Lord Selborne's "dogmatic assertion" that a dissolution offered the only certain way of escape from the entanglement.

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There can be no doubt, at all events, that the question was engaging Mr. Gladstone's anxious attention during the autumn. It was in August that he intimated to the Speaker that the point had been raised; it was in December that Lord Halifax tendered the advice referred to above with which Mr. Bright concurred. In the interval no clear way out had presented itself, and as the opening of the new Session approached the perplexity naturally pressed the Prime Minister with increasing urgency. But if the way out was to be found through a general election he no doubt "felt the necessity of some explanatory reason," and therefore set about "seeking a plea." Naturally enough with a six-year-old Parliament, electioneering considerations of a general character had occupied a prominent place in his thoughts for some months past, and he had been revolving in his mind methods for reviving the decayed popularity of his Government. So unfavourable, however, appeared the prospect of an appeal to the constituencies that on December 2, as already mentioned, he told the Queen he intended to hold on through another Session. It was just a week later that he received the letter of advice from Lord Halifax about the Greenwich seat, which shows how closely the question continued to harass his mind, and which cannot have done much to allay his anxiety. Barely a month later he wrote a letter to Lord Granville on the prospects of the Government, which unmistakably reveals the working of Mr. Gladstone's mind "seeking a plea" for dissolution. With characteristically verbose circumlocution, he describes the Ministry as being on its last legs.

> In truth [he writes] the Government is approaching, though I will not say it has yet reached, the condition in which it will have ceased to possess that amount of power which is necessary for the dignity of the Crown and the welfare of the country. Under these distressing circumstances it might be a godsend [adds the Prime Minister], if some perfectly honourable difference of opinion among ourselves on a question requiring immediate action were to arise, and to take such a course as to release us collectively from the responsibility of office.

Knowing, as we do, on the authority of his biographer, that

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"with him to seek a plea was to find one," the reader might feel pretty confident that the "perfectly honourable difference of opinion among ourselves" would not fail to put in an appearance in due course. But up to this date (January 8, 1874) nothing had yet occurred to justify a reversal of the intention made known to the Queen on December 2. The difficulty was that the "explanatory reason," which was being eagerly sought but was not yet forthcoming, would have to be one that would serve also as a rallying cry to restore the fortunes of the party; and this circumstance in itself sufficiently explains why it was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to let any one suppose that the question of his own seat had anything to do with the matter. He tells Lord Granville that as matters stood on January 8 "dissolution means either immediate death, or at the best death a little postponed, and the party either way shattered for the time." He then proceeds to discuss the various proposals that might be put forward with a view to recovering his position in the country. To these proposals it will be necessary to return presently, when we come to consider the second head of criticism mentioned above; for the present it is sufficient to note that his suggestion to Lord Granville was that finance alone appeared to open a way of salvation for the Liberal Party. The scheme he had in mind would require substantial economies in the great spending departments, and it is clear that this necessity might be relied upon to bring about that "perfectly honourable difference of opinion among ourselves," which he had already admitted "might be a godsend." As yet, however, he tells Lord Granville, he had had no communication with any one on the subject, and he therefore could not have known whether the Ministers more directly responsible for the Navy and Army would or would not be prepared to knock about a million off the estimates at his bidding. But he evidently anticipated some difficulty in persuading them, for he concludes by saying:

> I will only add that I think a broad difference of opinion among us on such a question as this would be a difference of the kind which I described

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near the opening of this letter, as what might be in certain circumstances, however unwelcome in itself, an escape from a difficulty otherwise incapable of solution.

The whole of this long rigmarole of a letter to Lord Granville in point of fact comes to this:

> We are in a terrible mess [says Mr. Gladstone in effect], we are near the end of our septennial tether, we have lost the confidence of the country, and are within an ace of shattering the party. From this "difficulty otherwise incapable of solution" our only escape is either by bringing in a popular Budget, or by provoking a split in the Cabinet which would supply a plausible pretext for immediate dissolution, and a good electioneering cry at the same time. A disagreement over the estimates (in view of the financial scheme I have up my sleeve) would be the very thing we want.

Here, then, he was within sight of the plea he was seeking. It is clear that what he more ardently desired on January 8, 1874, than anything else was the "godsend" of a dispute with his colleagues that would give him a decent excuse for getting rid of the Parliament altogether.

The extracts from Mr. Gladstone's diary published by his biographer prove unmistakably how deeply occupied his mind was with his personal position at the precise time when he was elaborating these various pretexts to lay before the Queen and the Cabinet. Ten days later than the letter to Granville he enters in his journal (January 18): "This day I thought of dissolution," and adds that he spoke on the subject to Bright, Granville and Wolverton, all of whom "seemed to approve." He did not apparently consult any other colleagues before taking action; for he spent the two following days in bed, where he drafted a letter to the Queen and an election address "setting out the case of the Government in an immediate appeal to the country," and it was not till two days after his letter making known his intention to the Sovereign had been despatched, that a meeting of the Cabinet took place. But on the 21st, the very day that his letter to the Queen was sent, he records in his diary, "Much conversation to-day on the question of my own seat." Now bearing in mind these several

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facts—that in December Mr. Gladstone had no idea of dissolving; that in January, though no change of any significance had taken place in the situation of the Government or of public affairs, he suddenly, to the surprise of everybody, decided to dissolve; that the reasons for this abrupt change of purpose given to the Queen and the Cabinet were admittedly not the true reasons, though they were held by the Prime Minister to furnish "a sufficient warrant"; that during the month when this resolve was taking shape in his mind the insolubility of the personal difficulty that had been troubling him throughout the autumn was brought home to Mr. Gladstone with increasing force as the opening of Parliament approached; that he had been advised by the Lord Chancellor that a general election offered the only escape from that personal difficulty; that he was engaged in "much conversation" about it on the very day when he wrote advising the Queen to dissolve—bearing all this in mind, is it not overstraining our powers of credulity to ask us to believe that the doubt whether he could legally take his seat in the House of Commons when Parliament met without first risking the loss of it in a by-election, had no influence whatever in forming Mr. Gladstone's mysteriously sudden determination to appeal to the country in 1874? Surely the inference to be drawn from these facts would be irresistible even if we had not in addition the positive assertion of two important colleagues of Mr. Gladstone's, who could hardly have been mistaken, and who had no imaginable motive for misrepresenting the conduct of their chief, even if they had been capable of doing such a thing?

But before he could thus cut the knot it was necessary, as we have seen, for the Liberal leader to devise some plausible pretext for the course he had determined to take, which would also furnish an effective party programme at the coming elections. This brings us to the second criticism that has been directed against Mr. Gladstone's action on this occasion. The party programme with which he had made up his mind to

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go to the country was the proposal to abolish the Income Tax *in toto;* and the strictures to which it has given rise have evidently offended Mr. Gladstone's biographer deeply. Mr. Morley writes:

> By critics of the peevish school who cry for better bread than can be made of political wheat, Mr. Gladstone's proffer to do away with the Income Tax has been contumeliously treated as dangling a shameful bait. Such talk is surely pharisaic stuff.

No one familiar with Mr. Morley's usual literary urbanity can help feeling astonished at this angry outbreak when he recollects that the writer against whom it is presumably directed, the writer who is so testily rebuked as a critic "of the peevish school" and a purveyor of "pharisaic stuff," was a man of letters not less eminent than Mr. Morley himself and of far more solid performance as an historian. For, no doubt, what was in Mr. Morley's mind was the passage in which the late Mr. Lecky cited Mr. Gladstone's proposal to abolish the Income Tax in 1874 as an illustration of the manner —reprehensible in Mr. Lecky's judgment—in which changes in taxation may be used as a species of bribery for electioneering purposes. This is how Mr. Lecky narrates the circumstances:

> Mr. Gladstone was not obliged to go to the country In spite of his defeat on the Irish University question in the preceding year, he had still a considerable and unbroken majority, though several defeats at bye-elections showed clearly that his power was declining, and especially that the upper and middle classes, who were the payers of Income Tax, were profoundly shaken in their allegiance to him. The Income Tax payers . . . . were a body so large and so powerful that there was no reasonable doubt that a general movement among them would decide the fate of the election. The fortune of the Ministry was tolerably certain to turn upon the question whether the defection in this notoriously wavering class could be arrested. . . . Mr. Gladstone, throwing all other political questions into the background, resolved to utilise the surplus for election purposes, and to stake his chances at the election upon large direct offers of financial relief made to the electors, but especially to that class of the electors who were known to be wavering in their allegiance. . . . Every elector of this class, as he went to the poll, was clearly informed that he had a direct personal money interest in the triumph

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of the Government. . . . No politician, I believe, seriously doubted that when Mr. Gladstone placed the abolition of the Income Tax in the forefront of the battle, his object was to win the Income Tax payers to his side.[1]

If any one ever did doubt that that was Mr. Gladstone's object, his doubt is removed by the letter to Lord Granville on January 8, 1874, printed by Mr. Morley. In that letter, after describing the parlous condition of the Ministry in language which I have already quoted, Mr. Gladstone goes on to say:

> The question that arises is, can we make out such a course of policy for the Session, either in the general conduct of business, or in some departments and by certain measures, as will with reasonable likelihood re-animate some portion of that sentiment in our favour, which carried us in a manner so remarkable through the election of 1868.

He then states his belief that the Liberals were not likely to regain the confidence of the country by their "general administration of public business," and adds, "it is a question of measures then; can we by any measures materially mend the position of the party for an impending election?" Having passed in review the possible subjects for legislation, Mr. Gladstone shows that the party could only "look to finance as supplying what we want." Subject to certain conditions which he enumerates being fulfilled, he expresses confidence that he could "frame a Budget large enough and palpably beneficial enough not only to do much good to the country, but sensibly to lift the party in the public view and estimation."

After giving all due weight to the few perfunctory words thrown in at the end about doing much good to the country, it must be admitted that a more cynical avowal of purely party motives for a far-reaching transaction in national finance could scarcely be imagined. In the summer of 1887 some criticisms that Mr. Lecky had already published elicited from Mr. Gladstone two articles in the *Nineteenth Century* of indignant defence of his conduct thirteen years previously. In these

[1] "Democracy and Liberty," vol. i. p. 132, *seq.*

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articles Mr. Gladstone claimed to have acted from the highest motives of public duty.

> He considered the Income Tax unjust, unequal, and demoralising; twenty-one years before he had formed part of a Ministry which promised to abolish it. This pledge [Mr. Lecky dryly observes] after a long slumber, revived in its full vitality at the eve of the election, and he offered the electors "the payment of a debt of honour."

In fact, as Mr. Lecky truly says in describing the general tenour of Mr. Gladstone's impassioned reply to his strictures:

> No one who judged solely from those skilful and plausible pages would imagine that any question of winning votes, or arresting a political defection, or gaining a party triumph, could have entered even distantly into his calculations.

Mr. Lecky gives the statesman credit for having "succeeded in persuading himself that this mode of reasoning was legitimate." He might have found it more difficult to be so charitable had he ever seen the letter in which Mr. Gladstone revealed in confidence to his most intimate colleague the working of his mind when the project was shaping itself, in which the abolition of the Income Tax is suggested as a possible answer to the question, "can we by any measures materially mend the position of the party for an impending election?" and in which he forecasts a Budget embodying this measure as calculated "sensibly to lift the party in the public view and estimation." We can only suppose that Mr. Gladstone had long forgotten both what he had written and what had passed through his mind in 1874 before he published in 1887 his claim to have been governed in his conduct in the former year solely by lofty and disinterested concern for the public interest.

Moreover, not only was the proposal put forward on the narrowest ground of party, but Mr. Gladstone appears to have been singularly indifferent to the consideration whether the interests of his party clashed or coincided with the public interest. It was as early as the preceding August that he first mentioned to the Secretary of State for War his ideas of the possible finance of next year, based upon the abolition

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of Income Tax and sugar duties, with partial compensation from spirit and death duties." Mr. Morley triumphantly points to the date of this entry in Mr. Gladstone's diary (August 11, 1878), with the comment, "So much for the charitable tale that he only bethought him of the Income Tax when desperately hunting for a card to play at a general election." He may not have been in August desperately hunting for a card to play at a general election, but it is not likely that at the close of the sixth Session of a Parliament a party leader, who was even in those days "an old Parliamentary hand," was sublimely innocent of electioneering considerations; and in point of fact he proved later on, as we have already seen, that the purpose of the financial scheme which he outlined to Cardwell in August was "to mend the position of the party for an impending election." But one of the conditions on which alone the abolition of Income Tax could be included in the financial proposals of the year was that substantial reductions amounting to a million sterling or thereabouts should be effected in the naval and military estimates. Mr. Gladstone had evidently made up his mind to insist on these reductions being made, whatever the requirements of the naval and military services might be. If he was to enter on a new Session the abolition of Income Tax was to be his financial policy with a view to recovering ground in the country before the elections, which could not in any event be delayed more than a few months. If, on the contrary, he was to dissolve before Parliament met, the abolition of Income Tax was to be an electioneering pledge that would have to be redeemed if the party won at the polls. In either event it was necessary to prepare the ground by cutting down the estimates. In the notes already quoted, which Mr. Morley tells us were written in the last year of the statesman's life, that is to say nearly a quarter of a century after the events they describe, Mr. Gladstone gives an account of the transaction which it is difficult to reconcile with his earlier statements. From these notes it would appear as if the question of the reduction of estimates was wholly uncon-

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nected with the contemplated abolition of the Income Tax, to which indeed no reference whatever is made in this latter-day memorandum. According to it, the only reason why Mr. Gladstone insisted on cutting down the estimates, at the cost, as his biographer tells us, of "active controversy with both the great spending departments," was that he thought the time had come for carrying out a promise made at the time of Cardwell's reforms in 1871, that they should be followed by retrenchment in expenditure on the Army. Mr. Morley says the papers in his hands confirm Mr. Gladstone's recollection, except that he was in conflict with the Admiralty no less than the War Office. But that exception altogether disposes of the memorandum of 1898. The pledge to reduce Army expenditure in connection with the Cardwell reforms could have imposed no sort of obligation for simultaneous retrenchment in the Navy; and consequently Mr. Gladstone's last recollection of the transaction affords no explanation whatever of his having been at loggerheads with the First Lord of the Admiralty as well as with the War Secretary. Moreover, one would suppose from this memorandum that the question had never presented itself to the Prime Minister's mind until the time came for considering the estimates. This is how he puts it:

> When Cardwell laid before me at the proper time, in view of the approaching Session, his proposed estimates for 1874-5, I was strongly of opinion that the time had arrived for our furnishing, by a very moderate reduction of expenditure on the Army, some earnest of the reality of the promise made in 1871.

This is quite a different story from that told by the contemporary documents published by Mr. Morley, and also quite different from the account Mr. Gladstone gave in reply to Mr. Lecky's criticism in 1887. We now know from the diary that months before Cardwell laid before him "at the proper time his proposed estimates for 1874–5," Mr. Gladstone had told Cardwell "in deep secrecy" that he wanted to abolish the Income Tax in his next Budget; and as he concluded the entry in his diary with the words, "I want eight millions to handle,"

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there can be little doubt that the necessity for retrenchment for reasons altogether unconnected with the pledge of 1871 was forcibly impressed on the Secretary of State for War. There was not a word at that time about the promise of 1871; and it is clear from the letter to Granville, that even in January 1874 the financial scheme requiring reduced estimates only held the field because other legislative measures which he alludes to, such as local taxation and the county franchise, were for one reason or another not considered feasible as a means of giving the desired "lift to the party in the public view and estimation." The truth, as is proved by these documents, is that at the end of the Session of 1873, when the Ministry was discredited and tottering, Mr. Gladstone was, if not "desperately," at any rate anxiously, "hunting for a card to play at a general election," which of course he knew could not be very long delayed; that having come to the conclusion that the abolition of Income Tax would prove a veritable ace of trumps, he determined that the requisite retrenchment in the great spending departments should be made at all cost, or that in the alternative there should be the "godsend" of a Cabinet split on the question, which should provide him with a popular cry to raise on the hustings. He never seems to have given a thought to the question whether this retrenchment would be consistent with the safety of the country. He says in the letter to Granville that up to that date he had had no communication on the point "with any one," and he cannot therefore have known whether it was possible to get the "three-quarters of a million upwards towards a million off the naval and military estimates jointly" without dangerously compromising the efficiency of the defensive services. That was a consideration which never from first to last entered into the Prime Minister's calculations.

Having scouted the notion that the proposal to relieve the Income Tax payers of their burden was used by Mr. Gladstone as "a card to play at a general election," Mr. Morley, on a subsequent page, argues strenuously that it was a wholly

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legitimate card to play in that manner. Opinions may differ as to whether Mr. Morley successfully combats the reasoning by which Mr. Lecky supports his contention that the proposal "could only have operated as a direct bribe" of a particularly demoralising nature; but whatever may be thought of the eminent historian's views, they can hardly be summarily dismissed with a sneer as the "pharisaic stuff" of a critic "of the peevish school"; and it is the more surprising that Mr. Morley should treat the opinion of one of the most distinguished of his contemporaries with such scant respect, since he places on record Mr. Gladstone's judgment of Lecky as an historian who, differing in this respect from both Carlyle and Macaulay, "has real insight into the motives of statesmen." A notable example of this trait of Mr. Lecky's intellect is afforded by his trenchant criticism of Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the nation in 1874.

RONALD MCNEILL.

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CAN PLANTS FEEL?

OF late years the student of plant life, probing deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the plant world, has been increasingly struck with the analogies that exist between the plant and the animal kingdoms. Over and over again in his researches among plants animal-like characteristics confront him in so persistent and surprising a way that the conviction is forced upon him that, beneath the wide divergences that undoubtedly exist between the two kingdoms, there must be some fundamental term common to both. The *living* plant and the *living* animal, remote as they appear to be in their highest developments, must still be bound together by some subtle link. And reflection shows him that that link can be nothing else than the possession of the indefinable quality life. That which he calls "life" he realises must be of the same nature and quality in both kingdoms, and the distinction between them lies, he is beginning to assert, merely in variation as to the quantity and intensity of that possession. Indeed it has been suggestively remarked that "life sleeps in the plant, but wakes and works in the animal."

Now when we look down the long vista of the animal world from highest to lowest, our glance passes from man to apes, past birds and reptiles, fishes and frogs, on by worms and insects and jelly fish, and past the animal communities that we call corals and sponges, until finally we come to the end of the line and find the simplest form of animal life to be

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merely a mass of living protoplasm enclosed by a more or less definite wall, though still exhibiting certain characteristics of an animal.

And when we change our point of view and turn to the plant world a similar vista of complex forms successively simplifying meets our eye as we range from chestnut and lily, pines and ferns, to mosses, liverworts, fungi, seaweeds and green algæ, until at length we come to the simplest plants which are also merely a mass of living protoplasm invested with a cell wall, though still endowed with definite plant-like characteristics.

Thus then do the vistas of animal and plant life converge towards one another. But if we peer still further into the mysteries of elemental life we find that, out beyond the simplest plant and out beyond the simplest animal, there yet lies a kind of no-man's land inhabited by mysterious organisms —the Myxomycetes—of any of which we cannot say "This is a plant," or "That is an animal," without our assertion being challenged. One who has very carefully studied the nature of these organisms declares that their classification "depends rather on the general philosophical position of the observer than on facts." In other words at one stage of their life-history they are so plant-like, at another stage so animal-like that it rests on which phase most strongly appeals to the observer as to which label he places on them. Hence then in the person of these organisms the unbridgeable gulf that was supposed to divide the animal and vegetable worlds is done away with, and we find that, instead of a chasm, we have a common ground, and the hard line of demarcation that once existed between animals and plants is broken down, and between the two most widely divergent forms of living things we have now no break in continuity of *kind*, only variation of position in nature's scheme of life.

All this is of the greatest importance to our consideration of the question as to how far plants are endowed with sensation, because in a problem such as this we can only deduce conclusions by inference and presume similarity in those of our own

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kind. We can only say that others have similar feelings to our own because they act in a way similar to us under similar circumstances—we can never directly test their feelings. And as we work backwards from man there is no single place at which we can stop and say "there is no sensation here." For wherever there is life there is adjustment to environment—response to external stimuli—and there is no point in the sequence of animal life at which we can assert that the response of any individual is purely that of an automaton—such a response, for instance, as is given by dancing dolls in an automatic machine when a penny is put in the slot. Hence we judge the response to be that of sensation. Feebler this response grows and less definite certainly, but even in the lowest forms of animalculæ it shows itself in choice of action, choice of food, choice in surroundings and general expression in movement. Even the Myxomycetes in no-man's land show preferences so obviously at times that Sir Edmund Fry asks about one of these organisms: "Has it some rudimentary perception, some common sense, of which sight and smell and taste are only more specialised forms?"

And it is this question, the question "Are plants sentient?" that plant students are asking more and more closely to-day about the whole plant kingdom in general. For some of the forms of plant life exhibit so close an analogy to animals in their apparent possession of sensation that, since the sequence of life is unbroken in the organic world, it seems an arbitrary distinction to allow the attribute in one part of the sequence and deny it in another. Some observers, indeed, go even further, and are beginning to wonder whether or no it is not possible that plants may be actually guided by some form of intelligence, an intelligence diffused indeed, and not gathered up into a brain focus, but nevertheless present in some general form. Certain of those who are well-fitted to judge even make definite affirmations on the point. Thus Professor Slater, of Harvard University, recently declared that:

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we are in no position to say that intelligence cannot exist among plants, for in fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work.

But whether we are justified in presuming intelligence in plants or not, the contention that plants are actually endowed with sensation has been considerably furthered of late by some researches that have been made at Graz by Prof. Haberlandt, a German botanist of some repute. He has been studying the subject specially among the higher flowering plants, and as a result of his investigations he claims to have found definite organs of sense in certain cases. That is to say, he has examined a number of plants, as we might examine animals, for organs for the reception of the sensations of touch, and he asserts that he has found complete analogy in many instances between plants and animals in their sensitiveness to contact.

If his facts are accurate and his conclusions true we shall henceforth be as much within our rights in speaking of sensation in a plant as we now are in speaking of sensation in a worm, noting however that Prof. Haberlandt confines himself to the purely physiological side of sensation and leaves alone the psychical side which must needs be purely speculative, just as a positive knowledge of the state of consciousness of a worm must remain for ever beyond us, even though we willingly grant it sensation on the physiological side.

Let us turn, then, for a few moments, to a glance at some of the sense organs that are possessed by plants.

In the first place we find that they are of four kinds; namely, sensitive spots, sensitive papillæ, sensitive hairs, and sensitive bristles, each with striking characteristics of its own.

The sensitive spots are simply places—one or more—on an epidermal cell wall where the wall is attenuated and covered on the inner side with processes of the living protoplasm con-

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tained by the cell. These spots occur, for instance, on the tips of tendrils where they seem to be closely comparable in construction to those sense organs (some of the simplest known in the animal kingdom) which are found in the tentacles of certain sea urchins; so that tentacles and tendrils are much on a par. And, indeed, when we consider the functions and actions of tendrils it seems impossible to deny them the power of actual sensation. Tendrils are like our finger-tips, reaching out into the world to place the individual in its environment. During their time of growth they move in continuous circles, round and round, seeking with sensitive surface for some support for the plant in its upward climb, and once they come into contact with a solid body the measure of their twining is the measure of their sensitiveness.

Charles Darwin was the first to exhaustively study them, and among other tendrils he found those of the Passion Flower exquisitively sensitive. They can feel a single delicate touch with the finger, and will give an immediate response by curving round it. Half a minute after the touch is given the response is there. Take the finger away and the tendril will straighten out again, though apparently it is not so sensitive to cessation of stimulus as to the stimulus itself, for it may be an hour or two before it is completely uncurved. Darwin tried to find out how often it would do this without getting tired—for we have to reckon with fatigue in the plant world as well as in our own—and he discovered that he could touch it twenty-one times in fifty-four hours, and each time it would curve after his touch and uncurve after his touch ceased; though the response naturally grew less and less until the tendril was too far spent to be irritable.

Another interesting fact about tendrils is that they are not sensitive all their lives, nor are they sensitive at every part of their surface. When they are very young and when they are quite mature their sensibility is practically nothing; it is when they are about three parts grown that they are in their most

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sensitive condition. The fact that their sensibility is localised is due to the sensitive spots upon them not being equally distributed; as can be seen under the microscope. Thus in the tendrils of the Passion Flower, the Vetch, and the Cucumber, the power of sensation is confined to one side only. If touched on the other side there is not the slightest response. In all tendrils, even when the surface all round is sensitive, as in the Smilax, the power of feeling is confined to the part near the tip.

Further, there exists a remarkably close analogy between the sensitive surface of a tendril and the human skin. In both every cell of the epidermis is a sense-cell and responsive. In both, too, there must be unevenness of contact if there is to be sensation. Thus we know that if we plunge an arm into water we experience the sensation of being touched only at the boundary line up to which the water reaches, and as we move the arm in the water so the sensation of contact varies with the water margin. We feel absolutely nothing of the pressure of the water on the part of the arm that is immersed below the surface. So, too, in a tendril there is no sensation when touched by an absolutely smooth surface such as water or quicksilver, except at the margin of contact, any more than there is on an arm. In a word, on the tendril's sensitive surface, as on the human skin, there must be differences in pressure in order to produce sensation of contact.

But it is in the insectivorous plants that we seem to get the most perfect illustration of the sense of touch as it exists among plants. It is as though the approach to the animal world in the matter of partaking of animal food was causal or coincident with animal-like nature in other respects. This is well seen in a little carnivorous plant called the Sundew, found in boggy places on the Welsh and other hills. Each leaf is covered with crimson hairs, and since each hair has a swollen head the green leaf looks as though it were stuck all over with very fine red pins of various sizes—perhaps some two hundred on each leaf. Now these little tentacles, for such they are, are supremely

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sensitive, owing to their glandular heads being richly provided with the sensitive spots already spoken of. If by chance a flying or creeping insect alights upon a leaf these hairs immediately begin to move and close over it, the victim meanwhile being held down by a gummy substance on the leaf until it is squeezed to death. At the same time, too, a digestive fluid pours out of glands on the surface of the leaf, and the fleshy part of the insect is quickly absorbed. Only the wings, legs, and other indigestible parts are left when the tentacles slowly straighten out once more. A small insect will be digested in a couple of days, larger ones take more time according to size.

But the curious part of the sensitiveness of these tentacles is that they appear to be able to gauge the quality of the object which touches them. Thus if raindrops fall upon them they are unresponsive. If a piece of coal and a piece of beefsteak of equal weight be laid upon two leaves simultaneously they will both begin to close at once. But in the case of the beefsteak they will take perhaps six minutes to complete the closing and remain closed for days until they have absorbed it; while in the case of the coal they close slowly and dubiously, and it may be three or four hours before they grasp it. Then when they have touched and, as it were, sampled it, they at once commence to unclose and drop it. There is no attempt to digest it.

Experiments have been made with a view to seeing exactly how sensitive these tentacles are, and it has been found that if a particle of fine human hair, less than 1-25th of an inch in length, is placed upon one it can *feel* it, that is to say, it will respond to the weight by an inflection. Now the full force of this is only realised when we remember that were such a particle of hair laid upon the most sensitive part of our body, namely, the tip of the tongue, we should be quite unconscious of its presence. Hence these tentacles of the Sundew have a finer susceptibility to an external stimulus than we have.

From these instances in which the sense organs are in their

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simplest form and merely sensitive spots we next turn to some in which the sense organs are found in the form of papillæ, and we have a case in point in the flower of the Opuntia, or Prickly Pear. In this flower the stamens are many in number and of different lengths, and they stand in a ring round the centre of the flower. The upper part of the filament of each is a bright golden colour, the lower part is a duller yellow. Now if the filament is touched at any point in the golden part it promptly bends over in response to that touch, and its pollen is poured out of its head. If, however, it is touched in its dull coloured part it is not irritable and there is no response. Naturally, the whole is an arrangement for promoting cross-fertilisation. A bee comes visiting in search of honey, and crawls down into the heart of the flower, and in its movements touches one after another of these irritable stamens, and as they are touched they each bend over in turn and load the back of the insect with pollen, which he promptly transfers to another flower in his honey quest.

Now when we come to ask why one part of the stamen filament "feels" while another does not, we discover that upon the irritable part of the filament, and *not upon the non-irritable part*, there are present what we must consider to be sense-organs or papillæ of touch, for in the centre of each cell in the sensitive golden part there arises up a papilla, which receives the stimulus. And these, presumably organs of touch in the Prickly Pear, are closely comparable to what are undoubtedly organs of touch in one of the worms—Hermione. In this worm along the ventral side are a number of little warts which are sensitive to touch and which are connected with nerve-fibres, and though in the animal several epithelial cells go to build up the organ, while in the plant only a single cell fashions it, yet this is immaterial when set side by side with the fact that the mechanical principle in both is identical. If then we grant without demur sensation to the worm when it responds to stimulus on these organs, why deny it to the plant with similar organs and a similar response of movement?

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Again, in the Barberry and the Abutilon we have irritable stamens which are normally leaning outwards and hidden in the curved petals. But if the lower third—the bases of the stamen filaments—is touched they spring up sharply and scatter their pollen. And a minute microscopical examination of the sensitive bases shows that the irritable surface, *and that alone*, is furnished with sense organs in the form of low flat papillæ, in one part of which is a joint or kink in the outer wall. These correspond, says the German professor, in a remarkable degree to the sense organs in the antennæ of a Rose Chaffer. In the antennæ the scaly covering is traversed by certain pore canals, each of which is covered by a lid, and thus low flat papillæ are formed, the lid being united to the solid chitin skeleton by a delicate skin joint. So, in both plant and insect, pressure on the flat surface causes the tender joint to "give" and react on the adjacent protoplasm. If then we admit that these structures are sense-organs in the antennæ, how can we deny the same name to similar structures on the sensitive stamens?

But when we pass on to sensitive hairs and bristles we come to the superlative organs of touch in the plant world, for, perfectly adapted as the tentacles of the Sun-dew seem to be, to be organs of touch, they are yet surpassed by those found in another carnivorous plant. *Indeed, it is an open question whether in the whole of the animal world even there is a more perfectly constituted organ of touch than is found in the Dionea*, a plant popularly known as Venus's Fly Trap. This plant is one of the curiosities of the plant world, and only grows native in the peat-bogs on a narrow strip of country on the east coast of North America. The peculiarity of the plant lies in its leaves, for the leaf stalk has become flattened out so as to be leaf-like, while the blade proper is edged with teeth, and has, moreover, six sharp little bristles standing straight up on the surface, three on either side of the midrib. Now these bristles are the sense-organs. Touch one ever so lightly, and the halves of the leaves on which they are placed close up together

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abruptly, "just like the slamming to of a volume," says one observer, the midrib serving as hinge, while the teeth at the edges interlock like clasped fingers. The surface of the two halves becomes somewhat concave, so that a shallow cavity is thus formed; the sense bristles, too, shut up on to the leaf in the same fashion that a blade of a penknife closes. If the touch which evokes this response has been given by, say the end of a pencil, the two halves of the leaves will slowly open again, and the bristles raise themselves; but if some crawling fly or tiny insect brushes against one of them, then the rapid closing of the leaf makes it a prisoner, while out of the glands on the surface of the leaf a digestive fluid quickly overwhelms the poor victim. When the nutritive parts are completely absorbed the six sense bristles once more stand erect, ready for action, like soldiers on guard.

It must be emphasised that no other part of these curious hinged leaves of Venus's Fly Trap are sensitive. If, for instance, the back or the midrib of the flat green blade is touched there is no response, no closing; it is only these six bristles on either leaf that are capable of receiving sensation. Since so high a rank as one of the most perfect organs of touch known is claimed for these bristles, a moment's closer glance at them is worth while to note that each is made up of long cells filled with the jelly of life—protoplasm—and this protoplasm, during the life of the leaf, is all the while in active circulation round the cell. Each of these bristles has, moreover, its base set in a pad of smaller cells which act like a cushion, so that a touch to the stiff spine is immediately transmitted to the cells of the cushion, and thence to the whole leaf.

The Mimosa pudica, the so-called "sensitive plant," is a well-known instance of a plant endowed with exceptional general susceptibility to contact, for the slightest touch to one of its leaves or a gentle shaking causes all its leaves to fold over and droop, shrinking together as though it were frightened in a very human way. Here the seat of sensation seems chiefly to be lodged in a swelling at the insertion of each leaf, and

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certain hairs that arise upon it are exquisitively sensitive, though it is also true that any part of the leaf's surface seems capable of "feeling."

It appears, then, that plants are not only sensitive to contact, and have special sense-organs, but they are also able to transmit a stimulus from one part of their structure to another, as when the whole leaf of Dionea closes because one bristle is touched, or when all the leaves of Mimosa droop because one is stimulated. Now the question arises as to how this stimulus travels. In the case of animals we have in the nerve fibres specially prepared tracts for the transmission, but in plants we know no such things as nervous systems. At the time when a plant was supposed to be built up of a series of cells of various shapes and sizes, each self-contained and distinct in itself, it was indeed difficult to understand how a stimulus could be passed on. But nowadays we have reason to believe in the "continuity of protoplasm"—that is, that the protoplasm in a plant is continuous throughout the whole structure, the contents of each cell being connected with those of the adjacent cells by very fine strands which pass through the walls of the cells in every direction. Hence a plant possesses a complete inner structure of protoplasm hidden within its outer walls, and we have no difficulty in understanding that a stimulus can be carried from one part to another just as nerves carry sensation; for, after all, what is our nervous system but protoplasm modified in a very special way?

In the light of these facts it seems impossible to refuse to acknowledge plants as sentient beings, or to deny that they are capable of experiencing sensations. Indeed, the more we study plants, the more impressed we are with the conviction that in them we have a line of development parallel to our own, but one situated on a lower plane, whose scale is pitched in a lower key.

G. Clarke Nuttall.

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NEW LIGHT ON THE DEATH OF MURAT

THE end of the most dashing of Napoleon's Marshals is a theme of perennial interest, possessing as it does every element of tragedy at the close of a brilliant career. The element of the inevitable also clings about it as about all the greatest dramas. The *beau sabreur*, who caracolled in nodding white plumes at the head of French or Italian squadrons, and lent force as well as picturesqueness to the charge, was out of his element in the council chamber. Few cavalry leaders have excelled in the sphere of diplomacy, which seems to require gifts analogous to those of a great engineer; and assuredly Murat never carried through any intrigue with the ability that commands success. It was not without cause that the Emperor at St. Helena called him a "mauvaise tête," and, while pronouncing him "incomparable" on a battlefield, said that elsewhere he had only committed *bêtises*. Finally, he summed up his opinion of his strategy by the remark that he used to wage war without a map; and, for his general powers, that "he is a poor creature, apt to fashion chimeras and think himself a great man."[1] This, of course, is a judgment given after the event which we are about to consider, and comes from a man who, even after his own fall, worshipped success and despised failure, and the Emperor never forgave his lieutenant his defection in 1814.

I am in a position to add something to the information

[1] Gourgaud, "Journal de Sainte-Hélène," I. 498, 541, 585; II. 268.

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concerning the death of the ex-King of Naples. Firstly, it is desirable to point out the results of Murat's vacillations in the years 1813–14. At the close of the Moscow campaign of 1812 he quitted his command in Eastern Prussia, returned hastily to Naples, had a scene with his consort, Caroline Bonaparte, and thereafter inclined more and more towards the enemies of Napoleon. It is possible that conjugal as well as international affairs conduced to his subsequent desertion of the Bonapartist cause and his bargains with Austria and England. To these matters it is needless to refer, except to suggest why he came to be generally distrusted and thereafter repaid like with like. A deserter never wins full confidence from those whom he joins; and during the negotiations which went on at the Congress of Vienna at the close of 1814, Murat found his interests entirely set aside. He therefore began, early in 1815, to increase the Neapolitan forces in a suspicious manner. What most concerned the Allies was the intercourse that went on between him and Napoleon at Elba. Sir Neil Campbell, in his "Journal of Occurrences in 1814–1815 at Fontainebleau and Elba," noted down on February 15, 1815, that

> Mysterious adventurers and disaffected characters continually arrive here [Elba] from France and Italy, and then proceed on to Naples, giving out that they are disappointed in their hopes of employment by Napoleon, and that they expect to realise them with Murat.

A few days later (about a week before the Emperor's escape from Elba to the South of France) he made the quaint suggestion that Napoleon is "preparing to desert (*sic*) to Murat, in case the latter should commence operations against the Allies."[1] The whole truth as to the relations between them has yet to be cleared up, but the Allies knew enough to see that Murat was working hand in hand with Napoleon.[2]

[1] Sir Neil Campbell, *op. cit.*, pp. 359, 363; see too pp. 353 and 371.

[2] See his letter of March 8, 1815, to Desvernois, his Maréchal de Camp in Calabria, urging that, as Napoleon had left Elba, he (Desvernois) must "inundate" Sicily with his agents in order to raise the troops against the Bourbon King, Ferdinand. He believed that the English squadron and troops would help him in this! (Desvernois, "Mémoires," pp. 171–2).

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This explains their determination to end matters with him when he advanced northwards towards Bologna, as if in alliance with them. Evidently he was about to revolutionise Italy, as Napoleon was revolutionising France. In vain did he then seek to persuade Lord William Bentinck, then commanding a British force at Genoa, of his goodwill to the allied cause and his surprise at the hostility of Austria. Possibly the generous promise of constitutional liberty which Bentinck had held out to the Genoese led Murat to see in him a friend of democracy and nationality. Part of Murat's letter is worth quoting in an exact translation. It is dated Bologna, April 4, 1815:

Milord,—I announced to you by a postscript of my last that, against my expectation, the Austrians had commenced hostilities against me. If you felt obliged to demand explanations about the movements of my troops, present circumstances cause me greatly to desire, on my side, to know the system that you propose to maintain on this occasion. I take pleasure in believing that England will protect the unanimous enthusiasm which the Italians are displaying for their independence. The prince who will be at the head of this generous nation can never be other than the friend of Great Britain. . . .[1]

If Murat believed that Bentinck's career in Sicily—his high-handed treatment of the Bourbon Queen, Maria Carolina, and his championship of the democratic constitution of 1812 at Palermo—marked him out as a natural ally, he greatly erred. If we may trust a justificatory Memoir which Bentinck penned at London on Waterloo Day, that officer had urged the Austrians to crush Murat while he was still weak. Here again, as this Memoir has not been published, we may quote the most important parts:

I shall make no further reference to my negotiations with Murat than to mention the impression, which for awhile at least existed, that to my injudicious and intemperate conduct was to be attributed the failure of the advantages expected from the alliance with that personage. I trust that the course of events will have completely exculpated me, and it is with sincere satisfaction that I have read the declaration of one of H.M.'s Ministers in the House of Commons of the justice of the views which I was enabled to form of

[1] War Office Records, "Army in the Mediterranean—1815."

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the proceedings and character of Murat at the period in question. Italy would have been then saved from the great danger to which it has been lately exposed, if the Austrian commander, not less convinced of Murat's treachery than myself, had attended to my advice—namely, to get rid at once of Murat while he was then weak and before any success of the French should render him a ruinous enemy to the Allies.

He then adds the Macchiavellian explanation of his own offer of a Liberal constitution to the Genoese; that the extent of the fortifications of that city made the goodwill of the citizens extremely desirable, "as their good or ill-will will ever make a difference of at least 10,000 men in the garrison requisite for its defence." [1]

Austrian action, though slower than Bentinck desired, was decisive. Murat was overthrown at Tolentino on May 3, 1815; and a few days later left his kingdom for exile, finally in the South of France. There he received the coolest of welcomes from Napoleon, and remained in more or less of disgrace until the Napoleon collapse after Waterloo sent him flying for refuge to Corsica (August 25). There he gradually gathered about him a number of Bonapartists, until the Powers became anxious about his actions. The authority of Louis XVIII. was as yet too weak in the island to compass his arrest; and England and Austria sought to end all chances of disturbance in Italy, which hung on Murat's conduct, by offering him an asylum at Trieste, whither his consort, Caroline, had already proceeded on board H.M.S. *Tremendous*. The Austrian Government offered him a passport to Trieste; it was *visé* by the British Embassy at Paris; and a frigate, H.M.S. *Meander*, was sent to Bastia to receive him on board. The offer was made through a naturalised British subject, a Neapolitan by birth, named Macirone, who, on September 28, saw Murat at Ajaccio, and vainly sought to persuade him to take this step.

Why did Murat refuse? He knew that the Neapolitan authorities were on the look-out, and that a British flotilla was cruising on the South Italian coast. The chances of a successful

[1] War Office Records, "Army in the Mediterranean—1815."

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attempt were desperate. But his fortunes were equally desperate. Having some two hundred and fifty brave fellows about him, and knowing the discontent prevalent throughout the Neapolitan realm, he hoped much from a bold stroke; and, as he said, "At worst I shall die like a king." The police report afterwards submitted by the Neapolitan Minister, de Medici, to King Ferdinand, also states that rumours were rife as to the proclamation of a Republic in South Italy, on behalf of Murat, in the month of November. This report, sent in full to the Foreign Office by our Ambassador, Mr. à Court, shows that the Bourbon Government fully expected Murat's enterprise "owing to his vanity, which led him to attempt things far beyond his means." It also contains the statement that Murat rejected the offer of Macironi, and of the captain of the *Meander*, owing to the "unguarded summons" made by the latter. This sounds a flimsy excuse, but it may be due to suspicion, natural in a man who has played a shifty game, and fears that his former allies will now play him false. Certainly the conduct of Austria and of Bentinck had not been such as to inspire him with confidence. De Medici also states that, while accepting the passport, Murat did not send his refusal to the captain of the *Meander* until he himself had embarked on his flotilla: and that, shortly before setting sail, on the night of September 28–29, he raised Colonel Natali to the rank of Field-Marshal, and made other promotions. Evidently, then, he had decided to try fortune once more. No one at Ajaccio believed that he was sailing to Trieste. Every one knew that the Neapolitan coast was his aim. Probably Salerno was the objective; but a violent storm scattered his six feluccas, with the result that his boat was driven southwards to the Gulf of Euphemia in Calabria; and, in lack of water and provisions, he landed near the little town of Pizzo, October 8.

The story of his attempt with a few followers to arouse the men of Pizzo, of their apathetic or hostile demeanour, and of his retreat towards the sea and capture at the coast, is well known; but we may here turn to a new narrative, for which

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the present writer is indebted to the kindness of Miss Auldjo, who found it among her father's papers. Mr. John Auldjo lived at Naples for many years. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; he published an account of an ascent of Mont Blanc, with his meteorological observations, and in 1832 wrote a book on Mount Vesuvius. When Bulwer Lytton was at Naples, engaged on "The Last Days of Pompeii," Mr. Auldjo was constantly in his company, and suggested to him the character of Nidia—a fact which the eminent novelist publicly acknowledged in that work. I may add that I have not found any corroborative evidence of Mr. Auldjo's narrative in our archives, whether of the Foreign Office, or of the War Office, or Admiralty; except to the effect that in 1815 Colonel Robinson commanded a flotilla of twenty-three gun-vessels in the Sicilian waters, manned by 626 sailors, and that its efficiency was commented on favourably by his superiors. I now give Mr. Auldjo's narrative in full:

After the decision of the conquering Powers had deprived Murat of his Kingdom of Naples, though he had joined them against his former commander, he wandered about with a few devoted followers among the islands of the Mediterranean, plotting for a return to his Kingdom, believing he was popular among his former subjects, and, like his great master on his return to France from Elba, he would be hailed by them with open arms.

Of the manner in which Murat sought to bring this about, it is in our power to give some interesting details, probably now known to only one or two persons living—details received from the oral communication of one who played a conspicuous part in the scene which occurred when the rash attempt was made by Murat by his landing at Pizzo, a small town in the Gulf of St. Euphemia. During the war which ended in 1815, when the British naval and military forces were acting in Southern Italy against the French in possession of the Kingdom of Naples, to assist the English fleet, a special force a gun-boat flotilla, was organised, manned by sailors, principally fishermen from the seafaring population of Calabria and Sicily—a brave, enduring and trustworthy class of men. The flotilla was placed under the command of Colonel Robinson, of the British marine artillery, a popular and much-loved officer, under whose orders they were ever ready to undergo much privation and perform deeds of bravery which would have taxed the courage and endurance of the regular seamen of any country. After the close of the war in 1815 they were still employed along the coast of Italy in various services. It became

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known that Murat, the late King, was skulking somewhere among the islands dissatisfied with the decision of the Powers which had deprived him of his Kingdom, and that he would make some attempt to regain it. Among his followers there was a traitor, a Judas, who betrayed him by giving information to the Neapolitan Government and the British Admiral that Murat was about to make a descent on the mainland by landing in July at Pizzo. General Nunziante with a body of troops was sent from Naples to receive him, and Colonel Robinson was ordered to proceed with some of his flotilla to intercept the landing. Robinson arrived at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Euphemia the day before Murat appeared on the coast. He contrived, however, to escape observation for a short time, and made his way in a large boat towards the shore, followed immediately by Robinson in another boat, who (*sic*) arrived alongside that of Murat at the moment he was landing, and called out to Murat's crew not to haul their boat up, as is the custom of Mediterranean sailors, on to the shore, but to keep it afloat. Robinson's orders were to take him prisoner, if possible, while afloat, when he would have been a prisoner of the British fleet, and his life been saved, whereas, if taken on land, which was likely to be effected, he would be a prisoner of the Neapolitan Government, and his fate would be sealed.

What Robinson foresaw happened. Murat, finding a body of troops ready for him, hastened down as fast as he could towards his boat, followed by those who had accompanied him, he and they jumping into the boat, while two strong men of his crew endeavoured to shove it afloat. Robinson, who was close alongside, cried out to them, "Shove off the boat and jump in afterwards." Had this been done, Murat would have been seized by Robinson's men. It was too late; a sergeant of gendarmes, who was in pursuit of the party, raised his musket and shot the man dead who was endeavouring to shove off the boat, and a moment afterwards Murat was his prisoner. He was taken back to Pizzo and placed in a dungeon. Nunziante telegraphed, by the means at that time in use to Naples, that Murat was his prisoner. "What was to be done?" Answer: "Try him by court-martial and shoot him." A court-martial was immediately formed, and, for the sake of involving the British Government in the decision which it was too evident would be come to, Robinson was asked to sit on it; which he peremptorily and with indignation refused, knowing that the whole proceeding was a farce and that Nunziante was not a man to disobey the orders from Naples. And so he was tried and condemned to be immediately shot. After a delay of a few hours, Murat was led out under the walls of Pizzo with a platoon of soldiers. Placed at a short distance before them, he stood erect, and with an unblanched cheek, and without a tremour in his voice, cried out: "Soldiers do your duty; aim here,"—placing his right hand over his heart. Thus fell his body, pierced by a dozen bullets—the hero of the "white plume," the brother-in-law of the great Napoleon and the somewhile King of Naples.

(Signed) JOHN AULDJO.

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The account furnished to Mr. Auldjo is incorrect in some respects. In July 1815 Murat was in hiding in the South of France and was in no position to invade the Bourbon realm. Not until the middle of September, or perhaps later, did he come to that decision; and then he intended to land at or near Salerno. It was the storm which frustrated his attempt and drove him to Pizzo. No troops were awaiting him; only a few gendarmes were at that town. Some of the details as to the scuffle on the shore also conflict somewhat with the accounts given by M. Dufourcq, Baron Lumbroso, and Mr. R. M. Johnston. The informant of Mr. Auldjo was probably a British naval officer, possibly Colonel Robinson himself. Accounts of a desperate enterprise, ending in failure, always vary; but in this narrative we have the clearness of outline that justifies belief, at least as regards the events that concerned the flotilla. They harmonise with the instructions given to Captain Bastard of the *Meander*, which show that the British Government wished to save Murat from the consequences of his rashness. It was of no avail; and, as we think of the other alternative open to Murat, that of proceeding to Trieste, and living in the Hapsburg Dominions with his shrewish and exacting wife, we cannot altogether regret that events fell out as they did. It may be, as Napoleon said to Gourgaud ("Journal," vol. ii. p. 268), that it was sheer folly for Murat to try to regain the Neapolitan crown with a handful of men, when with sixty thousand he could not keep it; also that he would have done better to live on with his wife and children. That was the verdict of an autocrat who claimed to dictate the conduct of all his relatives. But our imagination refuses to picture *le beau sabreur* subsisting on a Hapsburg pension, along with Caroline Bonaparte, any more than Lear ending his days in quiet contentment with Goneril and Regan. In such cases we realise the truth of the saying of Novalis, "Character is Destiny."

J. Holland Rose.

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EAST AND WEST

IT does not require much perspicacity to discover that the relations which have existed for the last two centuries between the East and the West are undergoing a modification which is the precursor of a change. Signs are numerous that throughout the greater part of the East there is a growing tendency to challenge the superiority of the Occidental, and to enter into competition with him in his own domains and by the use of his own methods. Encouraged by the phenomenal success of Japan since her adoption of some of the principal forms of Western civilisation, the more intelligent of the Eastern races are beginning to aspire to a greater place in the world than they now occupy. In India, as the last national congress clearly showed, the natives are seeking to establish a claim to a direct participation in administrative affairs—a claim that is based upon their increasing competence for such a participation, due to the European education of many among them, and to their knowledge of the English tongue. A press exists which supports these claims, and which increases in efficiency as the years go by. Quite recently the abolition of caste, the greatest obstacle to international social relations, has been advocated by a leading Hindoo, and there is clearly manifested a national spirit which must eventually tend, as the official rulers know, towards self-government.

In China, the progress of Japan is being watched with interest, and sympathy is evinced with the semi-Mongols,

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who are probably destined to be the initiators of the Chinese into the science of the West. In Egypt, where a certain process of anglicisation is taking place, there is a less consistent effort in the direction of independent thought owing to the domination of two powers, but the tone of the Arabic press frequently denotes the independent aspirations of the people. Persia remains a country on the Eastern model little open to Western thought, but peaceable and sufficiently happy under native rule which has certainly increased in clemency since the Persian kings have visited the West. Even in Persia, however, the Western arts and sciences are being gradually acquired. Turkey may be said to be partly Europeanised, and may one day obtain the constitution which the more enlightened Turks demand. Siam is considerably westernised, and the son of the Sultan of Zanzibar was educated in England.

But notwithstanding the constantly increasing facilities for communication between the East and the West, the two great divisions—the Oriental and the Occidental—remain ethnologically and virtually mentally distinct. Let us see what constitutes the difference between them. The physical difference is mainly one of pigment. The skin of the red, the brown and the yellow races derives its hue from the colouring-matter which exists beneath it, and this matter is a result, as ethnologists have shown, of exposure to the sun's rays during childhood and to hereditary transmission. There is, in addition to this, a less harmonious and well-proportioned facial and cranial development among the Eastern races than among the Western, exception being made for the Arab. The light and heat of the sun not only colour the skin but they also affect the features of the face and to some extent the form of the body, so that, taken as a whole, the Oriental race is wanting in æsthetic quality.

Pigment and form and feature, however, are not the only factors of differentiation. There is another of a far more complex nature—mental character. Just as the sun has had an

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influence on the physical aspect of the Eastern man, so it has had an effect upon his mental composition. While the Western mind works in a certain generical manner the Eastern mind works in a way which is largely inverse to it. A current of thought runs through the whole of the Western world, another current flows through the Eastern. The Western current is that which is considered by Occidentals to be the saner one, and it is certainly that which is swollen by the greatest number of accurate ideas evolved during long centuries of reflection under favourable thermal conditions. It is joined to an affective and emotional nature of a higher degree of refinement than is generally to be found among Orientals. It is more logical in its processes and more inquisitive. The Eastern mind, although excessively acute in an instinctive sense, is faulty in induction and is frequently rendered lethargic from climatic causes. It possesses only slight inventive powers; it has a natural tendency towards extravagance and speculation, and it is given to form hasty and illogical conclusions. It has nevertheless phenomenal mnemonic powers and a certain aptitude for mathematics. Among Orientals, instinct, to a considerable extent, takes the place of what in Europe is commonly called sentiment. Even what sentiment the Oriental does possess is carefully concealed, as indeed are his emotions. The Oriental has not yet overcome the primitive wariness against the hostile enterprises of the neighbour, and conceals his feelings carefully lest they should betray him to his enemies. Having generally less delicate sensations than the European, it is not surprising that he should be more inclined to inflict physical suffering; that he is found in China to ring prisoners to death in belfries and in Turkey to mutilate and torture foes. Evidently the Oriental mentality is greatly divergent from our own. It has devised the seclusion or partial seclusion of women. Nearly all the religious systems of the world, and certainly those which survive in the West to day, are due to it. Up to the present the Oriental notion of government has been paternally autocratic, and democratic

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principles have not obtained in the East probably because Orientals are unable to conceive equality. In the East there is a greater callousness towards death than in Europe, due no doubt to a less sensitive nervous organisation and to a more profound belief in a future state. Whenever the Oriental races engage in warfare, it is seen with what recklessness they throw away their lives; when they die by natural causes they are soon forgotten by their relatives and friends. They lead more nearly than Europeans the life of nature, exhibiting the callousness of nature to individual destinies, eager to perpetuate the race, valuing the male child much higher than the female.

The peoples which have these characteristics in common may be held to dwell between the 40th degree of north latitude and the 25th degree of south, and between the 160th degree of longitude east and the 15th degree of longitude west. They number, according to the last census and estimates, over 920 millions. Throughout this vast population a similarity of thought may be clearly traced. There is an Eastern mind as surely as there is a coloured humanity, and it is upon the future direction and development of this mind that a skein of the world's destiny depends. What are we to expect from the Oriental? Is he to remain stationary or can he be moulded into Western form and develop with that form, or is he to develop on lines peculiar to himself? Are we to see Western civilisation replacing the ancient civilisation of the East, if civilisation it may be called, or are we to expect that the East will take as much of our civilisation as suits it and leave the rest? Finally, is any fusion possible between the two great divisions of men?

It is evident that the Eastern man his hitherto appeared to the Western as having arrived at a state from which he has no prospect of issuing. It has seemed as though, having reached a slight degree of skill in the arts of government and of conduct, and evolved certain ornate forms of architectural and decorative art, he has ceased to develop either intellectually or morally. But is this a true conclusion to arrive at?

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Is the Oriental for ever destined to lead the life which he is leading now, adopting some of the inventions of the West, and either using them badly or applying them to ends for which they were not meant, as in Turkey, submitting to the unquestioned rule of powerful men in a society organised to some extent on the plan of Western society in the Middle Ages? It is certainly true that to a great many Europeans who have mixed with Orientals the Eastern character has seemed a hopeless medley of simplicity and cunning, fidelity and treachery, wisdom and folly, suspicion and trust, cruelty and superstition, which is always stultifying itself and always needing the presence at its side of the more ponderated Western character, and although there is no doubt that the judgment of Europeans as to the majority of Orientals has been considerably justified by one set of facts, yet another set is not wanting which tends to support a less unfavourable view. Undoubtedly the Oriental possesses the defects which have been attributed to him, including many which it is not necessary to enumerate, but on the other hand he possesses qualities which Europeans have generally been too ready to ignore. He is temperate in food, is generally serious in disposition, has a spirit of family cohesion (witness the cohabitation of families in India and elsewhere), and although generally over-ready to consider wrong as a necessary and normal condition of human things and to condone it, he has, nevertheless, a sufficiently clear realisation of it, though not always of its consequences; he possesses social qualities which, as regards ordinary intercourse with his own race, are almost on a level with those of the European. He has also a characteristic that must be taken into consideration: he is particularly open to suggestion in the sense which experimental psychology has given to the word, and it is this characteristic which has hitherto tended to make him so docile in the hands of his rulers in the countries where he has been ruled. If told by a materially or intellectually powerful man to act in a certain way, to perform certain duties, to observe certain rules,

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he is naturally inclined to acquiesce, whatever the injunctions may be. In religion, fanaticism frequently results from this trait. Climatic and other influences have hindered the development of exact ideas to a considerable extent in his mind, but under an intelligent and firm master he usually perceives their necessity, and conforms himself to it. His will is to a great extent malleable, and as he is by nature imitative, it is evident that he is less unchangeable than he has been supposed to be. The Western mind can, and does mould the Eastern even now, and the results which have been achieved in India, as well as those which are being obtained in Egypt, go to prove that there is no impediment to the inculcation of the best principles of Western civilisation in the East, and that the Eastern man *can* conceive strict justice and practise it when he has been efficiently taught.[1]

No doubt the Eastern man has still to acquire powers of forming logical judgments and inductions from facts, and no doubt climatic influences will always tend to check his energy and to give a certain colour to his thoughts. Such, at all events, were the conclusions to be arrived at until a section of the Eastern race, inhabiting an island and enterprising as most islanders in the world's history have shown themselves to be, began to exhibit not only the power of assimilating the processes of the West, but also a proficiency in their application. Ethnologists tell us that the Jap, this remarkable islander, possesses a cranial feature, the *os japonicum*, which differentiates him not only from the European, but also from the remainder of the Oriental races, and certainly he has lately shown a wonderful facility for the adoption of new ideas, whenever such seem good to him, without the hesitancy and delay which often

[1] "Whatever may be said about the prevalence of corrupt practices and of other abuses which exist in this country, it is certain that the class of honest, intelligent and thoroughly well-intentioned Egyptian officials is steadily increasing in number."—Cromer, Parliamentary Reports 1903, "Egypt and the Soudan," p. 34. "In spite of the disparagement of which the native courts are not infrequently the object, there is no doubt whatever that the native judges, as a body, are steadily improving."—*Ibid.* p. 49.

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precede their adoption in the West. He has also exhibited a sober activity, an extraordinary and sacrificial patriotism, considerable though perhaps imitative humanity in war, amenity and simplicity in ordinary intercourse—all of which have excited the admiration of Europe. It has been urged that the use of a picture alphabet, with the endless practice which it affords in association of ideas, has been largely instrumental in giving to this race the extraordinary powers of assimilation which it possesses, but the Chinese use the same combinations of word-forms and yet, although distinguished in philosophy, they have not displayed the same suppleness of intellect, the same force of achievement and ardent patriotism as the Japanese. Certainly the Japs have a greater cerebral development, as their heads show, than most of the Eastern races, and there can be no doubt that the island they inhabit is endowed with great natural advantages. Nevertheless these facts are scarcely sufficient to warrant the assertion that they alone, among the Eastern races, are able to progress. We do not know what another Oriental empire might achieve if, shaking off its most limiting traditions, it endeavoured to adopt all that is good in Western conceptions. India, though not free, is slowly preparing for the task by means of Western education, notwithstanding the discouragement which the educated Indians receive at the hands of the Government. It is very plain that there is a desire among the educated natives of India both to maintain the European system in their nation and to practise and develop it themselves. Some Indians, who are enthusiastic, consider that they are already sufficiently westernised to walk alone; but this is doubtful. A reversion to the ancient habits of thought might speedily occur were the controlling influence rapidly removed. A certain satisfaction might be derived from a return to the ancestral ways, and we can easily imagine a party somewhat analogous to the *Chauviniste* party in France gaining the ascendency and enforcing a restoration of Indian tradition. But there is reason to think that in India and elsewhere such restorations would only be temporary,

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and the Eastern races are slowly but surely drifting towards the adoption of as many of the Western ideals as are consistent with the climatic conditions in which they live. Gradually, all over the East, the Western dress tends to encroach on the Eastern. Hybrid costumes are to be met with in most parts of the East. In Turkey, among the higher classes at least, the Western dress more or less modified has replaced the ancient garments. Probably, were it not for the semi-religious character of the flowing robes of the age of Mohammed, Moslems would have adopted European dress more largely than they have; although, of course, there are climatic reasons in favour of the Eastern attire, as is clearly shown by the readiness with which Japanese military men, when off duty, exchange the European uniform for the loose native dress. In architecture, the East tends to imitate the West. Cairo, somewhat in spite of its natives no doubt, is becoming largely European, like the cities of British India, and to find truly Eastern towns it is necessary to seek the Indian native states, or such cities as Teheran, Ispahan, Damascus, all of which are existing on their ancient splendour. In the matter of food, the Oriental cannot easily imitate the European, and it is not probable that any change can be effected in this direction. In regard to the seclusion of women, the Eastern prejudice is likely to endure, although there are indications that the ladies of Constantinople are inclined to revolt at times against an order of society which excludes them from social gatherings in which the sexes meet. The ancient and unscientific system of medicine in the East is becoming discredited in favour of European methods. Soon the *tabib* will be a figure of the past. Railways are growing and are beginning to traverse tracts of territory which for ages were only trodden by the camel, and although Pasha-domination and oppression are still witnessed, there are signs that the Oriental peoples are becoming aware of the value of just rule, and that they are evincing a desire to see it practised by their own governors. It is plain that while Oriental ideas make no progress in the West,

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Western ideas do tend to spread in the East. There can be but little doubt that there is a continual drift of thought from West to East which must tend towards the partial occidentalisation of the Eastern races.

The Orientals have perceived that it is only by an assimilation of Western thought that they can hope to cope with the West in any of the fields of human endeavour, and the time is probably not far distant when they will be able to compete successfully with Occidentals. Already the Parsee merchants in India and the Chinese merchants in the French possessions of Cochin-China are beating Europeans in trade. Native doctors and barristers with European qualifications are appearing in most countries of the East. The "unchanging East" is changing.

It is evident that in so far as the Eastern man can be moulded into Western form, he must tend to develop with that form, and having regard to the poverty of his inventive faculty, it does not seem probable that he will originate any new form of his own, although it is possible that he may devise some modifications not altogether without value.

How much will the Oriental take from the West? It is not easy to answer this question. As regards the religion of the West, he has clearly shown, and will almost of a certainty continue to show that he will have none of it; but in regard to Western customs, it is difficult to say how much he will adopt and how much he will reject. No doubt he will never abandon the whole of his traditional code, not even—and this brings us to the last eventuality—should a fusion take place between him and the Western races.

Now what probability is there of such a fusion? Little apparently if we judge by the strength of the existing prejudice against mixed marriages. Although often descended from the same Aryan stock, Occidentals consider unions with Orientals as derogatory to their race. There is a profound dislike on the part of the Europeans, and especially on the part of the English, to intermarry with those whom they have long been accustomed to consider as inferiors. Their dislike has grown to be instinc-

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tive, and is seldom reasoned. A strong conviction that they are the more beautiful, the more moral, the more powerful, the more intellectual, the more sagacious representatives of the human race, has no doubt contributed to this feeling, and it has been strengthened by the desire for a perpetual domination which a fusion of races would undermine, and by observation of the generally unsatisfactory results of mixed unions, the children of which frequently exhibit defects or discordant characteristics for several generations, due to the shock of divergent mentalities. It is remarkable also that while the efforts of Europeans are exerted to preserve their race from a mixture of skin and form and mind, no such endeavours are made by Orientals, who may be said to have little or no preformed opinion on the subject, and who, especially when in Europe, often show themselves desirous and even anxious to marry with the Western peoples. Is this a proof that the Eastern races admit the superiority claimed by the Western? Or is it that, nearer to nature than the Westerns, they mate with the indifference of nature? It certainly seems that it is equivalent to an admission of the superiority of the races of the temperate zone, although there is little doubt that in mating, Orientals are largely indifferent to considerations which affect the Western man. And yet there are not two species but one, and from a purely biological point of view, there is no reason why a unification of the world's white and slightly coloured races should not be made, which, after a period of fusion, should not result beneficially according to the principle by which cross-breeding produces an increase of vigour. But it must at once be added that the period of fusion, during which the rhythm of the races, the hereditary impulses of ages, were being altered and a new rhythm and new impulses were being formed, must be of such great duration and probably so fertile in mental confusion and moral regression, that it would require great confidence in the biological principle involved and great temerity to advocate the racial blend. If we only consider the human race as a whole, it may be that the fusion would be beneficial. It might open the way to a vast synthesis from

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which a new humanity might spring in greater harmony with terrestrial conditions than any that the world has seen. It might open new horizons unsuspected now; it might lead us to a greater wisdom. But if we consider only each race separately in its immediate future, we can scarcely doubt that suffering of great extent must be experienced. Even if in the course of time a successful fusion had been made, the new race would still be confronted by a bar, truly a sinister bar to mundane unity—the black contingent of mankind. It would be forced to decide whether it would for ever leave the negro to in-breed or whether it would cast aside all ethical, æsthetic and cultural feelings and repugnances, and admit him to the final union of the species. Upon the course which it might take we cannot speculate. Nature does not oppose the crossing, but tradition and sentiment forbid it. A fusion of white and brown would be a step in the direction of the crossing, but who can say that such a fusion will ever be produced?

Yet let us not be blind to the signs which present events afford. The West has trained the East to the use of its own arms. In its commercial zeal it has supplied it with the instruments of war. The day may come when it will be compelled to combine its forces to resist the will of allied Eastern rulers, possessed of the coercive means which it has itself provided. Let us not forget that there is in the Oriental a latent spirit of exultant cruelty which might make the domination of an Eastern will the greatest scourge the West had ever known. The natural opponents of the Western nations, so long as they remain separate, must be the Eastern peoples. As soon as the latter become powerful, they may seek to pay off ancient scores, and when they do, or if they do, what shall hinder them from following the course of men in history and striking where they find a vulnerable spot? One force alone, it seems, can act as an impediment—the force of a truly moral Western education, teaching, among other things, the folly and iniquity of war.

F CARREL.

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ON CATALOGUE READING

I WONDER sometimes why the discerning and sensitive reader should ever condescend to books while book catalogues are obtainable. The book catalogue is the dream, the ideal, the ever-alluring vision, beside which the library of actual books, be it Richard de Bury's or Locker-Lampson's, is but the dim and straitened real. "Let intellectual tubes give thee a glimpse of things which visive organs reach not," said Sir Thomas Browne, who would, I am sure, have written a meditation on catalogues had they flourished in his day as plentifully as they do in ours. It is almost to be wondered at that he did not do it, for the booksellers' catalogues of his own time, if unfrequent, were stately productions, with their resounding titles and elaborate descriptions. The first of them all was produced by William London, a bookseller of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1657, just one year before the publication of the "Hydriotaphia," and it boasted an introduction on the "Use of Books" which would not have been wholly unworthy of the pen of the philosophic doctor himself, and which, at the time, was attributed to the learned and pious Bishop Juxon. It is after this fashion that the worthy bookseller magnifies his office:

> These (the treasures of learning) are the true riches which cannot be taken from me; which are situate from the finger of the greedy plunderer. The evil fate of cloudy times cannot make me compound for these riches within, nor can the sequesterer deprive me of a thought; they are beyond his reach. The

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freedom of my soul hath a charter to uphold it that envy itself cannot touch nor break. I can traffic for knowledge in the midst of fiery combustions and perturbations and no cannon can reach me. I can sit in a contemplative cabin and no martial alarm can disturb me. . . Wisdom and knowledge are the very load-stones and attractives of honour; these are they which aggrandise a man's acceptation to the most wise with great affection and courtesy. His worth is perpetuated with the remembrance of honour.

There is a ring of reality in the passage when the date of its appearance is considered. In 1657, when Cromwell and his major-generals held a restive England in their iron control, an England which prayed for and pledged King Charles in secret; when Scotland still remembered its "Covenanted King," and the head of Montrose yet mouldered over Edinburgh Tolbooth, some of those phrases meant more than merely conventional philosophy. Royalist "plunderings" and Puritan "sequestrations" (they came to much the same thing under their lawless or lawful designations) were still burning memories, and happy he who, in the evil fate of cloudy times, had found for himself a retreat beyond the alarums of war and a treasure safe from despoilment. Yet, after all, the "Catalogue of the most Vendible Books in England" did but glorify learning and literature in the accepted manner. Sir Thomas, with his grave whimsicality, would have seen more in a catalogue than a mere roll and register of books. Turning over the leaves of the latest booklet from "The Pynson Head" or "The Caxton Press," one may imagine in what grave cadences, with what pomp of strange and magnificent diction, the writer of "Urn Buriall" would have philosophised over such a medley of past and present, such an ironical conjuncture of unfamiliar companions. "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppies," and not less blindly does the caprice of remembrance draw together these names and titles. Here are sober divines cheek by jowl with the rakes of the Restoration, writers of lampoons, love-songs, and unreadable plays. Here mystic and sceptic neighbour each other; and some rare missal, exquisite with the tracery in

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azure, vermilion, and gold, in which the pious mediæval scribe wrought his faith as well as his art, may, by the chance of cataloguing, be set next to Hobbes or Machiavelli. Immortal and ephemeral, too, take their places with scarce a distinction, unless it be that the fugitive and almost forgotten volume is likely to be the rarer in a book-collector's eyes. Now and again the compiler of the catalogue puts in a touch of significant and unconscious satire. Who can forbear a smile at such an item as "Christian Morals; scarce"?

Almost I am inclined to hold that the true catalogue reader should be above the materialism of buying; but that, I confess, is a counsel of perfection. Personally, I may avow that I buy when I can—and, sometimes, when by all the laws of right reason I cannot—and a catalogue is always a disappointment when it fails to afford a few agonising and almost irresistible temptations. Yet I can conceive of a true idealist who should enrich his imaginary library merely by reading and marking catalogues, and who should savour a subtle delight in constructing an entire book from the alluring and often illusive title. The earlier writers were kindlier in this respect, and whoso read their title-pages could divine the rest of the volume. To light on a book *shewing* (in black letter) *the Mirrour of Nobilitie; the Map of Honour, Anatomie of Rare Fortunes, Heroicall Presidents of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie and the most accomplished Knight of all Perfection*, is enough, surely, to put the reader in right valorous and chivalric mood. He were but a dullard who should need to read through the two thick volumes in quarto. That trumpet blast of a title is enough to suggest all Don Quixote's library of knightly romance, and, by the way, this in its original Spanish was among them and was condemned to be burned to ashes by that cruellest of censors, the Licentiate. Or, if theological rather than romantic literature be desired, what of such a title as this: *Christ's Victorie over Sathan's Tyrannie. Wherein is contained a Catalogue of all Christ's faithful Soldiers that the Divell either by his grand Captaines the Emperours or*

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his most dearly loved Sonnes and Heyres the Popes have most cruelly Martyred for the Truth." There is more of it, but surely that will suffice to show the passionate hate and fear of Rome which possessed England in 1611, a legacy from those days so near at hand which witnessed the fires of Smithfield and saw the galleons of Philip of Spain loom, pregnant with menace, on the sealine. I protest that no reasonable being ought to desire to labour through the long black letter record of martyrdoms, nor should it even be needful to touch the worn leather which bears in faded gilding the arms of Charles the Martyr; the item in the catalogue is suggestive enough of the ironic contrasts when the royal owner of the Protestant martyrology went to his "martyrdom"—not at the hands of Rome. Did any one say——? but then I never claimed that I was a reasonable being.

There are always plenty of Stuart books to be found in catalogues, and to those who know the writers the bare juxtaposition of names is often striking enough. Here on a late list I find two volumes side by side: Eikon Basilike and the life of Sir John Eliot—"The King's Book," with its pathetic portrayal of a faltering spirit lifted into strength, its poignant confession, "Thou knowest the contradiction between my heart and my hand," its final serene and steadfast resignation —I think no one who reads it can fail to be half-Royalist for the moment, or can question too closely whether the King's hand or another's has here limned for us the King's face. But following that, Sir John Eliot, the fiery patriot, the poetic visionary, bearing through long years of captivity a martyrdom beside which the swift enfranchisement of the axe was merciful, and bearing it for the sin of having opposed his King. I recall the spiritual beauty of Eliot's writings composed in prison, in "liberty of mind, for other liberty I know not," I remember that Charles refused to allow even his dead body to be borne to his Cornish home, and the "Royal Image" is blurred. Here are the items, mutely fronting each other with all the problems of opposing heroisms,

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irreconcilable ideals. And I turn over the leaf and pray in perplexity,

O make in me these civil wars to cease!

Fortunately, catalogues provide reading of less tragic significance. I am neither herald nor herbalist, but I delight in the pages devoted to those subjects; perhaps I delight in them the more because in that department I approach the ideal catalogue-reader and am content with the catalogue. To collect herbals and works on heraldry is to court speedy ruin, but their titles give charm to any list. Almost I prefer the herbals—herballs, they are more apt to call themselves, with their quaint, sweet-scented titles, Parkinson's Paradise, Gerard, Dodoens and the rest. Coming on one of them calls up a picture of some old-world pleasaunce, such as Bacon or Evelyn might have delighted in, fantastic with clipped yew, with my Lady's herb-garden, full of curious and beneficent simples, set within its sheltering walls. The old books, nay, the very names of them, make a space of green quietness and sunny fragrance, as does that exquisite and incongruous verse of the old hymn-writer dropped among the remote splendours of the New Jerusalem:

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

And to complete the visionary garden, here is a "Treatise on Dialling," with a long and learned sub-title, published at the Signe of the Marigold, in Paul's Churchyard, in the year 1686. Certainly there must be a sun-dial in every complete garden, offering its brief word of monition or mystical philosophy or, more rarely, its personal confession, like the one which, after its praise of solitude and sweet retiredness (all in scholarly Latin), breaks suddenly into thanksgiving to the Lord who crowns the work of our hands and closes with a triumphant 'Vivat Carolus Secundus." That inscription was cut soon

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after the glorious Restoration, and I am inclined to hope that the good Cavalier did not live to see too many hours and seasons measured on his loyal dial; he might have discerned spots on his new-risen sun of royalty. Catalogue reading may perhaps lead to discursiveness; it certainly affords a good variety of subject. I spoke of heraldry, and here I confess that I enjoy the frankly pompous style of the old writers. Modern works, however accurate and minute, fail in the resounding phraseology becoming to wearers of the tabard; but "Theatre of Honour and Knighthood," "The Mirror of Nobilite," "Honor Redivivus; an Analysis of Honor and Armory," these and their like sweep before us, a fine pageant of antiquated splendour. They recall the days when a knight's or noble's armorial bearings were fraught with a vital—it might be a mortal significance; when a misleading glimpse of de Montfort's White Lion heralded ruin at Evesham, and the confusion of Oxford's Star and Edward's "Sun with Stremys," blurred in the mist at Barnet, decided the fate of a dynasty. Yes, "the glories of our birth and state" can be well suggested by a bookseller's catalogue.

Or if perchance the reader be in adventurous mood, then what seas are for his sailing, what unmapped countries beckon him on. Old Hakluyt's "Traffiques and Discoveries" from which our later day singer of the Seven Seas caught up his title, and "Purchas his Pilgrimes," setting forth "A World of the World's Rareties by a World of Eye-witness Authors, Related to this World." These and many a less known volume offer the story of the venturers who pushed forth into yet uncharted waters and saw—ah, such wonders as none of us shall see, though we voyage beneath the Northern lights or seek that Afrique which no longer boasts dragons in its wastes, or hides in any jungle the City with Roofs of Gold. One of the sailors with old Hendrick Hudson saw a real mermaid with a tail much like a porpoise, I remember, and that encounter was but an incident among many scarce less marvellous. With the aid of these old, oddly spelled titles it is easy to outsail

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the most daring captains ever sent forth by Henry the Navigator, to reach El Dorado and the Fortunate Isles, to find the North-West Passage so many sought in vain, to look on the fabulous treasures of Inde, to return with captured Spanish galleons, dusky prisoners, and cargoes of spice and tropic wood. No need in such voyaging to come back, as did Raleigh, with "broken brains," or to meet with any fate of frustration. Never were actual seafarings, even in the spacious days, quite so wide, so mysterious, so richly guerdoned, as those suggested by the magnificent titles of the early chronicles.

There are other wanderings ready for the errant fancy, for here on one page are Nostradamus and Lilly, the latter specially impressive with his "Christian Astrology Modestly Treated of," and so on in a title which occupies the best part of a column offering to instruct the student "how to Judge or Resolve all Manner of Questions contingent unto Man." Worthy old Lilly, who juggled with the stars a trifle, it was said, when the Parliament urgently needed promise of a victory to appease the popular mood. They are only amusing to most of us now, those books of occultism with their apparitions, conjurations, and omens, and above all their pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone. El Dorado or the Philosopher's Stone, 'tis all one, still the eternal quest and vision, written legibly here on the pages of my catalogue. It is a shock to turn the leaf and come on Hudibras grimly mocking at the whole jargon of necromancy, but he brings one back from far voyaging, whether on actual seas or among misty speculations, and calls up the Restoration world of mordant wit, wearied frivolity, and artificial ardours; a world so much more dead and gone than that daring Elizabethan age of Traffiques and Discoveries, which still, across so many years, is quick with valiant life and fresh with all the winds of the seas. The time of the Restoration is as modish and out-moded as this enticing volume of "New Plays," dated 1660.

It seems to me that the older a book is the more instant and vital its appeal to the imagination when it is encountered

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in a catalogue. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that later books tempt to more ordinary methods of enjoyment; one wants to buy and read them. But these antique tomes, so fascinating to the fancy, do not always prove rewarding in possession. True, the old chronicles are almost invariably so vivid, so human, that it is worth while to descend from the heights of ideality, pay for and own them. Robert of Gloucester (alas, he can only be had in a comparatively recent edition) is keen and quick with living interest when once the oddities of his thirteenth-century English have been overcome; and the pictures he limns for us are distinct as those which gleam even now from the borders of early MSS.: saint and king and armoured knight, set for us in unfaded pigments in some square inches of vellum. The later, more familiar chronicles: Froissart and de Joinville, Holinshed, Hall, and Stowe need no celebration; the mere names of them call up *mêlée* and pageant, show us knights at tourney, kings in the sterner tilt-yard of battle, crusaders going forth to redeem the Holy Sepulchre—see, those drooping standards, that hush of mourning over camp and ships, mean that the ninth Louis, King and Saint, lies dying on strange soil at the outset of his sacred quest. It is of a very different Louis that Philippe de Commines, Sieur d'Argenton, has to tell in his shrewd, racy fashion—I wonder to how many people the name of de Commines or Louis XI. means—just Quentin Durward.

The chronicles, then, may be acknowledged as good to read as to read about, but I am not sure that the romance of old days is, when seen face to face, as romantic as their history. I love to linger over that delectable catalogue of books left by Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to the monks of Bordesley Abbey about the year of grace 1359. If one may judge by the proportion of volumes sacred and profane, the good brothers must have dreamed of banquet and tourney, the lists of honour and of love when they should have been conning their "Book of Hours." It is true there is a book of "The Evangels and Lives of the Saints," and divers other pious works, but they

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are lost among the Feats of Charlemagne and of William "de Loungespe." The volume which tells how Adam was driven forth of Paradise neighbours one containing a whole group of romances. Then follows a "Romance of Troy," one of Brutus and one of Constantine: "Un Volume de la Mort ly Roy Arthur"; "Un Volum del Romaunce de Amase e de Idoine"; "Un Volum en le quel sonnt contenuz les Enfaunce Nostre Seygneur"; and "Un petit rouge livere, en le quel sovnt contenuz mons diverse choses." That little red book which contains diverse things is, I think, the most fascinating item of all. I can make a guess at all the others, having dabbled at times in old-world romances and in Lives of the Saints, but that little red book is for ever sealed and set apart. Was it worldly or devout? How did Guy of Warwick come to include it in his library? What did the monks make of it, nameless waif and stray that it was, among the Lives of St. Bernard and St. Juliana and the Romances of Arthur and Alexander? It may have been studied and copied in the Scriptorium [did it have illuminations, I wonder?] or read, if the armarian allowed it, in the cloister garden, or— But the little red book is gone as utterly as the Library of Alexandria or Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities, and I shall never know the least of all the diverse things it held.

Those same romances which sound so gallantly and well in the list might chance to prove but dull reading nowadays, if they could all be recovered. At least such of the early knightly tales as have survived—leaving out the few immortals—drag somewhat in the telling. Huon of Bordeaux is too certain of having his fairy ally, King Oberon, at hand in any need; I come to doubt even of Oberon, which is shocking in the case of so well-authenticated a personage. Renaud of Montaubon, pattern of antique allegiance that he is, seems to me considerably less true and moving a character than his noble horse Bayard. On the whole, I prefer Fulke de Fitz Warin, that early and bewildering specimen of historical romance, which deals with a real man in a real country, and

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then brings fiery dragons sailing happily into the midst of the contentions of John Lackland and his barons. I will be content, therefore, for the most part to leave the old chivalric stories to enrich the pages of catalogues in company with their late and rather degenerate successors, "Le Grand Cyrus," and the other interminable "heroic" novels of France. True, there are the romances which can never lose hold on the heart. Seeing those the reader thinks not of the long-dead men and women —knights in broidered surcoat, ladies in *sasquenice* and coif —who may have listened to them in days by-gone, but of the ever living men and women who strive and love and grieve in the quaint old English. To see the *Morte d'Arthur* mentioned in any form, whether in the manuscript of the monks of Bordesley, or in the latest reprint of the day, is enough to beguile the fancy straightway into enchanted woodland ways where lances shiver in knightly encounter, where love rides a-Maying, and where the mystic Quest of the San Grael leads alike from earthly warfare and earthly love. Another book which is always suggestive is the very antithesis of Malory's chivalric tale in its emblazoned English. The "Vision of Piers Plowman" deals no less with wandering and with strife, and with a transcending love—a love that is "leach of all." But the word is significant. Will Langland, the singer of the peasant's woes and wrongs, sought no remote and shining vision, no city of Sarras, in the spiritual place; whereto only the elect knight may come. He sought a leech of love who should come into the real and harsh world with healing and deliverance, a saviour who should don peasant weeds,

> This Jhesus of his gentries
> Wol juste in Piers armes
> In his helm and haubergeon.

So the quest of this rough rhymer is by no woodland ways, but on the blank high road.

> I wole become a pilgrym
> And walken as wide

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As the world lasteth
To seeken Piers the Plowman
That Pryde maye destruye.

Pride, which is at the heart's root with Malory, for all his devoutness, a devoutness, indeed, which pales before the splendour of human love. "And therefore, lady," says Lancelot to the Queen, "sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection of right. For I take record of God in you I have had mine earthly joy." Yes, in the ideal library I collect from my catalogues, and possible in the real one which is less sumptuous, I put the courtly chronicler of knighthood beside the harsh singer of plowman and peasant, and so try to complete the picture of that mediæval world which held thrall and outlaw as well as minstrel and knight errant.

It may be not unreasonably protested that such wandering thoughts as I have here set down might be as well suggested by the ownership of books as by the desire of them; that in fact a library would answer the purpose quite as well as a catalogue. But a library has its limits, and so has the owner thereof, whereas I can mark on catalogues more books than I dare ever hope to possess or could read through if I had them. Moreover the books actually on my shelves have bodies as well as souls and clamour for care. I want to be able to claim that like a book-collector of old,

Full goodly bound in pleasant coverture
Of Damas, Sathin, or els of velvet pure
I keepe them sure, fearing least they should be lost.

Elia well knew the pathos of "shivering folios" which lack worthy binding, while "blockheaded encyclopædias" go warm in Russia or Morocco. But the dream volumes called from a catalogue are above material needs. They demand neither shelf-room nor dusting; them the book-worm devours not and they are secure from the hand of the borrower. Then, too, how swift the transitions of the catalogue from grave to gay, from ancient to modern. Led by such a freakish guide it is

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indeed possible to "go sailing on a wish from world to world." It should have been, even if it was not, a catalogue which inspired Burton's famous outburst over the infinite variety afforded by study.

> For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts and sciences to the sweet content and capacity of the reader? In arithmetic, geometry, perspective, optic, astronomy, architecture, *sculptura, pictura*, of which so many and such elaborate treatises are of late written. . . What vast tomes are extant in law, physic and divinity, for profit, pleasure, practice, speculation, in verse or prose? their names alone are the subject of great volumes. . . Such is the excellency of these studies that all those ornaments, and childish bubbles of wealth, are not worthy to be compared to them.

Clearly the best way of realising the world which offers itself "to the sweet content and capacity of the reader" is by glancing from name to name, from title to title, pursuing for a few vagrant moments the train of thought suggested by each. Many an item in a catalogue is entertaining where the book itself might scarce be worth shelf-room. I do not greatly desire to own "Proteus Redivivus; or the Art of Wheedling," but a cynic might find satisfaction in reflecting that the good old art is no more out of fashion now than it was in 1675, and that much of our art, literature and commerce thrives by a liberal use of wheedling—now more commonly known as advertisement. I have read—in a mere modern reprint—Peacham's "Worth of a Penny or a Caution to keep Money," with its amazing list of goods to be had for a penny, but how much richer in significance does that same quaint tract appear when it is in the form of a small quarto issued in 1664? Almost I am persuaded that there may be real helpfulness in his instructions, promised in the title, "what honest courses Men in Want may take to live," though probably if I bought the book I should not find much practical assistance. Peacham himself appears to have written for a living, a course not to be commended, unless one is willing to take, as did old Stowe, a licence to beg, bestowed as reward of literary labours and "encouragement" to others to pursue the same.

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I like, too, the personal element which imparts an interest, pathetic, humorous or sometimes tragic, to these printed columns. A satire on the Romish priesthood entitled *Rede me and be nott wrothe, For I say no thynge but trothe*, sounds only whimsically amusing till one reads that the author paid for his heretical opinions, dying at the stake in Portugal. The owners as well as the writers of old books cast light and shadow of memory across them. What of a volume once owned by Anthony Babington, that reckless young conspirator lured to his death by the smile of Mary Stuart, and bearing on the fly-leaf a few lines believed to be from the hand of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, prouder and nobler victim to the Stuart doom? I never saw the book in the body, but it stands in a place of honour in the library of my dreams.

The association need not be heroic, however, to impress the imagination. The brief, constantly recurring notes in the catalogue, "marginalia in contemporary hand," "name on fly-leaf," "fine old armorial book-plate," how poignant are those records of bygone possessors! No pious or philosophic meditations ever so bring home to me the instability of all our goods and gauds as do these old book-plates proudly claiming the volume for an owner who is—where? Does he remember his treasures and watch them with a jealous wistfulness as they slip into other, perhaps less loving hands; is he aware that his Elzevirs are driftwood on the bookstalls, or has he grown incurious of earthly wisdom, indifferent to earthly possession? The most significant book-plate I know shows a book, its leaves held open by an hour-glass, the shifting sand well run, with the brief motto, "To-day Mine." Not many book-collectors would care to face that inscription on their beloved tall folios and first editions, but however fanciful their book-plates, however superb in heraldic pomp, they mean to the next owner "Yesterday, Thine."

Truly catalogues tend to become as elegiac as Gray in a Country Churchyard. It is time to turn to blither and kindlier items; to choose some of those books which will not lend

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themselves to melancholy. They are not so many, after all. I have known wilfully pessimistic people who could become quite tearful over the reminiscences of lost childhood enshrined in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." But to do anything of the sort is a wilful misuse of the dear little red book which contains as many and delightful diverse things as did ever the little red book of the monks of Bordesley and which offers the key to Wonderland to grown-ups as well as children. I came on a first edition of it lately in a catalogue, and frankly and shamelessly preferred it to a whole row of classical writers from the press of Aldus Minutius and to a beautiful vellum-bound Works of Justin, philosopher and martyr, printed by Frobenius, which had got astray from the library of the Royal Society and carried with it learned memories of Roger Boyle and his air-pump, Kenelm Digby with his Powder of Sympathy, and all the other dilettante scientists of the seventeenth century. Alice and her White Rabbit positively routed all the great personages of the catalogue, and I went off with her to look for the mushroom by which to grow taller or shorter at will—a more noteworthy vegetable than any ever investigated by the Royal Society.

Ah, well, the time has come, not to talk of many things as the immortal Walrus, but to stop talking of them and go back to my catalogues. They hold, I know, many more temptations and delights, and there is no completing the library they suggest. In another world, as the true book-lover has dreamed, it may be possible to settle to reading in a thorough and leisurely manner.

I have a thought that, as we live elsewhere,
So will these dear creations of the brain;
That what I lose unread, I'll find, and there
Take up my joy again.

O then the bliss of blisses, to be freed
From all the wants whereby the world is driven;
With liberty and endless time to read
The libraries of heaven!

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Meantime, here on earth, we can read but few and possess still fewer of our desired books. Have I not sighed and dreamed over countless volumes which cried out to have me as their owner, and our mutual desire was all in vain? "The children of Alice call Bartram father," and my rare Civil War pamphlets, my Hakluyt and Purchas, my black-letter Chaucer and my complete Pater, repose on the shelves of the collector and the millionaire. In heaven, perhaps, I shall have them for my own, sealed with an imperishable book-plate. Meantime, I mark my catalogues.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

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SAVAGES AND CLOTHES

THAT the adoption of clothes by races accustomed to go naked affects their health is a theory familiar to those who take interest in the ethics of savagery. It receives official countenance in the last Report upon Native Affairs in South Africa. But the authorities take a cheerful view. The mischief is assigned to ignorance of laws which have become instincts with people used to wear clothes and neglect of cleanliness; "but the hard school of experience will teach the Kaffir, as it has taught us, to be more careful." To some minds, perhaps over-scrupulous, it may seem questionable whether we should congratulate ourselves upon a change of habits, very dubiously beneficial and certainly attended by much pain, disease, and death, while the necessary "experience" is being gathered; but this is not to our purpose. Why or how the adoption of clothes impairs the health of a naked savage was demonstrated in the answer to a circular issued by the Government of Cape Colony in 1885, cited by Mr. McCall Theal. It invited magistrates and officers, missionaries, and the leading traders in native territory to furnish information upon various points. One question ran: "Are there any causes in operation tending to affect the future increase of the natives?"—in plain words, to diminish it. Most replies were affirmative, and among other reasons they assigned the use of clothes. The unsophisticated Kaffir is cleanly in his way; he often bathes, though after the operation he daubs his body with red clay and grease. But having once put on a shirt he

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does not take it off for any purpose whatever. Rain cannot harm a naked man; he rolls his kaross tight, and on gaining shelter he has a warm wrap to put on, perfectly dry. But the unfortunate in European clothes must march draggled and shivering. At his journey's end he crouches over the fire, and thus slowly dries himself; the thought of removing his wet garments never occurs to him. So it comes about that all the train of lung diseases and inflammations have been introduced, and continually gather strength. It is alleged that rheumatism was scarcely known among Kaffirs—some say was not known at all—before they took to clothes. In this way the perilous increase of the native may diminish, through a general lowering of health; for those practical experts of 1885 did not anticipate apparently, as do their successors, that the Kaffir would learn to be more careful in a short time. Attention once called to the evil influence of clothes upon human beings unused to them further testimony soon came to hand. Mr. Carl Lumholtz remarked in Australia that when the natives "begin to wear shirts they become subject to rheumatism and fever." Lung diseases which were formerly unknown are now common. Presently Messrs. Spencer and Gillow added their testimony:

> The kindness of the white man who supplies a black with stray bits of clothing is by no means conducive to the longevity of the natives. . . The natural result is that no sooner do they come into contact with the whites than phthisis and other diseases make their appearance; after a comparatively short time all that can be done is to gather the few remnants of the tribe into some Mission station, where its final extinction may be made as pleasant as possible.

Thus it seems that if the introduction of clothes may be expected to lower the health of Kaffirs and check their increase it can actually exterminate peoples less robust. Probably the drink fiend has been maligned for once; the charge of wiping out many curious human stocks should be transferred from his shoulders to those of the misguided philanthropist and the enterprising trader who clothed their nakedness.

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But larger considerations arise. Perhaps most readers still assume that the general health of savages is lower than our own. Reaction against the sentimental view of barbarism is not yet exhausted. But such questions are answered in these days, not by deductive arguments as of old, but by facts accumulated and compared. Speaking from very wide travel, I myself have no doubt that naked men in general suffer vastly less from sickness than we; but it is not necessary to take such a wide field for discussion. South Africa offers ground enough. In that same official inquiry of 1885 it was asked whether Bantu or Europeans lived longest? Nearly all the replies agreed that the former reach more venerable years on an average. But doctors and sanitary reformers insist above all on the greater prolongation of life in this country as evidence of improved health and satisfactory conditions generally. If that view be sound, the blacks of South Africa must have the advantage, when they live longer still. But some of the authorities consulted gave as one reason for their belief the general good health of the natives, in which "prolonged observation shows that they greatly surpass Europeans." The argument runs: they must live longer because they do not suffer so much from disease. It is taken for granted. Another question asked, "Why decrepit, infirm, and half-breed children are not found among Kaffirs?" Again there is testimony to the sound health of these naked people in the general reply that "owing to their robust constitutions very few decrepit children are born." The explanation to which we are more accustomed follows: cripples used to be put to death; now they "get lost;" accidents befall them; at best they are neglected. All this must obviously be true, but one cannot help dwelling rather on the broad statement, that malformed children are rare because parents are so strong. The scarcity of half-breeds does not concern our theme, but the facts reported are so curious and so little understood that a digression may be allowed. It seems that mulattos are seldom to be found except among the semi-civilised natives, or in places

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where shipwrecked or renegade white men have been living as adopted members of a clan. "There is no disgrace to which a native female is subject equal, in the opinion of her kinsfolk, to that of giving birth to a half-breed child." Certainly this is not the state of things we are used to suppose in Europe. But the statement applies only to Bantu races—perhaps, indeed, only to the most virile of these; Hottentot and "Bastard" tribes feel no repugnance to the mixture of blood.

If we be justified in taking length of days as a sign of constitutional vigour, it is unfortunate that exact statistics of the age of savages can scarcely be obtained. Even circumstantial evidence, however positive, may be untrustworthy. In 1885 a very large number of Kaffirs still living professed to have taken part in a famous battle of the year 1818. Fingos surviving had been grown up when the tribe fled from Natal in 1821, Zulus had warred with the Voertrekkers at the same date under Mosselekatze—and they were sturdy veterans yet at eighty-five or so. But such cases are by no means unprecedented in Europe; the force of the argument depending on them is governed simply by the number. And this the Report does not give, content with the assertion that it is "very large." In Europe it is not unusual to meet with veterans who claim to have been present at fights and other notable events which prove to have occurred when they were in the nursery, but it may very well be that Kaffirs would not venture to tell a falsehood in such case, nor could deceive themselves. Certainly there is remarkable evidence forthcoming to support the view that savages live to a great age. The most striking instance is that of Magomba, Chief of Kanyenye. Burton made his acquaintance in 1857, and described him then as a very old man—with grandsons scarcely to be distinguished from himself in the tokens of age, and great-grandsons past their prime. But Cameron found him still ruling his people in 1875, little changed apparently after eighteen years. We are told that his third set of teeth had failed lately, and he was

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just cutting a fourth. A mistake of identity is impossible, though one need not credit that he renewed his teeth four times. Apropos of Magomba, Cameron recalled an instance mentioned by Livingstone, which may be accepted on his authority. At Pembereh in 1871 Livingstone found a man who had children thirty years old when Dr. Lacerda passed through M'Kazemba's kraal in 1796; he could scarcely have been less than fifty years old at the time, which would make him a hundred and twenty-five in 1871. But the Arabs assured Cameron that the same worthy was extant in 1874! Memory does not furnish any other examples, supported by authorities like these; but every traveller and every resident in Africa is impressed with a conviction that the blacks live to a great age —in fact, they take it for granted, like the magistrates, missionaries, and traders questioned by the Cape Government. While writing I note a paragraph in the morning's paper: "There are three hundred centenarians in Cape Colony, according to the last census. All but two are natives." It may be urged that the birth and death of many great chiefs have been registered in the last cenutury, none of whom reached years approaching the fabulous, though a very large proportion exceeded three score and ten. But while the Kaffirs were independent, if a reigning chief showed signs of feebleness, forthwith the Indunas began to concert his "happy despatch." Perhaps the custom is not yet dropped. Chaka sought the life of Nathaniel Isaacs, a trader who was so honest as to confess his inability to furnish an elixir of youth; for the great conqueror found his strength failing, and, says Isaacs:

> The King of the Zulus must never exhibit proofs of having become unfit to reign. That would be at once a signal for him to prepare to make his exit from this world, it being always followed by the death of the monarch.

So we cannot draw any conclusion from the fact that none of the great chiefs have been centenarians, since their ages were known with certainty.

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Other peoples unburdened with clothing are very long-lived, especially the Indians of America, North and South. Tschudi declares that a hundred and thirty years is "by no means singular" in Peru—"and they keep perfect health at that age, with unimpaired faculties." He himself in 1839 examined the baptismal register of an Indian born in 1697. The man told him that from eleven years of age he had taken coca daily; to that drug both whites and natives attribute their long life. But for ninety years this ancient personage had not tasted water. Stevenson examined the church registers at Barranca, Peru, and in seven years he found the burial of eleven Indians whose age averaged one hundred and nine. But a more impressive witness may be cited. Both in Mexico and Peru Humboldt was struck with the number of very old Indians, and the incredible antiquity of some among them. We may be sure it was not without a due sense of responsibility that he declared he had "very often seen them over a hundred years old," in Mexico, especially women. They seldom had grey hair, and their faces were little wrinkled. While at Lima an Indian died at the age of one hundred and forty-three. At ninety he married a woman who lived to a hundred and seventeen. Blindness overtook him at a hundred and thirty, but till that misfortune he used to walk three or four leagues daily. One daughter survived him, aged seventy-seven. Humboldt makes these statements positively; doubtless he had satisfied himself that they were exact. Much the same report comes from Brazil, where, in Minas Geraes, old people of a hundred and twenty or more may be seen, scarcely conscious of the burden of age.

Among the Indians of Minas Geraes also, Mr. Dent roundly asserts, "there is no illness"; one is reminded of a statement in Mr. Theal's History. The Hottentots were attacked by a mysterious disease in 1674. The Board of Directors, so to call them, in Holland, asked Governor Goska what complaints specially afflicted the natives. After inquiry, doubtless, he replied that they were not subject to any fatal

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malady, before the arrival of white men. Famine thinned their numbers periodically, but no consequences followed. Many reached a great age. But as soon as they mixed with Europeans disease began to appear. And the Governor attributed this disastrous change to the readiness with which they adopted strange food and habits. From the first Hottentots took to European ways, showing no trace of the independent spirit which long preserved the more virile Kaffir tribes; in fact, compulsion was needed to make Zulus, Gaikas and the rest abandon their ancient habits. So pure-bred Hottentots have almost vanished from the long-settled districts of Cape Colony; to obtain a specimen of their anatomical peculiarities becomes more and more difficult, though traces are common enough. It has been remarked that no mention of leprosy occurs in the early records of South Africa. Public attention seems to have been drawn to the pest in the middle of the eighteenth century, when a white sufferer was discovered. But no malady is more conspicuous and none so horrifying. That it existed at an earlier date is not to be questioned, but surely it must have been very rare indeed to escape public notice so long. Those who show Hottentot blood are still most subject to it. In a report of my visit to the Leper Hospital at Hopetown more than thirty years ago, I wrote: "Kaffirs are found among the patients, but rarely; Hottentots, Korannas and Bushmen are the victims." It may be suspected that the appalling increase is due to the adoption of clothes and other customs of the white man.

The rarity of Bantu cripples and malformed children has been noticed. Humboldt made the same remark on his travels. During five years in Mexico and South America he declares: "I saw no person afflicted with bodily deformity," nor even squinting. But the influence of clothes was not suspected then, and Humboldt found himself unable to believe that congenital defects arise from the "progress of civilisation or luxurious life or corruption of morals." So he

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was driven to conclude that our mercenary marriages are responsible above all! They perpetuate deformities which under natural conditions die out with the individual. The cause seems hardly sufficient. It is not true, Humboldt protests, that hardships kill the weakly children in America—they are not born. Corruption had gone so far with the Aztecs in Montezuma's day that he could find dwarfs and humpbacks, as the Conquistadores report, to wait at his table. The search would be vain now—that is, it would have been a century ago. Possibly these wretched creatures are beginning to reappear.

That the naked races are physically stronger on an average will not be disputed, I apprehend, by any experienced person. There may be exceptions, but they must be sought with patience. It would not be exaggeration to say that the average with most of them is equal to that of our trained athletes. At the beginning of African discovery Lander noted this fact with emphasis. Observing three men occupied in raising a load to the shoulders of a porter, he supposed them either weak or shirking—for how should a single person carry what three cannot lift with ease? But on trying, Lander found that he could not move the load an inch, and he noted in his diary "not till after an experiment like this, does the amazing strength of the African appear!" Such practical evidence could be accumulated without measure. Few travellers who keep a journal fail to record the astonishment they felt at some proof of their attendants' vigour, and assuredly seamen who have had those tremendous Krooboys for shipmates will not dispute their supremacy in muscle. Sir Joseph Thompson described his Zanzibari porters, with "sixty to seventy pounds upon their heads, and guns in their hands, patiently toiling up precipitous mountains by the hour together without once stopping to rest, probably singing or shouting all the time." Not Africans only show greater strength than ours; on the average it is the same with many naked peoples, not to say most. Our Indian fellow subjects must not be included among these, though they wear as little as may be when at

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work or in private; but the British Government most jealously forbids any trial of strength between soldier and sepoy. It is prudent. Mr. Mouat and Mr. Mann agree that the little Andamanese, whom we are taught to call Mincoopis nowadays, handle with ease a bow which the strongest of our blue jackets cannot bend. And their running is "like a bullet." I think the present Rajah Brooke has published an instance of Dyak power and endurance which I myself heard from all concerned, upon the spot, two or three weeks after the event. Mr. Walter Watson, afterwards of the Malay Confederated States Service, broke down on a campaign. He was more than six feet high and quite proportionately big. While his comrades were deliberating how to return such a heavy man to the base along a jungle path, a Dyak chief interposed: "If Tuan Watson can sit in his chair, I'll carry him," he said. And this little fellow, certainly not 5 ft. 2 in., actually did transport the sick giant, doing the first stretch of seven miles in rough forest, without a rest. Such a feat as that must be exceptional, but only athletes of Europe could match the ordinary Dyak youth, averaging 5 ft. 3½ in. at most. And it may be said of them, as of the Hottentots in better days, that they had no fatal maladies until smallpox and the rest were introduced. Lung affections are unknown, and I saw but one case of rheumatism. Malarial fevers attack them, but they are local and not grave. It is significant that St. John's exhaustive volumes contain no reference to disease, except the forms of *Korip*, which are sadly disfiguring but appear to have no constitutional effect. It may be noted in passing that a Chinese doctor cured a bad example of *Korip*, which had defied Bishop MacDougal—a physician of repute before he entered the Church. Mrs. MacDougal herself tells the story. Dr. Wallace's enthusiastic report of the Caribs among whom he lived upon the Amazons is well known. I transcribe only a few lines. "Their figures are generally superb, and I have never felt so much pleasure in gazing at the finest statue as at these living illustrations of the beauty of the human form. The development of the chest is

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such as, I believe, never exists in the best-formed European, exhibiting a splendid series of convex undulations without a hollow in any part of it." I find no allusion to disease beyond affections of the skin in certain tribes. Many go quite naked; none have more than the breech-clout.

The strength of the Indian miners in America astonishes all who observe them. Humboldt says that the Mexicans carry 240 lbs. to 380 lbs. from the lowest depth to the surface; he himself made the journey once, unladen, and very tired he was—but they climb up and return all day. That charming writer, Byam, whose "Wild Life in Central America" compares with Belt's famous volume, gives a similar report of the Chili Indians. He found their load 250 lbs. to 260 lbs. generally, but on one occasion it reached 380 lbs., and this the man carried from the bottom of a deep mine up ladders made by simply cutting notches in a tree. The feats of Indians described in "Unknown Mexico" oblige us to bear constantly in mind that Lumholdz was travelling for the Smithsonian Institute on a scientific mission, and therefore must be trustworthy. A youth carried more than 100 lbs. for a hundred and ten miles in seventy hours. The Tarahumari Indians "easily run a hundred and seventy miles without stopping." One man carried a letter and brought back a reply, six hundred miles, in five days. They have grand matches, and in one, which Lumholdz witnessed, the course was a circuit of fourteen miles, which had to be traversed twelve times—a hundred and sixty-eight miles! I do not recollect that he mentions the time spent. They run at a slow jog-trot on these occasions, but all the same they "habitually" pull down a buck. Their "health is wonderful."

We are so familiar with the recuperative power of "natives" when wounded that it has come to be looked upon as a special faculty granted them by Providence. Mention of Bishop MacDougal, a few lines back, recalls an instance which he himself described to me. After the important action of the *Rainbow* with Lanun pirates, one of the

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latter was brought aboard with the top of his skull sliced off so effectually that it hung only by the skin. The Bishop, tending the wounded, raised this fragment like a lid and curiously observed the brain; but, thinking the case hopeless, he passed on, directing his assistants to bind the head together. Looking out of his cabin at the evening meal he saw this man squatted among the crew, feebly eating his portion of rice; and when the prisoners went ashore, I forget how many days afterwards, he landed with the rest, walking without assistance. A story very similar is told by Carl Bok on his own observation; he adds that a European would not have recovered for three years, supposing he did not die forthwith; this Malay was "all right" in three weeks. Pritchard, the missionary, describes how a Samoan boy of his was shot through the chest, "as he breathed, the air seemed to come from the wound." Nothing could be done for him besides applying a piece of young banana leaf daily. But in eight weeks he was "as well as ever." It is undeniable, as Pritchard says, that "wounds which in a white man would bring on mortification, in these Samoans heal with simple daily bathings and cleanliness." But with wider knowledge he would not have limited his remark to one tribe of savages. It is of universal application or almost. One morning a negro crawled into Junker's camp, holding the contents of his body, which had been slashed from side to side. A comrade replaced them and bound him up; nothing more was done, but "to my great surprise the wound healed almost completely in a few days." Sir Charles Wilson wrote: "These Soudanis are really like bits of india-rubber; it is perfectly extraordinary how they bear wounds and how rapidly they heal up." At Chitral, Colonel Younghusband was moved to say:

> There is no doubt that Asiatics stand wounds inflicted by sword or bullet infinitely better than Europeans. Injuries that would kill an Englishman, or at least would lay him up for months, affect these hardy and abstemious mountaineers in a manner very much less severe. Imagine having the whole lock of a gun blown into one's shoulder and going about as if nothing had

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happened! Such a lock was cut out by one of our surgeons several months after. They report the most marvellous cases of recovery.

These examples of the strength, physical and constitutional, which attend savage life are but illustrations of a rule almost universal—for I apprehend that the swift recovery from wounds is only evidence of supreme vigour. We commonly assign it, like Colonel Younghusband, to "abstemiousness" and wholesome food. But this does not seem to be enough. European peoples of the South are abstemious happily, and have been since records began, but they are not superior to northerners at any of the points with which we are concerned—rather the reverse. Upon the other hand, many savages, like the Samoans and the Dyaks, drink till they are helpless for days when a feast is held—and use decoctions which seem at least to be rank poison. Both in Peru and Mexico the Indians are habitually drunken. Negroes consume a vast deal of beer and Trade gin, without prejudice to "toddy," and many Kaffirs smoke dacha besides—most harmful of all stimulants probably. Nor will the difference of food suffice, though the woman who absorbs tannic acid under the name of tea must have rickety children. All our artificial customs, acting together for unnumbered generations, have wrought the mischief; but most effective, doubtless, has been the use of clothes, because that is most unnatural. Nakedness is the only condition universal among vigorous and healthy savages—at every other point perhaps they differ. But most of us have quite forgotten that human beings, just like other animals, are unprovided by Nature with any sort of covering. Respectable persons would be shocked and indignant at the suggestion that man was designed to go about his business "all face." We have reached the stage when a toddling child must be clothed from head to foot, with an extra coat if it steps out of doors, and gaiters added when there is a wind. Until a few years ago it had bare legs at least—no great concession to the laws of Nature; but even that is unusual now. A baby's feet are cased in wool at a few days old, and so remain, if the intelli-

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gent and careful mother has her way. I remember Sir W. Thompson denouncing this wicked stupidity in a speech which roused excitement at the time. He declared his mature conviction that half the ailments which afflict us in age are due to the persistent muffling of our feet in childhood. All parts of the body suffer, become enfeebled and prone to disease, when those important members are not allowed free access to the air. The dullest understand that to raise puppies and kittens as we raise children would be stupid and cruel, while plants would not even live; but the complacent belief that human beings differ essentially from all other creatures nullifies any consideration of the sort. Some stir followed Sir W. Thompson's denunciation, but it soon passed. Lately we have seen another effort of common sense to assert itself. Children, and even adults, appeared in sandals. But a cry of indecency arose, and the movement is almost spent.

It is urged that the cold of Europe makes even bare feet impossible through the greater part of the year; and this is true for us, protected from infancy. But shoes were banned as effeminate in the happier times of Greece and [Rome, nor were they worn by the people until the barbarians imposed their fashion. The Edicts of Honorius show that self-respecting Romans protested against trousers until the fifth century; with long hair and fur coats "of the barbarian style" they were forbidden within the precincts of the city. One of Vitellius's generals disgusted the cultured class by wearing trousers and long sleeves, after the Gallic manner, and in that shameful dress—"only fit for savages," says Tacitus—talking to blameless gentlemen in the toga. So the Romans contrived to get along comfortably with no covering for their limbs, and for the most part with toes bare, until swamped by the "savages." They certainly were unacquainted with several of the maladies that afflict us, and probably suffered less from those they knew; it is to be noted that "gout was very rare even in my own recollection," says Pliny. The fact is that a man feels cold in proportion as he is used to clothing. If he

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never wore shoes, he does not know the meaning of cold feet —and if the feet are not uncomfortable, the body is well enough. We need not go to ancient times for an example. In Elizabeth's reign, and I know not how long after, the Irish wore only a breech-clout and a mantle. Fynes Moryson's statement is explicit: "In the remote parts, where English laws and manners are unknown, the very chief of the Irish, as well men as women, go naked in the winter time," barring the garments aforesaid. "This I speak of my own experience;" but the very odd illustration which follows rests on the authority of a Bohemian baron whom he met travelling in the O'Kane country. Whatever their misfortunes, the Irish laid in a stock of health at that time which a large proportion of them have never lost under the bare-foot ragged conditions which kind-hearted ignorance thinks misery unredeemed. It is regarded as a standing wonder that children scarcely clad, scarcely housed, "dragged" up, as Lamb puts it, in such wretchedness, should become taller men and women, stronger in muscle and constitution, less subject to disease, than our own, so infinitely better tended. But it is just because they approach so nearly to the condition of savages in scantiness of clothing that the Irish approach them also so nearly in vigour. Sir W. des Voeux noticed a fine English family in Guiana, "the healthiest young people I ever saw in the tropics," he writes. The proud parents told him their recipe—neither boy nor girl had been allowed to wear shoes or stockings. Long since thoughtful men have protested against our habit of muffling the limbs. In his great work on the "Epidemics of the Middle Ages" Dr. Hecker says that Englishmen were ridiculed upon the Continent for their extreme precautions against cold. Nearly five centuries ago Dr. John Kaye, whose name, Latinised to "Caius," is preserved by the foundation of Gonville and Caius College, wrote his "Boke against the Sweating Sickness." Therein he says:

> The olde manly hardnes, stoute courage and peinfulnes of Englande is utterly driven awaye; in the stede wherof men nowadaies receive woman-

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lines and become nice, not able to withstand a blaste of winde . . . and children be so brought up that if they be not all daie by the fire with a toste and butire and in their furres, they be streighte sicke.

To these habits the sagacious doctor attributed the epidemic.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

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DEAN CHURCH

HISTORY not infrequently has lived on short commons that theology may grow strong. The names of Green and Stubbs and Creighton are enough to show that she has given not sparingly and of her best to her sister science, and no doubt less obvious examples may be drawn from other ages and other countries. In this company of great men Dean Church is conspicuous. Cherishing a reverent affection for the past, able to see far and to place himself at many points of view, slow to arrive at a decision, infinitely patient and careful, and endowed with a finished style, he had all the qualities required of a great historian; and he shows it in the fragments he has left us. For no large work ever came from his hand, and we are compelled to be content with some priceless cameos—a few clean-cut gems of biography and several sermons, characteristic products of the Tractarian School, direct, dignified, infinitely eloquent in their simplicity.

The events of Church's life are few, and they shall be told with all the brevity he would have desired. Born in 1815 and elected in 1838 to an Oriel Fellowship, he passed through the crisis of the Oxford Movement at the most impressionable period of his life. In 1852, on his approaching marriage, he left Oxford for Whatley, a small Somersetshire parish, where he worked as rector till 1871. In that year Gladstone forced him to accept the Deanery of St. Paul's, which he retained in face of several offers of promotion, including that of the Archbishopric, until his death in 1890. It was a period which saw

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great changes, and in which great issues were tried both at home and abroad; but probably the most public occasion for him was when, as Proctor, he vetoed the proposed vote of censure on "Tract 90," thus saving a friend from dishonour and an University from disgrace. He was one of those who influence the world not by what they do, but by what they are.

A convenient setting for his life is suggested by the subject of some of his earliest and most congenial work—St. Anselm. Doubtless his catholic spirit found a particular pleasure in writing of one so eminent for excellence in the three great departments of human life—morality and thought and action. It is, at any rate, not inappropriate to group his life after the mediæval model, and consider him in turn as scholar, statesman, and saint.

Church had no enemies, but, had there been such, they would not have denied him the palm of wide and accurate knowledge. He knew something of science; his review of "Vestiges of Creation" won the praise of Sir Richard Owen. Theology he handled with the grasp of one who has proved by experience that his beliefs are true; and he had a sufficient acquaintance with philosophy and metaphysics. But it was assuredly history that he found most congenial. He possessed the two essential qualities of an historian—sympathy and severity. Beneath his searching eye the movements of societies and the characters of men seem to be tried and valued by no ordinary standard. He is exquisitely sensitive to all that is noble, or beautiful, or grand in the life of nations or of statesmen. To every quality and every aspiration he gives its proper praise. But behind the criterion of intellectual attainment he never allows us to forget that there is another—infinitely more exacting; so that what he says of Dante among poets becomes true of himself among historians:—

> No one who could understand and do homage to greatness in man, ever drew the line so strongly between greatness and goodness and so unhesitatingly placed the hero of this world only—placed him in all his magnificence, honoured with no timid or dissembling reverence—at the distance of worlds below the place of the lowest saint.

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And Church never wavers in his affirmation of this uncomfortable doctrine. We find him paying the loftiest tribute to Newton, and then warning us in the immediate sequence that St. Paul in one order of greatness—the greatness of goodness—was immeasurably superior to Newton in another. But this is only what we should expect from one who had so perfectly assimilated all that is best in Pascal:

> Tous les corps ensemble et tous les esprits ensemble, et toutes leurs productions, ne valent pas le moindre mouvement de charité; car elle est d'un ordre infiniment plus élevé.

Indeed, if Lord Acton had wished to enforce by illustration that duty of the historian to which he attached so great importance—the duty of reviewing the events and characters of history in the white light of the highest moral standard—he could have found no better example than the work of Dean Church. What other biographer would have dreamed of opening a life of Bacon with the warning that "the life of Francis Bacon is one which it is a pain to write or to read"? The judges of history themselves are brought before the bar. Is there elsewhere so just an appreciation of Gibbon's merits and defects as Church has contrived to fit into a sentence?

> Gibbon who, in his taste for majesty and pomp, his moral unscrupulousness, and his scepticism, reflected the genius of the Empire, of which he recounted the fortunes; but who in his genuine admiration of public spirit and duty, and in his general inclination to be just to all, except only to the Christian name, reflects another and better side of Roman character.

To his austerity Church unites the other quality essential to a great historian. He is infinitely sympathetic. He has the power of throwing himself into the difficulties of a crisis, of placing himself (with a single exception in the case of Cromwell) at the standpoint of the character he has to judge, and of measuring at least approximately the possibilities of morality in the age of which he is writing. But, when every allowance has been made and every plea considered, the scales are dressed with rigid justice, and we seem to see the man as he will

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appear when the judgment is set and the books are opened. Assuredly he who can deal thus with great causes and great characters, who can balance all without bias or prejudice, who can refrain from making surrenders to an alert and ever ready sympathy, has won the great prize of the historian, and sees things no longer in the light of time, but in the light, if not of eternity, at least of its brilliant and dazzling reflection.

Church's most important contribution to the philosophy of history—and all true history aims at being philosophical—is contained in his lectures on the "Gifts of Civilisation," where he examines the effect of Christianity upon the structure of Society. He begins by inquiring into the state of Roman Society in the early days of the Empire, and finds it, as many have done before and since, rotten to the core. A period of unequalled triumph had been succeeded by a painful decay. It was not so much that aspiration had diminished or ability declined, or devotion to the public service disappeared; but somehow the old forces no longer produced the old effects. Men had outgrown the religious conceptions of their forefathers, and the popular new-fangled creeds had no power to stir their souls. So the baser-minded citizens had steeped themselves in licence and the nobler in despair. At the crisis of this unaccountable lethargy Rome came into contact with Christianity and bathed herself deeply at the sources of life. Emerging rejuvenated and restored, she entered upon another epoch and fulfilled another destiny. In her fresh strength, she kept the gate of civilisation against the Moslem invader; she replaced the book of resignation by the book of hope, Marcus Aurelius by St. Augustine; and to the very nations, which sucked her life-blood, she communicated a new and marvellous vitality. It was Christianised Rome which developed imagination and chivalry in the Gaul and the Italian, stubborn determination in the fickle Greek, an insatiable seeking after truth in the Teuton. It is Rome transfused by Christianity, which, alone in the world's history, furnishes an instance of a nation returning upon its age.

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This is no place to examine a theory which carries us to the farthest limits of history and beyond. It is idle to deny that the facts on which Church's opinion is based admit of a different interpretation, and the opinion itself is, perhaps, chiefly interesting as that of an historian of admittedly sober judgment, who thought he could detect at a moment of transcendant importance, in human history the visible hand of God.

Of Church's other work it is only possible to write in the most cursory fashion. Although a fine classical scholar,[1] he was at heart a thorough romantic, and all his writings deal with the world as it was after the Christian era. His essay on Dante is familiar to every student of that prince of romantics, and there are able critics who think that it is still unsurpassed. Again, in his review of "Sordello" he touched a poem, very full of mediæval feeling, with a singularly discriminating finger. His description of Montaigne's person and character may safely be commended to the most casual reader. Those who would see his writing at the very best must be content to let theology blend with biography. Nowhere, apart from his sermons, does his language rise to a greater height of beauty and earnestness than in his essays on Pascal and Butler. It is at first astonishing to find the master of such rich and exquisitely-turned sentences warning us not to neglect Butler as a model of style.

> A qualm [he says] comes over the ordinary writer as he reads Butler when he thinks how often heat and prejudice or lazy fear of trouble, or the supposed necessities of a cause or conscious incapacity for thinking out thoroughly a difficult subject, have led him to say something different from what he felt authorised to say by his own clear perceptions, to veil his deficiencies by fine words, by slurring over or exaggerations.

In Church's own writing there is the happiest combination of sincerity and sensibility. He is not afraid of passion, but his enthusiasm is never ill-regulated. His diction is very pure and careful, but his language never overpowers his thought. He says much that is difficult to say, but as he draws nearer to

[1] See the mention of him in Mark Pattison's "Autobiography."

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the sublime, his tread grows the more sure. If, as he tells us, there are two great styles—the self-conscious and the unconscious—or, in other words, the style of Gibbon and Macaulay, and the style of Swift and Newman, there can be no doubt to which school he belongs. His debt to Newman is very apparent. It is, indeed, only natural that one, whose being had no separate compartments, who was the same man as writer that he was as father or citizen or priest, should have carried his discipleship into his literary work. And there are passages in his University Sermons where the eloquence of the disciple surpasses that of the master.

To call Church a statesman is, of course, to let capacity stand for performance. If he lacked the keen interest in detail, which is, perhaps, indispensable to a really great administrator, he had all the qualities which are required by a man who has to make wide and far-reaching decisions. He had independence, or else he would have followed Newman to Rome. He had judgment—the capacity to discern the long issue of events—and, since he was ready to tolerate many differences so long only as truth and loyalty and honour suffered no wrong, he saw clearly the folly of those who defend the rubrics with furious energy and allow the creeds to be captured without a blow.

> While Mr. Bell Cox goes to prison [he says in a trenchant letter to Archbishop Benson] for having lighted candles, and mixed water with the wine and refusing to give up such things, dignified clergy of the Church can make open questions of the personality of God, and the fact of the Resurrection, and the promise of immortality.

He had, too, that quality, which Pitt marked down as the most essential in a statesman—patience. This is strikingly illustrated by a passage in which he contrasts the fates of Lamennais and Lacordaire, to show how great a part "temper" (as he calls it) plays in human affairs. Lastly, and chiefly, he was English to the core, the most English, perhaps, of the Tractarians. Nowhere has the real nature of the English Reformation been better drawn out than in his essay on Bishop Andrewes, and those who would look wisely upon that wild

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and lurid scene can scarcely do better than take that essay for their guide. There is one sentence which for some of us clears up many difficulties :—

> It cannot be sufficiently remembered [he says] that in James I.'s time, and in Charles II.'s time, in 1662, the Reformation was still going on as truly as it was in the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth.

This is surely the proper standpoint from which to see the confused and sometimes conflicting acts of the men, who, without really adequate knowledge or well-defined purpose, did manage, no doubt clumsily and with many blunders, to restore the Church of England. We need to look upon their work as we should look upon the changes in some old and time-honoured castle, which has been often refaced and often adapted to fresh uses. We see much to displease and distress us. There are seams and scars, and beside them the modern renovations and improvements look insolent and ugly. But, through all, the design stands out sharply, and, if we have to recognise the hand of many masons, we know also that there has been but one architect.

In the case of such a man as Church it is superfluous, even slightly absurd, to seek for pronounced political opinions. All that can be said was that he seems to have tended towards Liberalism, although he was opposed to Disestablishment. But, indeed, it is idle to attempt to label a profound student of history with a party name. For such an one politics—true policy—becomes a slowly moving, irresistible river, and he grows as impatient of sudden currents as of stagnant pools.

It remains to consider Church in his third aspect as saint. Sanctity and piety through frequent abuse have for many of us an ugly sound; but Church was quite free from that sickliness, which the Italian painters have done so much to associate with the devout mind. Manliness in thought and conduct is a virtue which he is at at no little pains to enforce, and there is a striking passage in his

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writings where he notes the want of it as the radical defect in Fénelon's otherwise beautiful character. He has about him something of that austerity of disposition which is part of the absolutely necessary equipment of every student of Danté. He notices, as a thing to be wondered at, that men should be able to read the New Testament and not see that it is a severe book. He is amazed at the short views which Christians are content to take of life. To him, at least, belief or disbelief in eternity is not an interesting opinion but the dominating factor in life. He has a high regard for all who, after a patient and conscientious examination, have rejected what he holds to be the truth, but he is intolerant of those others, who, through indifference or indolence, have failed to consider the supreme question; of those who, by their insolent neglect, provoked the biting sarcasm of Pascal and the proud disdain of Butler. Speaking of the so-called conflict between religion and science, he says:

> I do not think, at any rate, that the majority of those who follow the tremendous debate reflect or in any degree realise what is involved in victory or defeat. It is not victory or defeat for a mere philosophical theory or criticism. . . . If the opponents of Christianity are right, if the victory lies with them, it is much more than that Christians are mistaken, as men have been mistaken, about science, about principles of government, about the policy or the economy of a State. It means that now as regards religion, as widely as men are living and acting, all that is now is false, rotten, wrong. Our present hopes are utterly extinguished. Our present motives are as unsubstantial as bubbles. We are living in a dream. We are wasting on an idol the best love, the highest affections, the purest tenderness which can dwell in human hearts.

In one who held these views we find, as we should expect, a just recognition of the work of Greg and Huxley, a real appreciation of that of Seeley, but, in spite of an acknowledgment of his merits, a certain contempt for the shallow self-complacency of Renan. It was impossible for a man of rare and finished culture like Church not to resent the execrable taste which is content to treat the deepest and most momentous issues of life as fit subjects for sensuous trifling.

He was what he was because his religion with all its claims

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and all its promises was so real to him. The words he applies to Butler are, at least, as fittingly applied to himself?—

> It was his power, the greatest power perhaps that he had, that what his reason told him was certain and true he was able continually to see and fee and imagine to be true and real. He had the power of faith.

Butler, who has spoken to so many men of widely different character, never spoke more powerfully than to the Tractarians. They were his real children, the perfect fruit of a slow and laborious ripening. We are told now that the Oxford Movement had no philosophy behind it until Green made us familiar with German metaphysics. It is at least as true that the Oxford Movement would never have influenced men as it did if it had been reared upon a metaphysical basis. Church says somewhere that the key to Newman's character and conduct lies in his passionate eagerness to re-create the temper and surroundings of the first propagation of the Gospel, and that what more than all else led to his perversion was the fancy that he could detect in the crowds, which flocked to modern pilgrimages, some resemblance to those which thronged the hillsides of Galilee, and in the especial honour paid by Roman Catholics to virgin purity and simplicity of soul, the counterpart of the trusting obedience of the Apostles. Surely this is the most illuminating remark that has ever been made about Newman, and certainly it is true that this aspiration after the life of the Early Church was the secret strength of the whole Movement. The philosophy of the Tractarians was the philosophy of Butler, the philosophy of faith. In a chance sentence in his "History of the Oxford Movement"—almost the only one in which he makes any mention of his own feelings—Church places this beyond dispute:—

> In a memorable sermon [he tells us], the vivid impression of which still haunts the recollection of some who heard it, Newman gave warning to his friends and to those whom his influence touched, that no child's play lay before them; that they were making without knowing it "The Ventures of Faith."

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Church explains, too, in a negation the method of the reformers, which is, indeed, the only one that lays hold of deeply refined and cultured natures : —

> Newman did not try to draw men to him. He was no proselytiser; he shrank with fear and repugnance from the character—it was an invasion of the privileges of the heart.

There was in these men, and in Church, perhaps, most of all, a sense of the littleness of man's knowledge and the grandeur of his destiny, which enabled them to combine the loyal confidence of the childlike mind with the force and determination of men.

We know a man well if we can at all share his impressions and ideas, and of a few of these Church has left us a record, which it has seemed worth while to collect. One of them is that excited by the contemplation of great crowds. He can never look upon many faces without wondering what personality each carries with it, without wishing to individualise these lives, to learn their history, their good and evil, their possibilities and limitations. Every one, of course, knows this old thought, but with Church it was a matter not merely of knowledge but of apprehension. Towards the end of his life he has a waking vision constantly present to his mind :

> . . . up one road the image of a man decked and adorned as if for a triumph, carried up by rejoicing and exulting friends, who praise his goodness and achievements; and, on the other road, turned back to back to it, there is the very man himself, in sordid and squalid apparel, surrounded not by friends but by ministers of justice, and going on, while his friends are exulting, to his certain and perhaps awful judgment.

He would have us ask ourselves what we shall be a hundred years hence. He is haunted by the mystery of all he feels and sees—of his own being and its growth from childhood to old age, from time into eternity; of the natural world "so incomprehensible," he writes, borrowing Butler's words to express his thought, "that a man must in the literal sense

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know nothing at all who is not sensible of his ignorance of it." Then what a strange comment is this upon Rome :

> I had the feeling that it is the one city in the world, besides Jerusalem, on which we know God's eye is fixed, and that he has some purpose or other about it—one can hardly tell whether good or evil.

And the words—which he caused to be inscribedon his tomb :—

> Rex tremendae majestatis,
> Qui salvas salvandos gratis,
> Salva me, fons pietatis.
>
> Quaerens me sedisti lassus
> Redemisti crucem passus
> Tantus labor non sit cassus—

come to us from the wild hills of Assisi, with a breath that is not of to-day or yesterday, and lift him into the company of good men, who in all ages and in all countries have proved the truth of St. Augustine's words : " Fecisti nos ad te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te."

Who can measure the value of such a life as this until the long issue of events is disclosed and the deep under-currents are revealed, and the things of time are seen in the light of eternity ?

ALGERNON CECIL.

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TO JAPAN

THY Sun is risen, indeed! His rosy smiles
Greet thee, fair Sister of the Eastern Isles.
The Mistress of the Waters of the West
Is proud to clasp thee to her heaving breast,
Is proud to call thee by a Sister's name—
Are not thy highest hopes and hers the same?

Mighty Japan, if in the dark To Be
That Danger threaten us which threatened thee,
May Britain's Faith be resolute as thine,
Nor Christ's white Altars yield to Buddha's Shrine
In that which is more mighty than the Sword—
A Nation's humble leaning on its Lord.

We pray no more than this: as thou hast stood,
So may we stand; as reckless of our blood,
As calm, as keen, in hand and heart and brow,
As heedless of Life's Little While as thou.
We ask no more, for more there cannot be;
Enough for Britain if she be like thee.

RICHARD STRAHAN ROWE

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXIX

MR. DANE IS HUMBLE

THE trees in Cobham Park stood golden in the sunshine. They had no charm for Lady d'Abernon, who required sympathy, and bestowed it upon herself lavishly. She had indeed always thought that Helen would end so. She had always been sure of it. Alack, why was Helen her daughter? Sure, she had done her duty by the girl. 'Twas not for lack of plentiful warning she had gone astray. Lady d'Abernon assured herself that she had always acted according to the most reputable traditions. It was, in fact, some consolation to know that in hurrying her daughter out of town she was following the wisdom of half a score great ladies. Reputations—it was confessed at court—became convalescent in the shires. With careful skill the girl might be found a husband yet. Lady d'Abernon sniffed lavender and sighed. Ah, if only Helen had been guided by her she might have had one already. But the girl was always a fool. So like her father.

The trees in the park stood golden, yet brought no joy to another anxious heart. Jack Dane came striding along the white road, a better sight since his twelve hours' sleep at the inn, but still very grave and dull-eyed. He was grown much older in a week.

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"Mr. Dane requests the honour of an audience of Lady d'Abernon.

The lackey shook his head. "My lady is not within, sir."

"In that case—you will take my name to Mistress d'Abernon." Mr. Dane stepped into the hall.

"Sir—indeed sir——" the lackey recoiled as Mr. Dane advanced.

"You are, I conceive, a servant?" Mr. Dane inquired. And at that the lackey retired. Waiting in the hall Mr. Dane heard an angry voice. He walked on the sound—he entered Lady d'Abernon's parlour, and "My lady your most humble," says he with the lowest of bows. My lady who was rating the footman stopped, stammered, flushed, and stared.

"How dare you?" she cried. "William!" and she glared at the lackey and waved her hand to Mr. Dane. William made a hesitating advance, for Mr. Dane was large, and he appeared to intend to stay.

"My lady, I beg your pardon. I pray you grant me a few moments."

Lady d'Abernon, seeing no help for it, waved the lackey away, and "How dare you?" she repeated feebly when he was gone.

Mr. Dane drew himself up. "I know why you take me so ma'am. But I'll not insult your daughter in telling you she is blameless. Why she came to me——"

"You? I thought it was the Frenchman," cried Lady d'Abernon.

Mr. Dane flushed. "You seem to think many strange things," he said sharply. "But sure you must know why she came to me."

"Know? What is there to know?" cried Lady d'Abernon, whose imagination furnished only one explanation.

"More than her kind mother has guessed ma'am," says Mr. Dane flushing. "She was charged by—by a great lady with a message to me. She could not find me at Laleham's rout and came to Beaujeu's house seeking me."

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"And who will believe that?" says Lady d'Abernon with contempt.

"I'll convince any man!"

"You'll never stop the town talking," says my lady. "Oh, the girl's a fool."

"Pardon me. I'll not allow that said of the lady whom I hope to have to wife."

"What, now?" cried Lady d'Abernon in sincere surprise.

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Dane coldly.

Lady d'Abernon gaped, not prettily. For behold a miracle. There before her was a man of decent blood and comfortable estate proposing to marry a girl that he (or his friend—no matter) had had for his pleasure. My lady did not doubt that. But even for her fool of a daughter it was her religious duty to do her best. So, "Of course you cannot in honour offer less, Mr. Dane," says she severely.

"I beg you permit me to see Nell," says Mr. Dane.

"But what would you provide for her?" said the affectionate mother.

Mr. Dane looked down at her sneering: "I desire to settle upon her all I have but the entailed lands," he said coldly.

Lady d'Abernon opened her mouth: "All?" was the sound that came at length. "All?" in an awed tone. Then she recovered herself. "Pish! 'Tis no more than your mother's dower. Well, sir, do I learn that you promise that?"

"I do."

"'Tis little enough. I had hoped for a better match. Since you have so used the girl——"

"I have asked that I may see Nell, ma'am," says Jack sharply.

"Oh, there can be no denying, now. Pray remember, Mr. Dane, that we have small cause to thank you."

"I have not desired you," said Jack.

Lady d'Abernon made a scornful noise, rang the bell, and turned away from him.

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Nell was reading; "The Faery Queen" was laid down as Jack came in, and she rose. Only the faintest colour marked her cheek. She waited for Jack to speak, and Jack bowed and stood silent. They looked at each other frankly man and maid till his glance wavered and he flushed: "Nell, can you forgive me?" he said in a low voice. "I am come to ask your pardon"; and he waited staring at the ground.

"Jack," said Nell softly. He looked up. She was holding out her hand, and he fell on his knee and took it and kissed it. Nell stooped forward and laid her other hand on his shoulder. "Ah, Jack, I am glad," she whispered, and he saw her grey eyes smile at him. "We'll forget, Jack," she cried gaily, and tossed back her brown curls.

Jack rose from his knee. "You make me feel the more brute," he said slowly. "Faith, I deserve it."

"I know," said Nell. "Yes, I know you are sorry. But ndeed 'twas only just a moment—that you—you forgot." She blushed a little. "'Tis all over Jack," and she smiled.

Jack came nearer and took her hand. "Nell, I persuaded your mother to let me see you——"

"And how did you do that?" cried Nell gaily.

"To ask you—to ask you—" says Jack, and flushed and stammered. "Nell, 'tis many a year—and I have not always been——. Nell, can you be my wife?"

As he spoke a blush flooded her cheeks, but she looked frankly in his eyes, and "Why—why do you ask?" she said slowly.

"Nell, dear—will you try trust me?" says Jack. "Nell, indeed, dear heart——" and he drew her closer.

But she put up her hand against him. "Jack, you are cheating me! You are cheating yourself!" she cried, very pale.

"By heaven, no!" says Jack, and, meeting her eyes, "Ah, Nell, you'll learn to trust me again?"

"Yes, I trust you now; see!" and she laid her white hands in his. "I know—I know you are fond of me—but 'tis not

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not so. You are sorry, only sorry. Jack, is 't not true?" she cried. "You think you ought, and as you ask me——. Ah, Jack, is it fair?" and the full red lips quivered and faint lines were traced on her brow.

But still Jack held her hands and looked into her dark grey eyes. "On my honour, Nell, you are wrong," says he in a low voice. "I'll not cheat you. I'll not say I have never had thought of another lady. But I think I have loved you since you could walk. Even at my basest, Nell——. Faith," he laughed an instant, "you know how base—and but for you I 'ld still be the same sorry prigster. Nell, Nell, I'm not such a rogue that I 'ld ask you if I did not love you with all my heart."

"Ah, you think it, now," Nell murmured, and the lines on her brow grew deeper. "You believe it just now, Jack. But after——" and her throat was a-trembling and her eyes misty.

"Dear, you are trying to doubt," Jack cried. "Will you not try to believe? . . ." He drew her closer: "Tell me there is another man would make you happier and I——" his voice went away. "I—God knows I 'ld give you joy and—and go." She did not answer, and he took both her hands in one of his and set his arm about her. "'Tis not that," he whispered in her ear. "'Tis only one answer I'll take now, Nell," and he drew her closer. She did not stay him, the furrows on her brow grew smooth, the quick uneasy breath fell calm.

"I'll not cheat neither, Jack," she said very quietly. "I'll not answer now. Indeed, indeed I can't. Wait awhile—wait till Christmastide," and as he frowned, "Ah, Jack, is it not fair to me?" she cried.

"I'll wait your own time, dear," says Jack in a moment: and then, smiling a little, "dear, let it be short," he whispered: and a dimple trembled in her cheek as she blushed.

She let him hold her in his arm a while then gently moved away and led him to the window. "When the leaves are gone, Jack," she said, and pointed to a great tree.

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"Oh lud," says Jack, gazing, "'tis an oak!"

Nell laughed gaily and held out both her hands. "Go pray to them, sir," says she, and Jack knelt again and kissed the two white hands. But as he was shutting the door, "Jack," said Nell softly, and he turned again, "I forgot they were oak leaves."

"And I'll not remember," says Jack, and departed.

To Lady d'Abernon consuming a sermon of Dr. Hicks entered Nell silently, and: "Jack has gone, mother," says she meekly.

Lady d'Abernon started: "Heavens, child! Well?"

"I have sent him away."

"You sent him away?" screamed Lady d'Abernon. "You——? Oh, the girl's lunatic! And why, pray?"

"I desired it."

"Desire? Ugh, your desires. Sure, we have had enough of them. Oh, fool, fool!" she waved her hands helplessly, and before Nell's steady eyes, Nell's quiet smile, became inarticulate. So Nell left her.

When the moon was up Nell sat all white by her window looking out northward at the pole star shining bright above the moor. "I wonder," says Nell very low. She leant out and drew deep breaths of the sweet night air. Then, as she walked to her bed: "No, I'm sure," she whispered, "I'm sure," and she laughed and hid her blushing face in the thyme-scented pillows.

CHAPTER XXX

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

THEY were praying to the weathercock outside St. Clement Danes. It was public now, it was in print under his own hand that William of Orange was coming to free England from tyranny, Papists, and his father-in-law. So good honest citizens gathered around the vanes to pray for a Protestant east wind. And in Whitehall King James was clapping into

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the fire every copy of Prince William's declaration that the tipstaffs could bring him and giving orders to revoke and rescind all the ordinances of his three years' reign. He complained pathetically to my lord Sunderland that his wicked people would not believe him sincere. But how should good Protestants ('twas asked in a nameless leaflet writ by M. de Beaujeu) trust a King who persecuted Bishops, who had made a Prince of Wales of a butter-woman's brat?

M. de Beaujeu sat in his room over the river guiding, with Mr. Healy, the storm. There was plentiful work. So many fine gentlemen must needs come and confide to him now that they had in truth been for many years devoted to freedom's cause—so many more must write and beg the honour of an occasion to serve His Highness of Orange (whose name indeed had been for a decade in their humble prayers). Withal there was the town and its passions to watch and guide. Good citizens must be roused by rumour and pamphlet to fierce wrath against their King. The 'prentices and the mobile must have their leaders and their rallying cries. Sure, the King must not be let doubt a moment that his people had him in bitter hate.

So M. de Beaujeu had plentiful work, and he tried to lose himself in it, for it seemed that Mistress Charlbury had vanished off the earth. Healy and Jack and he had beat the town for her—she had been sought in the old home at Byfleet—and all was for nought. So Jack was gone to raise his Kentish tenantry and Beaujeu was left to work and forget. And he could do neither thoroughly. An hour's fierce labour would end in his staring stupid at a paper or pacing peevishly up and down the room a long while, his mind numb. Yet since monsieur was working for his own greatness, he made no mistakes, he left nought undone, the strings of the great revolt were firm held in his hand. And Mr. Healy marvelled alike at his brain and his heart.

There were two noble gentlemen, Patrick O'Gorman and Richard Rutter, gentlemen with whose arm-bones Mr. Healy's

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sword was acquainted, could have brought tidings of moment to monsieur. Detailed by my lord Sherborne to go a-spying on Mistress Charlbury they had done their duty. While Beaujeu was pinking my lord Wickham they had beheld Mistress Charlbury mount her coach. Mr. Rutter and Mr. O'Gorman sped after it as best they could, but being over-good friends of strong ale had stitches in their sides and lost it in Kennington Lane. For which they were little thanked by my lord Sherborne.

But my lord having some light was guided. Mr. O'Gorman and Mr. Rutter and their gallant companions, my lord's private bullies, were set to converse in all the ale-houses on the western roads. It was a grateful task, and after joyous weeks Mr. Rutter ran his quarry to ground in a little house by the river at Isleworth. Mr. Rutter, though slightly drunk, was sure that he knew the tall woman picking roses, and he lurched off gurgling with glad tidings.

So on the next day my lord Sherborne, his crimson velvet bedewed with the autumn mist, strode into a little dark wainscoted room, and stood smiling before Mistress Charlbury.

Rose started up very pale, and her hand caught at her breast: "You?" she gasped. "You?"

"And why not I, child?" says my lord, smiling. "Since your noble husband has cast you off."

"And who says that, my lord?" Rose cried.

My lord laughed. "Does it need saying? Why else are you hiding here? I' gad, I know what he was when you lied for him, and sure you yourself know him now—'tis a knave that uses you for any scoundrelly turn and——"

"My lord!" he cried fiercely, flushing.

My lord approached and laid his hand on her shoulder, but she started from his touch. His blue eyes were dull. "Rose," says he, in a low voice, "I am not come to hurt you—not that, God knows," and he met her searching gaze. "I am come to help, child. I thought at first he had placed you somewhere. But now," his voice rose higher, "now he has scorned you—

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spite of all—and you" (my lord's voice was unsteady), "you are hiding for shame. So I come. Rose, I want to help. Will you not trust me again? You trusted once, child."

Rose had grown pale again. "It was before I knew you, my lord," she said coldly.

Sherborne muttered something—then caught her hands. "'Tis my quarrel if 'tis yours, Rose," he cried, "let me repay."

"Repay?" Rose echoed it, wide-eyed in amazement.

"Ay, sure, you must hate him now at least!" He grasped her hands harder, he was growing crimson, and Rose stared at him as at a madman. "Let me make the knave answer it!" cried Sherborne. "Let me take up your wrongs."

"I have no wrongs, my lord," said Rose coldly. "Please you, release my hands."

Sherborne flung them away from him and started back. The veins swelled in his temples, and his breath came noisily. A moment he glared at her, then "What? What?" he cried hoarsely. "Still mad for him? Fool!" he laughed, "does he want you?" and since that made her blush, laughed again. "Well! you may make your adieux to him, mistress. Begad, I will now make an end!" He eyed her an instant, smiling upon her but unlovely, then caught up his hat and strode off.

Rose caught her breath. At any cost, my lord must not be let go thus—'twas death for Mr. Dane or his ruin, and in that cause all must be dared. "No—no, I protest, my lord," she gasped. "I—I yearn for him to be punished." Sherborne turned in the doorway and eyed her curiously. "I pray you—tell me what you would do."

Sherborne stared at her a moment, and then, "Bah, did you think to fool me so?" he snarled. "Tell you? And have you warn him and save him again? No, begad, you'll not bubble me twice."

"Indeed, my lord, 'tis not so. How can you think I would save him again?" says poor Rose anxiously. "'Twas yourself said I must hate him at heart, and——"

But Sherborne laughed: "Ay, you can act. All the town

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knows that. But I am not the King to be cheated so, ma'am." Then his brow darkened. "Zounds, you must be curst, to love him so—and he 'ld not even stir to take you—oh God!" My lord compared his own case.

"I say that I do not love him, my lord," cried Rose blushing.

"Why, then, we'll prove it. Soon, egad, there'll be nought of him live to love, and then—will you weep for him? Not you, child, for you do not love him. Give me some wine then, and I'll drink you hell to Beaujeu!"

Rose had caught her hand to her breast and gazed at his bloodshot starting eyes. "I—I have tried to cheat," she said unsteadily. "I do love him yet. My lord, if you love me, indeed, you'll not do this thing."

"If?" cried Sherborne. "God, what would you ask me? I have offered you all of mine time and again? And would your fine flame Beaujeu do as much? Begad, he'll not have you even for his light of love. Oh, he has put a devil in you! . . ." My lord's passions conquered his speech.

"You talk of love, my lord," says the girl quietly, while he mumbled and muttered. "If you love me you'll not harm whom I love."

My lord seemed to himself to listen to ravings. "By God, 'tis the pure reason," he cried amazed. "Well, mistress, we'll see if you love the dead," and he turned away.

Rose gave a little gasp. "Stay yet," she murmured, and my lord lingered, looking at her. She blushed and could not speak for a while. Then, looking down at the ground, "If you care to take me, who do not care at all for you—you may, my lord," she said.

"Ay! As the price for his life," cried my lord.

"Since you must have a price," said the girl.

My lord stared at her a while. Then, "No, ma'am," he said, and he laughed. "I'll account with him first. You," his eyes grew greedy, "you shall come after," and on that he went out, leaving her all trembling and cold.

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So Rose's maid must needs go into town on the carrier's wain, and M. de Beaujeu found in his hall a letter.

"DEAR,—Pray look well to yourself. My lord Sherborne hath sworn your death, and meens it. ROSE."

M. de Beaujeu striving to find how and whence it had come drove himself and all his household near madness.

CHAPTER XXXI

MY LORD SUNDERLAND LEAVES THE SHIP

Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem

My lord Sunderland read the Horatian tag inscribed in the neat hand of M. de Beaujeu. It was the agreed sign. The Protestant wind had come out of the east. William of Orange and his armament were upon the seas.

"I am not sorry for it," says my lord Sunderland to the scrap of paper. Life at Whitehall had grown mighty harassing. King James unkindly suspected every one, and my lord's ingenuity had been something strained. He was ready for the sign, and he rang for his servant and sent to my lady the message: "I await only her ladyship." That also was an arranged token.

Then the door-latch was stirred and my lord sprang up as the King came in: "Your Majesty honours me," said my lord.

The King thrust a letter into his hands: "My lord, what does that mean?" he asked in a shrill peevish voice. My lord found himself reading a letter from his wife to Mr. Wharton. She began by calling him Tom, and joked with him as she was wont to joke with more men than one. So far was nothing to rouse the King whatever my lord Sunderland might feel. But soon came words of graver import:

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"'Tis dull here, Tom, and things go ill. I doubt they'll be worse yet. You like them so, you rogue—and faith for you they are well enough. Oh lud grant I'll see Tom Wharton on the Council. And I doubt I will, too, for the King is—my chaste pen finds no word for the King. Majesty's face is longer than ever, and his knees are worn to the bone with praying. Sure, the sight of him would make atheists. I grow clever and 'tis time to halt.—A."

Sunderland looked up. "Your Majesty," says he most solemnly, "this is my lady Sunderland's hand."

"Do I not know it, my lord?" cried impatient Majesty. "Tell me, my lord, tell me—how comes your wife to write so to a Whig?"

My lord Sunderland appeared stricken with great grief. "Your Majesty knows too well my domestic misfortunes," he said slowly. "All the world knows them. I had hoped that you, sir, would not make a mock of them."

"Mock?" cried Majesty. "Bah, what is it to me if your wife is frail?" My lord Sunderland made a groan and a gesture of despair. "I desire to know, my lord"—Majesty's voice rose shriller as the black eyebrows came down—"what is this talk of times changing and the rogue Wharton being in favour?" Majesty rapped with his fist on the table: "In fine, my lord, in fine—how dares your wife write so of me!"

Sunderland started back: "Your Majesty does not doubt my honour?" he cried in pained surprise: then, gazing on the scowl of Majesty, stumbled back and caught at a chair. "Ah, sir, it needed but this," says he hoarsely. "For your sake I have made all England my enemy—now—now you, too—cast me off." My lord strove with strong emotion a moment, then, conquering, lifted his head and spake in the calm of despair: "Your Majesty doubts my honour. I have done. Do what you will, sir. I had rather fall by your hand than your foes'."

Majesty was somewhat discomposed. He looked askance at injured virtue standing before him with head held proudly.

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"Honour, my lord? No one doubts your honour," said Majesty nervously.

Sunderland shook his head. "Your Majesty is kind to say so," says he with a sad smile. "This man,"—he tapped the letter—"this man has wounded my honour at its tenderest—and 'tis with him whom of all others I must hate most that your Majesty thinks I would conspire. Your Majesty believes me base enough for that. I have nought to say." His chin fell on his breast. "I pray your Majesty's leave to withdraw," and he dropped to his knee.

The King raised him quickly. "No, my lord, no. I know you for my friend." Sunderland bowed to the very ground. "I protest I have never doubted you, Sunderland. How could you dream so? Do you not trust me neither?" Majesty, whose hands were all a quiver, eyed him gloomily.

"Your Majesty!" cried Sunderland aghast. "Not trust you? I?"

"Nay, my lord, I know that you do. I know," Majesty muttered to himself nervously. Then cried shrill: "But pray, my lord, what means that talk of change and the rogue Wharton being in favour?"

Sunderland affected to read the letter again. "Why, sir, I can but guess," says he slowly. "For a guess I would give you this: the knave Wharton has blustered of the Prince of Orange and his coming. My lady, woman-like, believes all she hears." The king, looking mightily gloomy, nodded. Then Sunderland laughed: "Why, sir, 'tis the old story of a good time coming, when the King's power shall be broke. So rogues have talked since I was a child. So they will talk still when I am in my grave!"

"You believe that?" asked Majesty dubiously.

"Should I deceive your Majesty?" cried Sunderland.

"No, my lord, no." Majesty patted his shoulder. "You have always comfort for me, Sunderland. You are a good servant."

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"Your Majesty honours me! May I hope that I am still held worthy your trust?"

"Say rather of my friendship," says the poor King graciously, and gave my lord Sunderland his hand to kiss. Thereafter my lord had some trouble to get rid of him.

But two hours afterwards my lord and his lady mounted their coach and left Whitehall and the King.

"So the ship sinks and we leave it, my lord," says my lady with some scorn as they jolted away.

"I could wish, my lady, that you would conduct your amours with more discretion," says my lord tartly.

"Oh lud, let your wife find some consolation."

"You require so much. I am not jealous, but I do not see why you need write treason to Wharton. That last witty epistle, my lady, has come to the King."

My lady laughed merrily. "And he brought it to you! Oh, noble! Would I had been there."

"I said, my lady," says Sunderland sharply, "that your shame was well known."

"Mine?" cried my lady, "Oh lud!" and lay back on the cushions to laugh.

My lord Sunderland coughed.

My lady having enjoyed her jest looked at him sideways out of her almond eyes. My lord's lean figure was wrapped in brown velvet from chin to toe, his little eyes flashed bright, and there was a white gleam of teeth between his thin lips. "Faith," says my lady, "you are vastly like a rat."

CHAPTER XXXII

LOVE IN A CARRIAGE

And now all was suddenly turmoil. The Protestant wind had come and wafted the Prince of Orange to Devonshire, and swiftly he marched on London. Couriers came galloping to Whitehall with the news. Couriers went galloping out by

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every road to call King James's scattered regiments together. And my lord Danby fell upon York, my lord Devonshire on Derby, and the north and the midlands broke out in revolt; and the mobile howled all day long in town; and my lord Sunderland hid himself, and King James lived in his oratory upon bread and wine.

The shires were in revolt, the town in a frenzy, and my lord Sherborne was well pleased. Such tumult was apt to his purpose. My lord had required to strengthen his forces, and so Mr. O'Gorman, a gentleman of distinguished friendships, had introduced him to Captain Hagan of Whitefriars and the Savoy. Captain Hagan, a genius in his trade, was presented to my lord, who beheld a lean fellow with a squint and a slit nose. He wore his own straight brown hair, scarce long enough to hide his shorn ears, and his garb was a modest grey. Altogether he contrasted with the rubicund, the resplendent O'Gorman.

My lord inquired if Captain Hagan knew what was asked of him. Captain Hagan turned one eye on Mr. O'Gorman; the other was still set on my lord.

"I am asking ye, Pat," says the captain thickly, "Will you want him bastinaded or will you want him ——" the captain pointed downwards with his thumb and made a click in this throat.

"I want the knave taken off, sirrah," my lord cried.

Save for the one eye Captain Hagan still neglected my lord. He became confidential with Mr. O'Gorman, and taking him by the button-hole: "Have you the cole now, Pat?" he inquired.

"Put a price on the job," Mr. O'Gorman advised.

"A warm fifty, Pat, not a sice less," says the captain.

"You shall have it," my lord cried and moved to his cabinet.

"Megs, now, Pat, megs," says the captain, shaking his head severely at Mr. O'Gorman, but allowing one eye to follow my lord. My lord counted out sixty guineas and pushed

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them across the table. Captain Hagan tried them one by one in his dirty fingers. "Not a tatt among 'em Pat," says he, as he slapped the last into his pocket. "You may say I am equipped. Two days is my time, Pat, as you know. I'll have a tilter through him inside my time. Od rot my bones! He's for the maggots. Pom-pom!" he slapped his hat on his head by the crown, pivoted on his heel, and stalked out.

"May we trust him?" says my lord to Mr. O'Gorman.

"Begad, do you think Rochester ever paid man or woman for nothing?" says Mr. O'Gorman. "Well, and he kept Pete Hagan in bed and board for five years. Pete sticks by his word, and by that he has won to the top of the trade," says Mr. O'Gorman with reverence.

As the mists were rising from the river, and the dim autumn twilight fell, a coach dashed up to the little Isleworth cottage, and a man sprang out and hurried up the garden.

"Madame, pardon. Pardon, I am ze valet of M. de Beaujeu," he cried, breathless, as he broke in upon Rose. "Monsieur 'e is wounded wiz a sword. 'E cry your name *mille fois*, madame. Madame, M. 'Ealy, 'e beg you come quick." Rose gazed at him a moment, her hand on her heart, her face dull white in the gloom. "Oh, madame, you will not come?" cried the man reproachfully.

A sob broke from her. "Oh, yes! Yes!" she gasped. "Take me!" and the man took her hand and hurried her to the coach.

The door was slammed upon her, the man sprang up beside the coachman, and they sped off up the lane. Lying back in the dark with her hands tight clasped in her lap Rose felt the beat of her heart.

But soon the coach checked violently, she was flung forward, all around rose the clatter of hoofs and oaths, and a man sprang in beside her and caught her in his arms.

"So, child, at last!" my lord Sherborne whispered in her ear, and laughed.

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Striving against him with both hands she freed herself a little, she saw his face red in the dark. "You!" she gasped, and turned in his arms and caught at the door. My lord grasped at her wrists and held them, and as she writhed in his arms he crushed her to the seat beneath him.

"Would you slay me, child?" he laughed as he used his heavier strength upon her. She struggled wildly beneath him, panting, and cried out. But the noise of tramping hoofs deadened her cries, and soon they whirled off at a wild pace, and horsemen were galloping at either window.

My lord's prey lay gasping, crushed beneath him. He moved from her a little way, but held her still. "What, sweeting?" he laughed in her ear. "I might take you if I 'ld spare him? Gad, I've not spared him and I've taken you."

She shuddered in his arms: "My lord—my lord, is he dead?" she gasped.

"By now," says my lord with relish.

Rose drew a long sobbing breath and fell back in the corner, and lay very still.

"Rose," says my lord huskily, "dear child!" and drew her against him. Her bosom was still against his heart, her cheek cold to his burning lips. My lord seemed to himself to embrace the dead. His arm dropped from about her, and she fell slowly back on the cushions. My lord stared at her white face through the darkness; he caught her hands. "Rose," he muttered, "Rose!" and pressed them to his lips. "Dear heart, I have been a brute and a boor, but"— the voice grew hoarser—"you have made me mad, child. There is nought in the world but you. I 'ld go to hell to win you. Child, what more do you ask than I'll give you? Before God, I have meant you honestly; ay, I mean it yet. I'll live but to serve you. I'm your slave. God, you must see it, you must know it! Rose!" he pressed her hands and drew her closer. "Rose, I'll give you all I have—have you nought for me?"

"For you?" and her laugh rose shrill above the roar of the

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hoofs. "For you? Nought for any man—now. And for you——" again she laughed, and my lord drew away from her at the sound.

They sped on through the night, and the cold dank air stang their faces. "So, ma'am, so!" my lord snarled. "But at least I have you! And I'll use you to my pleasure, begad. Do you taunt me, mistress? Zounds, I'll make you a woman of the town." She answered nothing. "You choose it, you choose it so," my lord muttered then to himself. "You choose it do you not?" he cried in her ear and clapped his arm about her. Still she answered nothing nor hindered. My lord pressed kisses on her cold cheek and held her hard against his side.

So they whirled on through the night away down the road to the west. And Rose lay still in his arms, past pain, past shame. For M. de Beaujeu was dead.

(*To be continued*)

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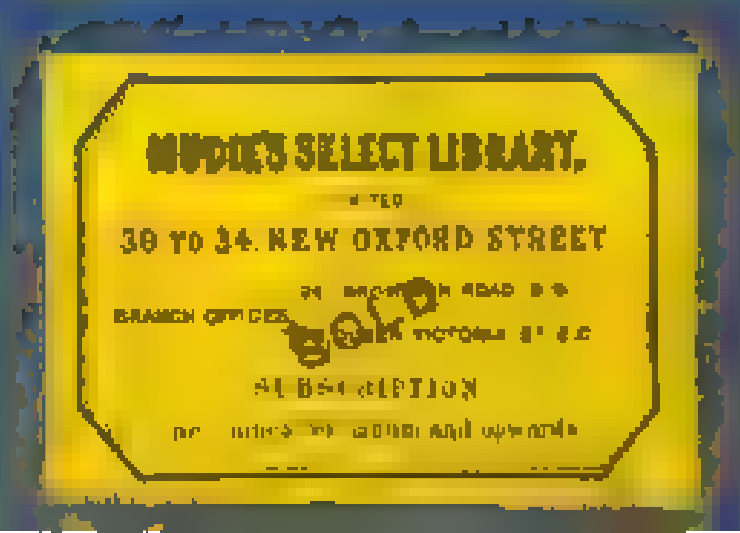
THE MONTHLY REVIEW

No. 00. Sept 1900.



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